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Saturday Review

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Saturday Review

May 14, 1966

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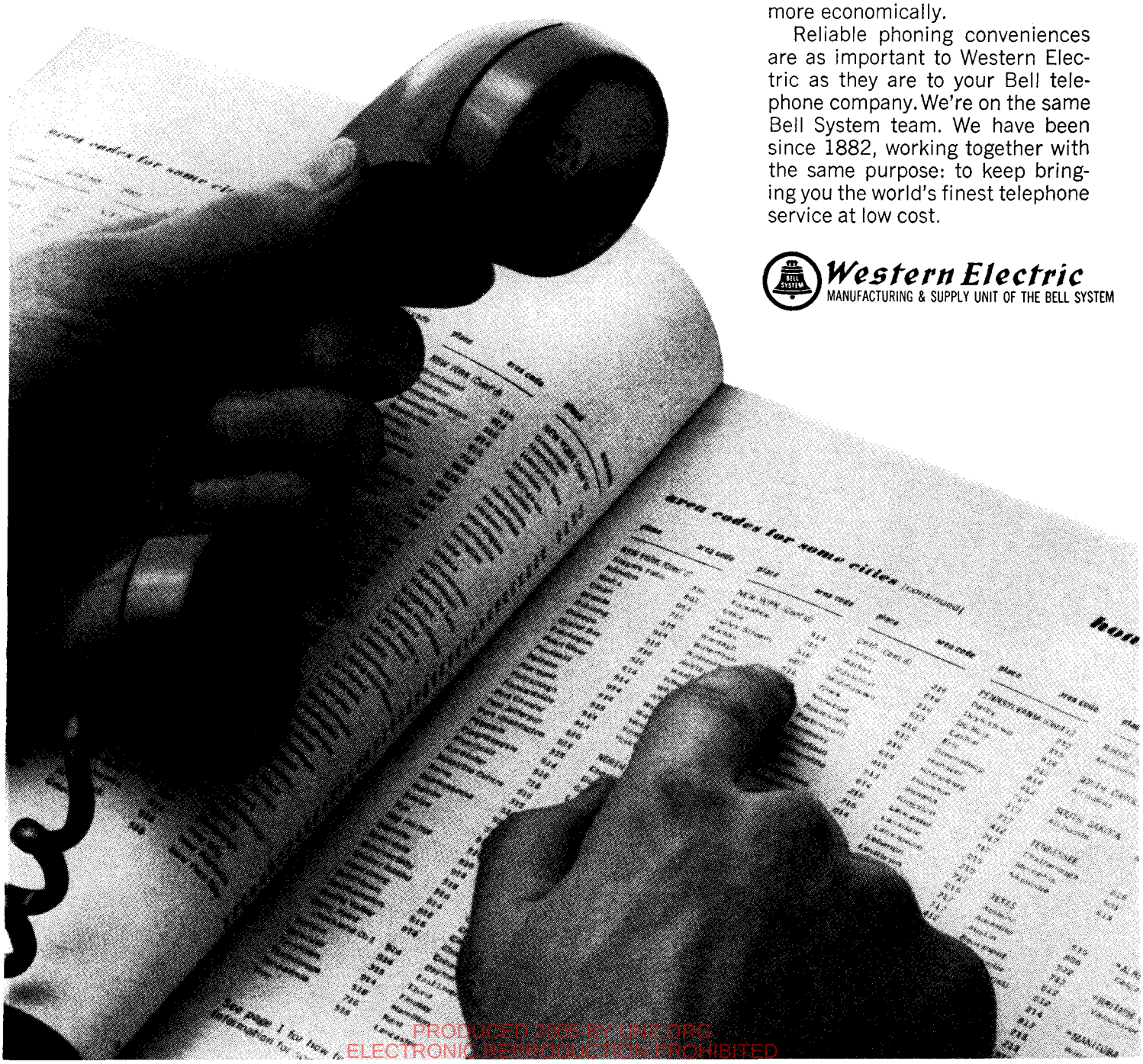

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In a Word

Edited by Martin Levin

Twupguttem

I FEEL quite certain that there are people mixed up in my little personal world who speak with perplexity of me, as follows: "He's a strange one—he just stands around and keeps saying a word that sounds like Twupguttem."

It's true. I do stand around and say Twupguttem a lot. I say it at social gatherings and I also say it on the streets of New York City and McLeansboro, Illinois, and Cathedral City, California, and Atlanta, Georgia, and Chappaqua, New York. I utter the word frequently and sometimes bitterly when I'm looking at people on television, and I bellow it forth in periods when I'm reading the newspapers.

Twupguttem is the pronounceable form of TWPGTM, and TWPGTM is federalese for "The wrong people got the money." It used to be that I would murmur the sentence in its entirety whenever I found myself in the presence of people I thought it suited. Then I waxed chicken and rendered it into cabalistic form, for fear the wrong people who've got the money would hear what I thought about them.

Let me illustrate how it works. Not long ago I read how a celebrated (and rich) playwright had gone to Tiffany's or Cartier's and had them make a cast of his hip, from which they fashioned a golden cigarette case that would snuggle up to the contours of his outer hind end. I said Twupguttem. Later someone told me about a draggletailed comedian who had suddenly hit it big, and built himself a mansion. In this mansion he installed a pub, every stick of which was imported from England. Then he outdid William Randolph Hearst by installing a second pub in his house, so he and his cronies could crawl from one to the other. I said Twupguttem. I think I added an extra word, less esoteric, to cover the second pub.

I say Twupguttem a lot when I hear about or read about the heavily heeled people who jerk themselves about 'til dawn in the discothèques. I say it when I contemplate the Beautiful People of the Jet Set. I say it when I witness the hairy death-rattle songbirds at their work together with the mule-jawed little girls who sell two million records without opening their mouths very wide.

It is really astonishing, once you take up saying Twupguttem, how often you'll find it comes trippingly on the tongue. At the beginning I didn't say it more than half a dozen times a week, but now . . . well, you know the frequent remark, "Sure is a lot of money around these days." Saying Twupguttem is consuming too much of my time, and so I'm giving it up altogether. I have to give it up. I have two important projects cooking in television, either of which might put me in the chips. In that event there are plenty of character assassins around who would glory at the chance to look at me and say Twupguttem.

I don't want that to happen. I don't want my own petard hoisted at me. I prefer things the way they are, with people speaking nice sentiments about me, such as, "He writes for the *Reader's Digest* but I hear he's a Commie."

That's all right, but please! Not Twupguttem!

—H. Allen Smith.

When the Ants Go Marching In

"HOW many bricks do you suppose it will hold?" I heard a well-dressed young woman say to her escort as my wife, Grayce, and I entered the Metropolitan Opera House to attend the farewell program on April 16. He was pushing a wheelbarrow past the ticket taker.

"Probably enough to re-do the patio," he answered matter of factly. "Did you bring the explosives?"

"Yes, I have them right here in my evening bag."

During the first intermission, the corridors looked like the sacking of Rome, and I kept Grayce close by for fear she would wind up in a moving van along with Sherry's bar.

"Where did James park the rent-a-trailer?" asked a little old lady to her equally octogenarian companion.

"On 39th Street, I guess."

"I told him Broadway. We can't carry that powder room door that far."

"It's really incredible," I said to Grayce as we hid under a stairwell. "I've never seen so many expectant mothers in one place in my life. And most of them look way past middle age."

"They're not pregnant, silly," Grayce said. "They're hiding a piece of furniture under their evening gowns."

When we returned to our seats, an elegant grande dame wearing white gloves was busily hacking away at one of the supporting columns with an ax.

"Let me know when you get tired and I'll rest you, dear," said her formally attired husband. "That'll be just perfect for the library."

"I haven't been able to get a single thing," we overheard a matron with a diamond tiara saying to her friend in the next seat.

"My feet are hot," Grayce said to me, studying a man leaning out from a box near the stage and removing some of the gingerbread with a screwdriver.

I turned around to find a young couple trying to remove our seats with an acetylene torch. After my menacing gesture they stopped, but I could tell by the way the seat was vibrating that they were removing the nameplate on the back of it.

"Isn't there just a trio at the end of *Faust*?" I said to Grayce.

"Yes."

"Then who in the devil are those

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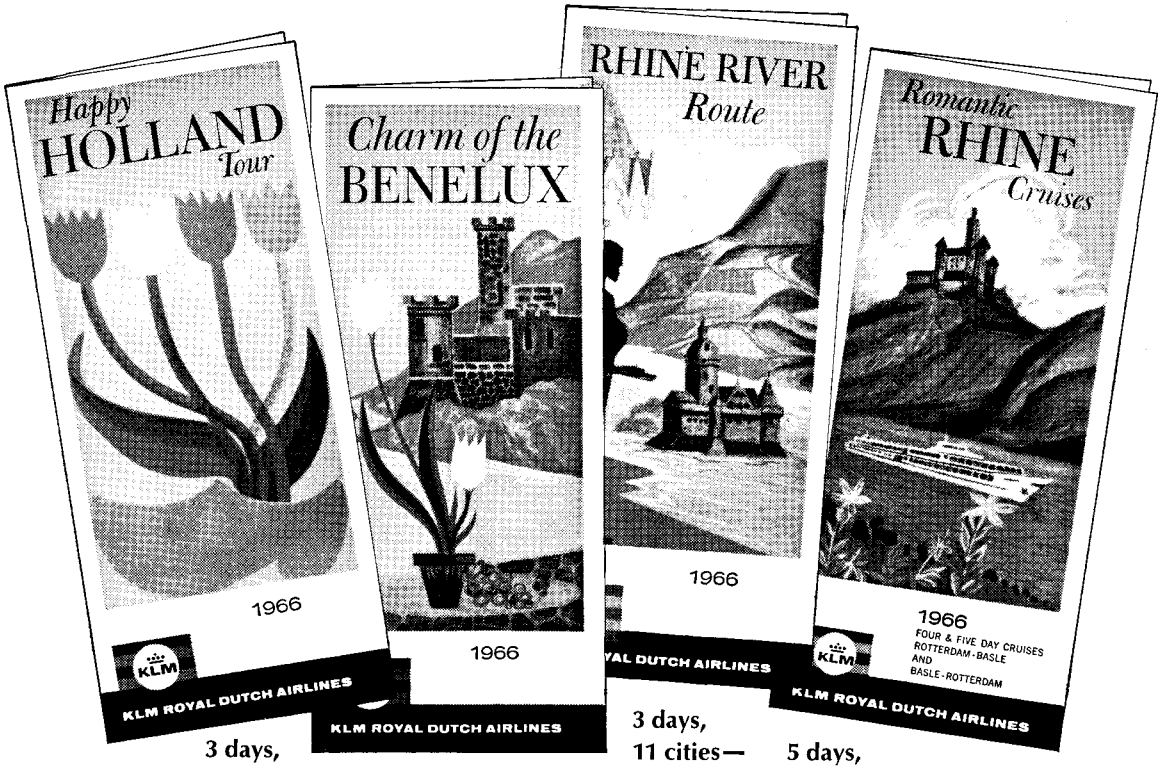

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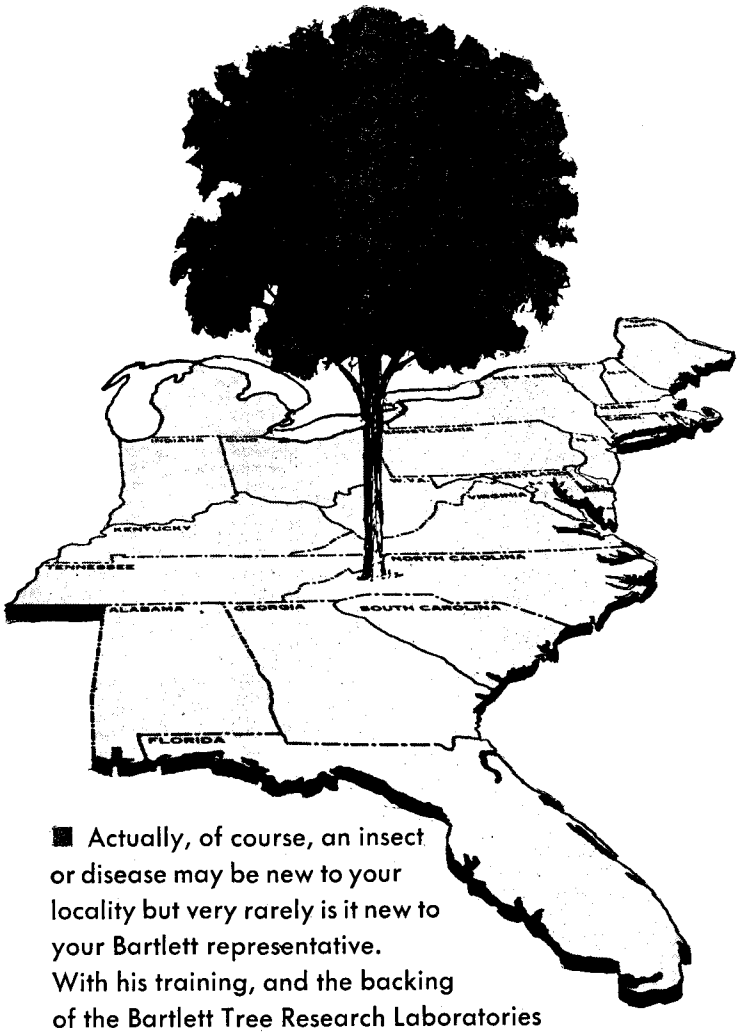

■ Actually, of course, an insect or disease may be new to your locality but very rarely is it new to your Bartlett representative. With his training, and the backing of the Bartlett Tree Research Laboratories which supplies him with the latest scientific information, he knows *not only about the problem but exactly* how it was controlled by Bartlett in other localities. His wealth of information and ability to apply it immediately to local situations is why more and more people call Bartlett because they know country-wide scientific research, not local guesswork, pays off. Big job or small job, it will be a good job if you call the Bartlett representative in your yellow page directory.

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people in a pickup truck driving across the stage?"

"Obviously souvenir hunters, dear," she replied.

"Don't look now but Mephistopheles has just vanished into thin air," I said.

"They probably mistook him for some draperies."

As the final chords sounded, we made a dash for the exit and managed to leave the auditorium just as the roof came crashing down behind us.

—Francis Murray.

Not a Cough in a Camille or Can Ahab Be Rehabilitated?

As a physician living in an era of Modern Medical Miracles, I find that my enjoyment of the grand old literature (and disabilities) of yesteryear is beclouded by anachronistic daydreams in which I transplant twentieth-century medical science into centuries past. . .

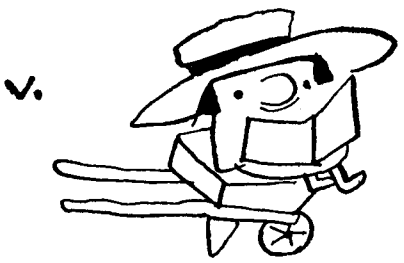
Saved by streptomycin and a pulmonary lobectomy, Camille coughs no more, gains twenty pounds and starts taking long walks in the country in stout British shoes. Gone the hectic flush from her cheek—but gone also the bloom from the rose. Will Armand love her still in her new vulgar vitality? Can this liaison be saved?

Consider the case of Ahab. With a modern articulated prosthesis and a little adjustment to his life situation through psychotherapy, he would hardly have spent his time terrifying Ishmael and chasing symbolic cetaceans all over. Surely he would have chased something more rewarding, sailing into the sunset on the seas of matrimony rather than submerging in the Atlantic.

And Boswell. Can you imagine Boswell armed with a prophylactic soupçon of penicillin? Would he then have had time to write down anything, much less listen to the musings of Samuel Johnson? For all we know, it might have been Johnson's *Life of Boswell.*

I can see it all so clearly . . . a Falstaff who counts his calories, Scrooge as a non-hallucinating senior citizen in a rest home. . . . How dull and sanitary they all would be! But if I *could* go back to save them, my time machine would run them down; my antibiotics would give them hives.

—Edwin D. Kilbourne.



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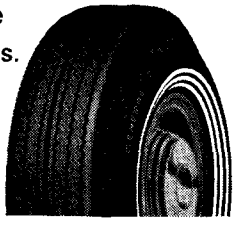

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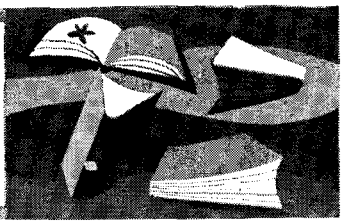
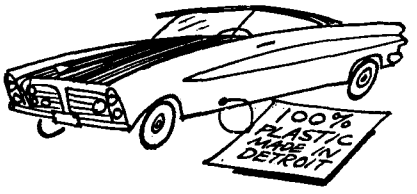


We talked at length recently with the author of *Unsafe at Any Speed* to find if he had any bruised knuckles from his David-and-Goliath fight with the automotive giants, and we are happy to report that Ralph Nader is surviving reasonably well, though not altogether satisfied with the lack of conclusiveness of the initial hearings.

"Everybody seemed to be stunned by



the drama of the hearings," Mr. Nader told us, "and it was something in the way of news for the president of General Motors to make two public apologies. But there are a lot of loose ends around that the press has not covered, and if you get a chance to review all the facts in the case, you'll realize how many there are."

These issues are totally aside from the mammoth and shocking accident statistics for each day: 147 persons killed and 400 permanently crippled. (Daily automotive deaths alone approximate the fatalities that would occur if there were a jet airliner crash every day.)

Deeper and less obvious than the tragic fatality figures is an underlying element that was hardly touched on: the issue of corporate responsibility. The hearings were held for the explicit purpose of determining whether General Motors had violated a federal criminal statute that prohibits harassment or intimidation of witnesses called by a federal agency, court, or Congressional committee.

In the week before Mr. Nader was scheduled to testify, the Washington law firm which General Motors had hired to uncover possible unsavory events in Nader's life increased its activity. Private detectives snooped for material on possible involvement with women, drinking, dope, homosexuality, and participation in politics. As everyone knows, they failed to uncover anything out of line in Nader's life.

But the basic question remained unanswered: Was Mr. Nader harassed or intimidated? Was a federal statute violated? General Motors, in its apology, went so far as to admit harassment. Yet there was no statement of findings at the end of the hearings, or a month later.

The denial of corporate responsibility reflected in this and other corporate practices seems to be growing. The attitude appears to be: Keep the boss uninformed so that if the corporation gets into trouble, he will be able to rise to the status of a corporate statesman when he apologizes.

"It's a tough job to fight a corporation," Ralph Nader told us. "An individual can lose only once; a corporation can lose many times, and not be affected. A week before the hearings, General Motors denied investigation by the detectives. On March 9, they admitted it.

This odd maneuver was called the result of 'a lack of corporate communication.' It all adds up to a pretty grim conclusion: An individual, who is least able to wield power, is the most vulnerable. A corporation, which is most able to wield power, is the least vulnerable.

"It has now been admitted by President Johnson himself that we can no longer tolerate unsafe cars on the road. We're back in the days of the Industrial Revolution in this case, when the workman was completely at fault, even though the machinery was likely to eat him alive. This has been substantially corrected by enforced safety engineering. The premise now has got to be that even the most careful driver cannot protect himself against the speed, power, and growing strains of modern traffic inherent in the present-day automobile. It's so obvious that it hurts."

It has not been so obvious to the automotive manufacturers. Ten years ago, 39,628 people died in automobile accidents during the year. The famous article "And Sudden Death" had appeared in the *Reader's Digest* more than a decade before that, drawing to the attention of both the public and the Detroit manufacturers that here was a domestic problem second to none. Nothing hap-

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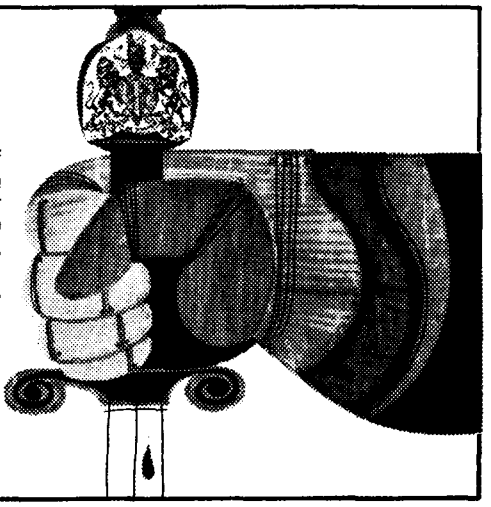


pened. Automotive designers concentrated increasingly on lethal, useless styling, and an increase in horsepower by logarithms. It remained for a single book by a young writer to shake the industry into one of the greatest upheavals in its history.

But there are some bright spots:

► *Unsafe at Any Speed* moved up to the *New York Times* best-seller list on April 24, and is selling at the rate of 1,000 copies a day.

► One modern car designed and built with safety in mind, the Rover 2000, is getting more attention in the automotive press than ever before.

► Neither the Administration nor the Senate subcommittee investigating traffic safety under Senator Ribicoff took seriously the protests from the automotive manufacturers that they could privately police themselves in this clear-cut, old-fashioned, life-or-death matter.

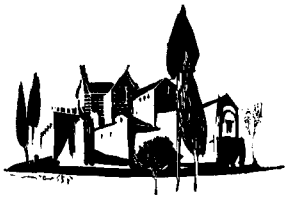
Nearly 40,000 deaths ten years ago had failed to bring action. The final acceptance of federal control over the safety code by the manufacturers is a landmark.

"In America," Ralph Nader said as we were closing our conversation, "life is cheapest on the highways."

Mr. Nader also told us that he had been invited to make a final statement after the president of General Motors had made his second apology. Nader found it appropriate to decline.

"But I thought of something perhaps I should have said, and I'll tell it to you now. I should have said: An act of contrition is not an act of reform."

—JOHN G. FULLER.



SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1674)

CLAUDE BROWN:

(MANCHILD IN) THE PROMISED LAND

Everybody in Harlem needed something. I felt how* Carole needed religion. The junkies needed drugs. Some people needed to get drunk on Saturday night and raise hell. A lot of people needed the numbers. Me, I needed to get out of Harlem.

* Replacing *that*, to get the W.

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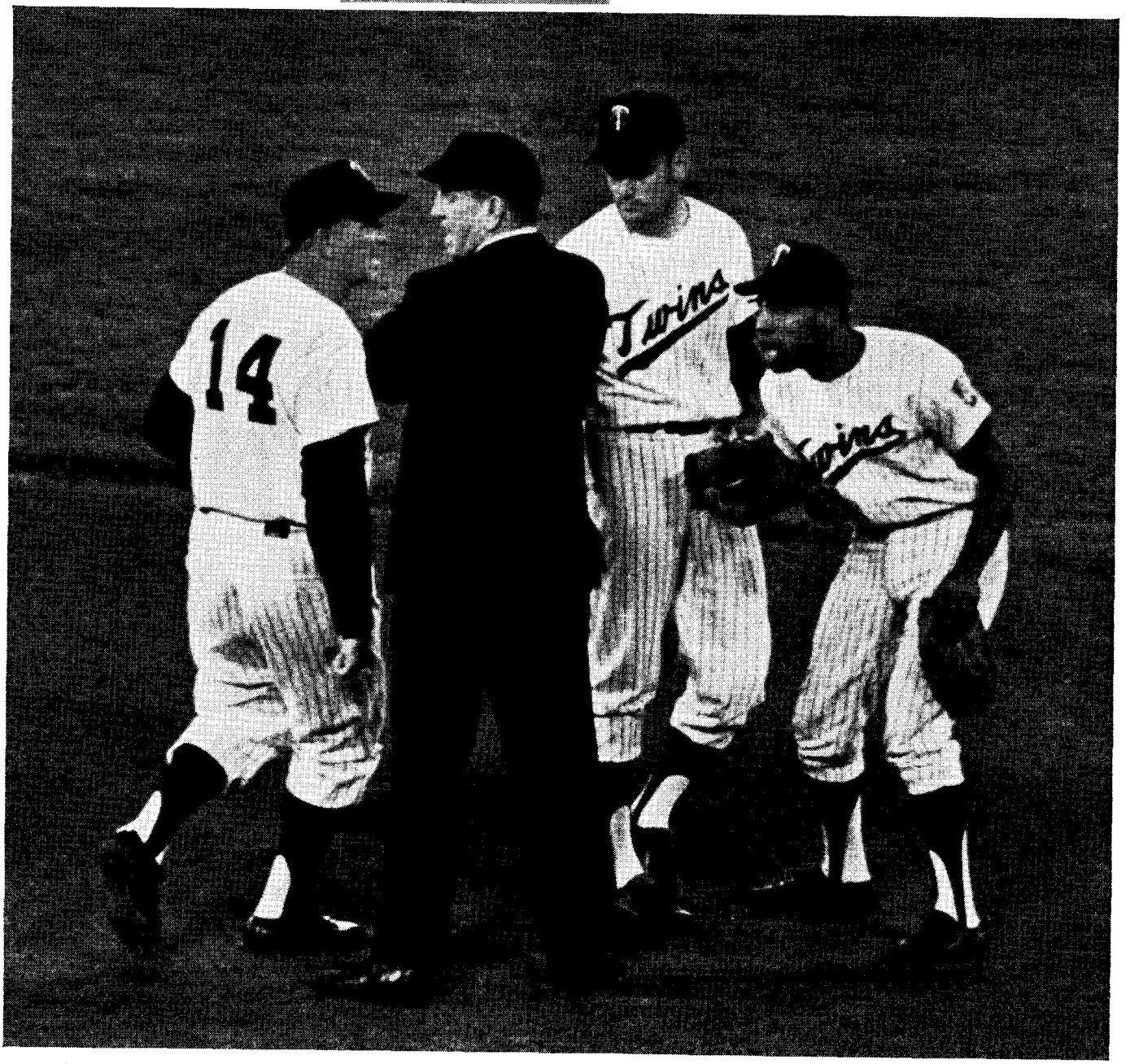
"San Francisco and Minneapolis are the two best cities in the United States."



Minneapolis Tribune photo by John Croft

Is it the Baseball?

Minneapolis Tribune
230,000 Morning, 665,000 Sunday

THE MINNEAPOLIS STAR
280,000 Evening

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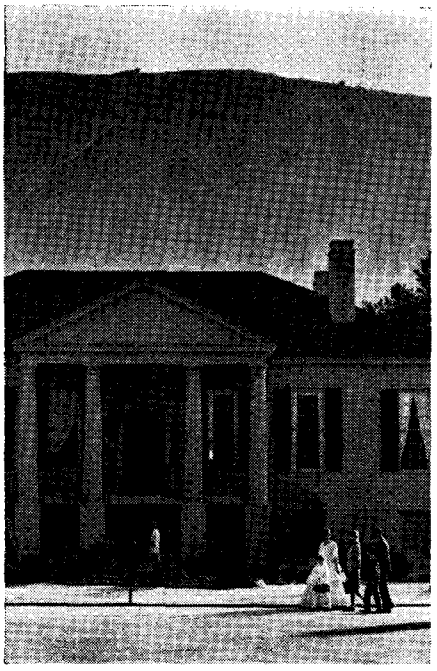

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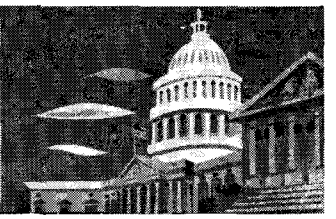

NATO's Agonizing Reappraisal

LONDON.

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, according to General de Gaulle, once told the General that the British way of influencing American policy was to work closely, quietly and behind the scenes with the Americans, while de Gaulle's own method was to oppose them stubbornly and publicly. This he told the General on his first visit to Paris after the Liberation. Since then much water has flown down the Seine and today de Gaulle is not really interested anymore in influencing American policy. What matters to him is to establish his own and Europe's independence of the United States.

Essentially this is what has led him to divorce NATO. There is much to be said for a stronger, more independent Europe. It is, in fact, an evolution which is bound to occur, but the General is going about it the wrong way.

There are growing pressures in Europe, first, toward protecting itself against the power of American business and industry, whose European counterparts were once the staunchest of pro-American groups because they saw in the United States the savior of capitalism. Today, under pressure of American competition, this conservative element has come to feel considerably more anti-American. Secondly, there is a growing desire to continue the policy of détente with the Soviet Union, and the impression American policy has lately created is that of wanting to preserve the status quo too inflexibly. General de Gaulle is taking advantage of both these trends, but at the same time the abrupt manner in which he has set his conditions—scarcely a manner in which to negotiate with allies—has now engendered counter-pressures that instead of promoting a strengthened Europe will weaken it and cause new dissension. And in Washington the inevitable result has been a new accent on inflexibility.

The Frankfurter *Allgemeine Zeitung*, an influential German newspaper, wrote the other day that "there is only one alternative to integration for us Germans—an alternative which we do not want—and that is French nationalism." But French nationalism also breeds German nationalism and it won't be long before not only the old nationalistic arguments between France and Germany are revived, but also competition between them for the favors of the U.S.S.R.

The danger of a revival of German nationalism induced by French policy worries French diplomats—and worries the Germans even more. They know that once it is reawakened it will be difficult to subdue. What's more, de Gaulle is making nationalism respectable again and this is bound to have an adverse effect on the European unity movement.

With French forces abandoning the integrated system of NATO and French officers leaving the various commands, it would be only natural for the Germans to want to step into their place. Up to now integration has kept these German ambitions in check. It is often forgotten that, thanks to an integrated command, the Germans were content to have their highest military unit remain a corps, and to have no general staff of their own. If, in the military reorganization of NATO—in many ways overdue—the military Standing Group is abandoned, it will not only be because it has become expendable but because it avoids the issue of whether a German general should fill the post held in the past by a French officer. But this problem will have to be faced when the French vacate the Command of the Central Front.

Then there is also the general factor that German influence in NATO, minus France, is bound to increase. Nobody is quite certain at this stage what use Germany will make of its growing influence in Washington and in Europe, but the demands for greater equality are bound to rise, especially since some of the leading NATO policy-makers in Washington believe that Germany's power is a more reliable element in the NATO equation than is Britain's.

Several German politicians in recent visits to Washington have also brought out the need for this equality, an argument that, narrowed down, means some sort of participation in the control of the nuclear deterrent. This could take the form of a certain equity in the British nuclear force, or control over tactical weapons, as has been advocated by Franz Josef Strauss (whose prospects for being brought into the Erhard Government seem to be improving).

General de Gaulle's opting out of NATO has also weakened the bargaining position of the West with the Soviet Union, so that at a time when Germans need reassurance to continue efforts on

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Catching up with Computers: A report from General Dynamics

Getting the facts faster:

Not long ago, weather satellites were transmitting hundreds of millions of bits of infrared data daily. With high-speed computers—and standard plotting techniques—fully processed data became available six months later.

By then the weather had changed.

A utility company found its customers increasingly annoyed at delays in answers to questions about their accounts. Even with its computer, by the time all records were checked, and an individual explanation written and mailed, sometimes weeks had passed.

Today, the infrared cloud cover information is available in map form within a few hours after the satellite has discharged its information. The utility customer can phone his query, get an explanation within one minute.

What has made this possible are *information-display systems* which translate data directly from computers into readily understandable form.

Shrinking to size:

Computer calculations can be made at speeds measured in billionths of a second. "Answers" can be turned out in millions of computer "words" every hour. But these miles of words must be reduced to manageable size before the "answer" makes any sense.

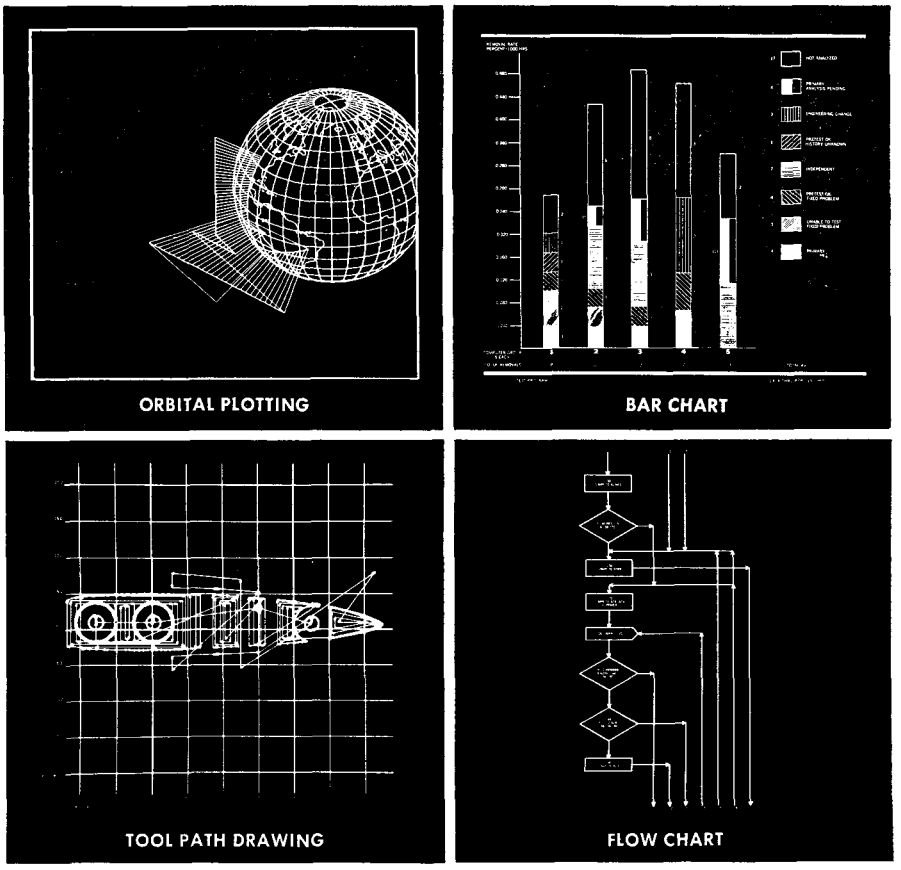
Now at the utility, the operator who receives a query simply punches the customer's account number into a keyboard connected to a central computer. Within one second, the customer's record appears on an information-display screen with a paper copy printed out if desired.

More complex equipment is helping hunt submarines, analyzing the radiation flux in the heart of a nuclear reactor, graphically showing the progress of a Gemini capsule in orbit.

The heart of the display systems produced by General Dynamics, through our Stromberg-Carlson subsidiary, is a specialized cathode ray tube.

Data from a computer are converted to "steer" a stream of electrons through a matrix into which up to 200 different characters have been etched. The beam, focused on one at a time, is shaped as it passes through the matrix. When this shaped beam hits the phosphor-coated face of the tube, the character is reproduced—in some of our displays as fast as 100,000 characters per second.

Equally important is the ability of the system to "draw" on the face of the tube. Each "word" in a computer answer may represent the location of one data point or of a series of points. Short straight lines connecting these points may be drawn in any direction at rates averaging over 10,000 points per second, cumulatively building complex diagrams, even circles perfect to the eye. Drawings once laboriously hand-plotted over days or weeks now often can be completed within one second.



PICTURES IN A SECOND, DRAWN BY COMPUTER-DISPLAY

Instant pictures:

The resulting words and pictures can be viewed directly, photographed on microfilm or printed out to provide immediate diagrams, tables, maps or charts. In fact, the computer-display systems have been used to make animated movies showing the probable behavior of a satellite in orbit and of shock waves in wind tunnel tests.

With company records in a central computer, the sales manager can get a detailed picture of the sales history of a product in any area, or the president, a financial summary—both in simple graphic form and within seconds after requesting the information.

Probably the most dramatic uses are "on-line, real-time" operations—showing what is actually happening at the moment. Consider one system being tested for local air traffic control.

A central computer receives up-to-the-second information on a plane's position, its flight plan, the weather and other conditions. Automatic devices in the plane transmit changes in position. Altitude, direction and speed are computed. The symbol representing the plane appears on the display screen. Next to it are letters and numbers indicating its flight number, altitude, speed and heading.

As the plane moves, its symbol moves across the display panel. As its speed and altitude change, so does the accompanying block of data on the screen. The controller can see at a glance exactly what planes are in his vicinity, their relation to each other and to his station. Possible trouble can be eliminated before it can start.

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this front they are likely to be frustrated. This could well be a time, for instance, to find out whether the Russians now are more willing to withdraw Soviet troops from East Germany if a similar withdrawal of American troops from West Germany took place. Sooner or later the United States is bound to reduce its forces in Germany, and why not use the gesture as a bargaining point?

A thinning-out of Soviet troops in East Germany today would have greater significance than it would have had five years ago. There is now a good deal more ferment due to the larger degree of independence enjoyed by eastern European countries—including East Germany. To offset the unrest East Germany recently invited representatives of the West German Social Democratic Party to debate politicians in East Germany. Furthermore, not long ago delegates from the city of Erfurt went to Marburg in West Germany to debate their problems. These small steps now being taken directly between East and West Germans should help to relieve some of the frustration caused by the division of the country.

One further basic point about General de Gaulle's attitude toward the alliance is causing anxiety. That is his definition of France's commitment to the alliance as being limited to cases of "unprovoked aggression"—a phrase that doesn't exist in any allied agreement. Among the allies it has created the suspicion that the General would like to move toward armed neutrality. Certainly there is a time for opening safety valves. Otherwise the mold would break under accumulating pressure. But instead of helping to open the safety valves de Gaulle is breaking the mold.

It is now up to the Germans to negotiate an agreement with the French about the presence of French troops in Germany. Neither in Bonn nor London would a withdrawal of the French be welcome. In Washington there is some doubt as to the value of these troops in the new circumstances; it also is being asked whether the withdrawal of French troops would not be interpreted by the Russians as bringing to an end the Potsdam agreements, which are directly related to the status of Berlin. These negotiations will therefore determine the future relationship of France to NATO.

Finally, there is the question whether NATO should be given a new political significance. This would be possible only if its Council assumed world-wide policy-making responsibilities, and although such an aim was reflected in speeches made by Mr. Rusk and Mr. McNamara last year, the idea has little attraction now inside the Johnson Administration. The debate on the future of NATO and the alliance has really just begun.

—Henry Brandon.

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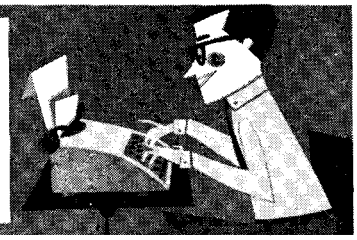
Top of My Head



Yankees Go Home

WHEN Abner Doubleday, a Russian, invented baseball he never anticipated in his wildest plans for a national pastime that there would be a Yankee team floundering in the cellar of the house that Ruth so gloriously built many years ago. The native fans are getting restless. In the stands they hold aloft their protest signs: "Yankees Go Home." Go home! They can't even go to second.

There are nasty rumors that the Yanks are trying to emulate the Mets, who have drawn crowds by constantly losing. But it doesn't work for the Yanks. On them it doesn't look good. You either haven't got it or unfortunately, like the Yanks, you have.

Incompatible with Abner's Russian heritage, baseball has become Big Business—a slave market of ballplayers who ply their trade on peripatetic teams that roam the face of the countryside looking for a home in which they can plant their roots and say: This is my land—the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Let's take the Braves. The Boston Braves, in a Tinkers to Evers to Chance play, became the Milwaukee Braves and now, they hope, the Atlanta Braves. The New York Giants are now the San Francisco Giants. The Brooklyn Dodgers are now the Los Angeles Dodgers. The Philadelphia Athletics are now the Kansas City Athletics. And the New York Yankees are now the St. Louis Browns. Only they haven't moved there. They've just subleased the Browns' cellar.

This moving about tends to shake the security of these wandering minstrels of the diamond. And no one knows it better than I. I have been in the game and have suffered the vagaries of a baseball itinerant. Our team dates back a few years. It was before the days of expanded teams. It was before Babe Ruth. Let's face it, it was even before Kenesaw Landis. But the similarities apply.

We, too, had on our team a Babe. His name was Babe Enzinger. That wasn't his real name. His real name was George Herman Enzinger. We called him Babe because, even at age twelve, he still retained his baby fat. Babe was our pitcher. He was our pitcher because he owned the ball. Our baseball diamond was known as the Backyard that Babe Built. Because it was his backyard. And the diamond was not really shaped as a baseball diamond. It was more like a disturbed six of Clubs, with a clothesline stretching between two trees midway in left field. A ball hit over the clothesline was a ground rule home run.

Our team numbered five players—a pitcher, a catcher, and a man on each base. The teams we played had from four to six players, depending on injuries, such as measles, mumps, and low grades.

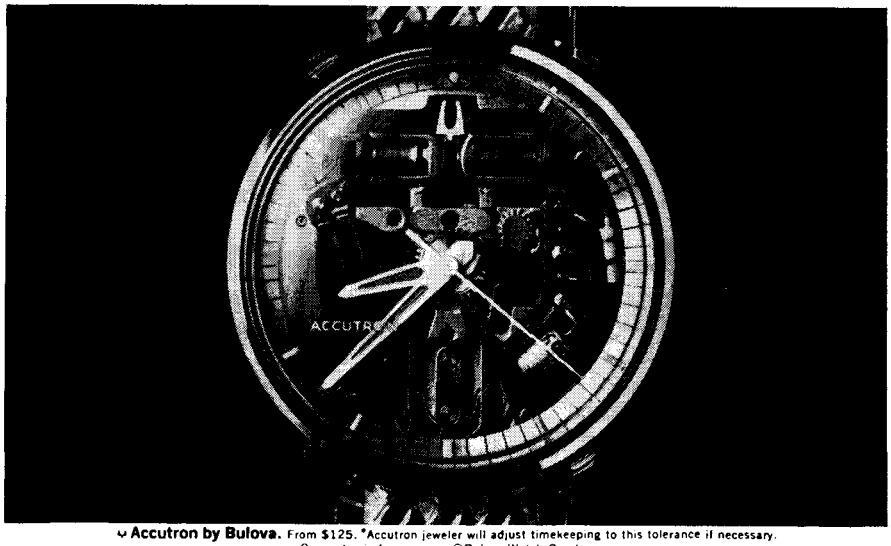
Although baseball wasn't Big Business in those days, we became Big Business the day one of our sluggers hit a ball that broke the kitchen window in the home of Babe's mother. While we were debating whether that was a home run or a ground rule double, Babe's mother came out on the diamond and took our ball away. And there's no argument with the lady in blue on a baseball field.

A clubhouse meeting was called the next day and the team decided we would do extra chores to make enough money to pay for the window and get back our franchise. We did. We presented the money to Babe's mother. To our dismay, she took it. But our troubles were not over. She insisted that if we continued to play baseball we had to include Babe's sister, age nine. Babe's sister was named Ruth. And that's how we got our center fielder.

BABE'S sister Ruth sat on the stoop against the screen door of the kitchen, and her duty was to catch any ball that came her way that looked like it might break a window. Ruth wanted a glove. But our team was short of equipment. So she borrowed one from her mother. Unbeknownst to her mother. The glove was white kid. And although she pounded it furiously and spat into it as she had seen the rest of the team do, she was O for O, as no balls were ever hit near her. At the end of the game Ruth was discouraged and arrid dry.

History does repeat itself. Our team was later dissolved when Babe's family moved to Milwaukee. I heard from Babe recently. He's in Atlanta. Income tax or something. What can you expect, with a mother like that!

—GOODMAN ACE.



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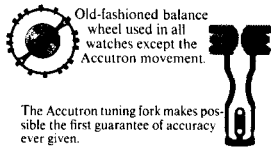
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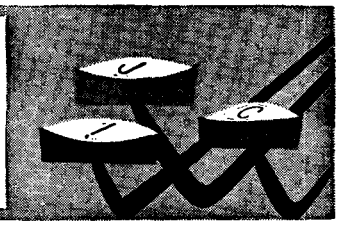
Manner of Speaking



Elephantiasis: I see from a long-buried newspaper clipping that Kenya is suffering a giant case of elephantiasis. Tsavo National Park, its main wildlife preserve, is a tract of 8,000 square miles, and now contains about 15,000 elephants; a disastrous result of over-protection that leaves the hypothetical average elephant an area of about half a square mile from which to forage about two hundred pounds of leaves, grass, and bark daily.

Eight thousand square miles, as it happens, is about the total area of Massachusetts, and fifteen thousand may be just about the number of Republicans the Kennedys have left standing in that preserve, though not as a result of over-protection. The situation in Massachusetts, however, does not threaten overcrowding, for the Republicans there are no longer allowed to eat more than once every twelve years or so, and not much then.

These differences aside, and Kenya's greater urgency noted, the problem in Kenya and in Massachusetts becomes much the same. Since there seems to be no way of improving the grazing grounds, some of the excess elephants and Republicans will have to be shot in order to preserve a token herd for the admiration of future generations.

The real elephants of Kenya, as it turns out, seem to be a lot harder to kill than are the political elephants of Massachusetts. As Jeffrey Poley estimates the situation in Kenya—in a special report to the *Herald Tribune*—an experienced hunter requires an average of at least three days to track and kill an elephant. A hundred a year would be a high score for even the most experienced hunter. Thus, with at least 5,000 elephants to be killed off before a reasonable ecological balance can be restored, the job would require at least a year's work by fifty hunters, each of whom would need the support of about twenty men to handle the carcasses and to get the ivory out. And Authorities further estimate that it would take at least two years to clear and register the tusks of 5,000 elephants.

At about this point in the report it began to occur to me that someone who passed for an Authority in Kenya was more than somewhat confused about the nature of his problem. Was he (the hypothetical person in Authority) out to kill off 5,000 elephants before some larger number starved to death, or was he out to preserve the white-hunter motif, and to make sure the carcasses were properly handled, and the tusks properly "cleared and registered," whatever that means?

I found myself ready to make two suggestions. First, that wildlife Authority in Kenya should certainly get in touch with the Kennedys of Massachusetts (and New York.) Even if the Kennedys had no recommendations for cutting down the number of elephants actually on the hoof, they could certainly train them to get along on a much reduced diet.

Alternatively, it occurred to me that the Colonel Blimp of this report might do well to arm himself with some modern weaponry. If the problem is too many elephants in the act of despoiling the forage in too few square miles, then the thing to do is kill off the elephants and to let the carcasses and the tusks fall where they may. Given a couple of fast scouting cars and a couple of helicopters equipped with radio and armor-piercing fifty calibers, or bazookas, or whatever pop-gun the armament boys decide is the right elephant-banger, there must certainly be a half-dozen venturesome lads now lounging around the United States or the Commonwealth nations, who would be glad to take on the job as a contract, and to get rid of those 5,000 elephants within a year at a flat fee per head, with or without the ivory thrown in. Meanwhile, the authorities might let sub-contractors have the carcasses in return for haulage. Or they might simply let the carcasses go back to nature for organic soil enrichment, as they will in any case when the elephants starve.

Anyone in actual Authority is certainly bound to tell me my notion is wild, impractical, and probably illegal, but I am left, in rebuttal, to point out that the authorities haven't even been able to define their problem, which does seem to indicate that their notion of it is not predictably helpful.

I had these thoughts in mind when I found myself lounging next to no-one-in-particular one afternoon at the verge of nowhere, and to dull away that day's tooth of eternity, I brought up all this business of the elephants, the Republicans, the Authorities, and the Kennedys. I was only making idle talk, but my co-idler immediately fell to berating me for a callous failure to sympathize with nature's noblest animals. I did gather from the first that he meant the elephants and not Bobby and Teddy, but his indignation might have been equal to either interpretation. You would have thought Cleveland Amory had just walked in and caught me vivisecting his dog. (Ed. note: Dear Clip: I am engaged in metaphor, not in debating the right and wrong of vivisection. Hope all goes well. Best. John.)

And what can sooner spoil an empty afternoon at the edge of nowhere than to have idle talk turned into a flagrantly moral cause? Must all chit-chat be brought to the barricades by the high-minded? My erstwhile co-idler made it painfully clear that he was high-minded to the point at which his moral altitude made anoxia inevitable. Nor was I tempted to chase him to such heights, even with full oxygen equipment. I prefer to believe that he is a fool of a species I keep encountering, a sort of moral mush-grubber that most resembles a vegetarian praying mantis. Give such a mush-grubber the thought of a symbolic animal and he is all for defending it to the point of letting it starve.

I found myself accused of not taking Kenya's elephants seriously. The fact is I hadn't taken them at all, except as one more statistic of the sort I keep expecting from the world. I know I had no intention of pulling the legs off elephants. If there were any legs to be pulled, they must belong to those zealous animal lovers who over-protected the herds until they outbred their feeding grounds and ran up against the sentimental gift of starvation. Elephants in large numbers in a wildlife preserve, I should have thought, were a natural product to be harvested from time to time with a shrewd eye to the balance of nature. I do not know why they should be more sacred than, say, a Texas steer. And though I can pity their plight, I cannot make it a first order of pity when I think of Filipinos bent double in their rice paddies, or urchins foraging for nothing in the streets of India, or slum children snarling themselves into knots nearer home. Kenya's elephants may have my passive pity, but if pity is the act of identifying with what suffers, I am not sufficiently large souled to encompass an active pity for all mankind, and neither are you, and neither was my co-idler, though all of us must try. And what I really want in all this, is that my former co-idler find these words, so that I may tell him, and all of his species, that to substitute an indignant and generalized pity of far-off beasts for that effort to identify with what matters first, is mush-headedness while the elephants starve.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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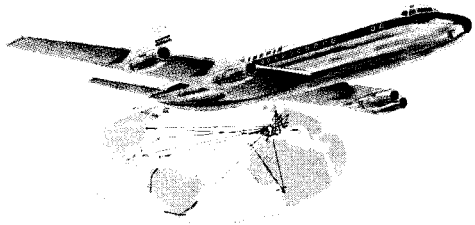

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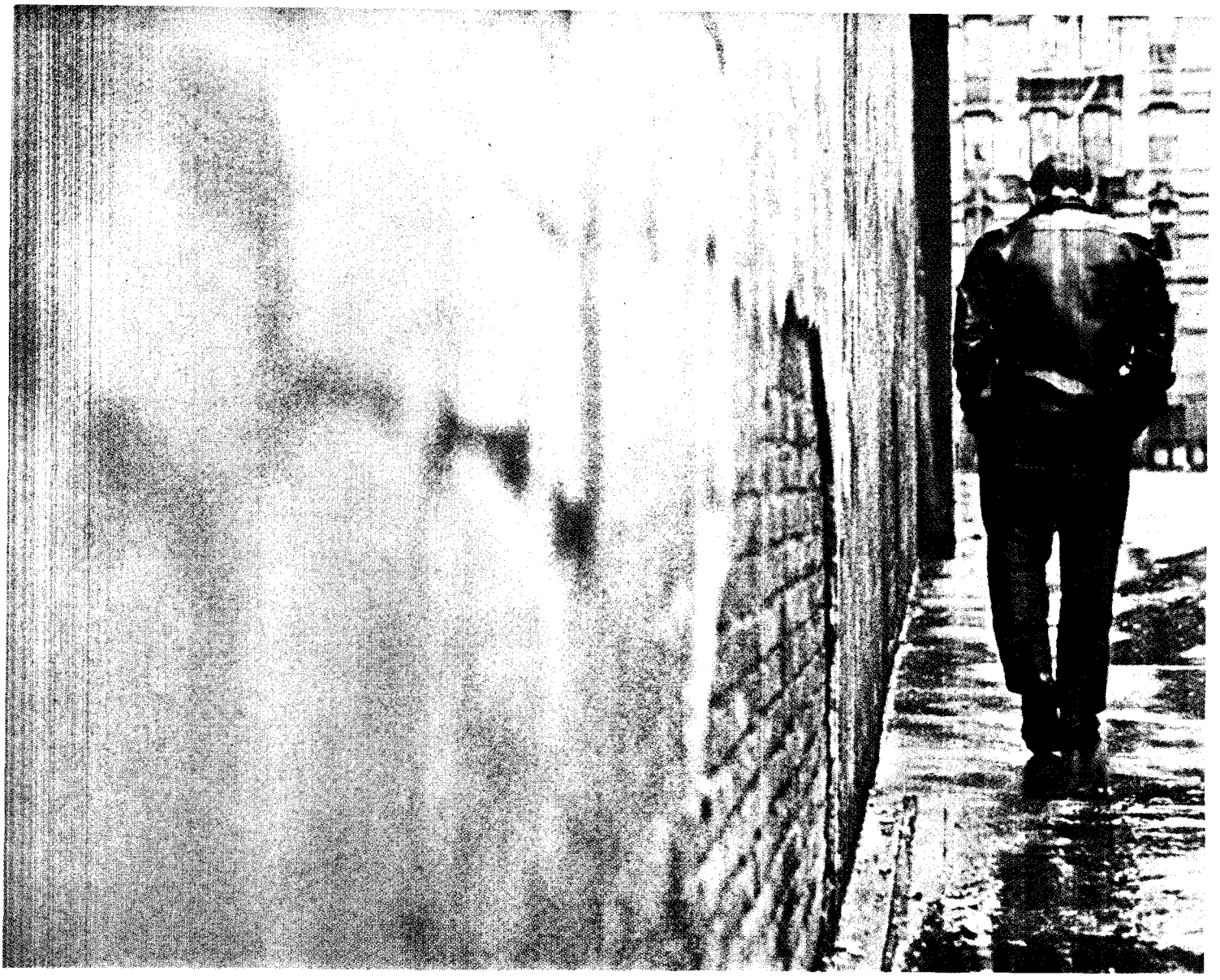

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INTERNATIONAL PAPER

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Saturday Review
May 14, 1966

What Does "U.N. Peacekeeping" Mean?

A realistic appraisal of the United Nations' role in conflict resolution, why its power is limited, and how it can be strengthened.

By ARTHUR M. COX

THE POLITICS OF U.N. peacekeeping may be comprehended if the U.N. is thought of in terms of three layers of power and responsibility. In the first layer are the super-powers—the United States and the U.S.S.R. They have contained each other through nuclear stalemate, not through the U.N. The Cold War has been a direct engagement between the United States and the U.S.S.R., with U.N. involvement limited to propaganda and behind-the-scenes diplomacy. The one major exception was a fluke—the Korean War, where the U.N. participated in its only enforcement action because the Soviets, having walked out of the Security Council, were not present to veto the decision.

The second layer of U.N. politics is made up of the middle powers, many of which might be considered the peacekeeping nations. In the forefront of this group are Canada and the Scandinavian powers – Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Finland. They have taken the lead in developing a philosophy of U.N. peacekeeping, have provided troops for U.N. operations, have earmarked contingents for future use and have engaged in joint planning.

These nations consider the United Nations a keystone of their foreign policies, and have established a considerable reputation for impartiality in the international community. The diplomats and soldiers of other nations such as Yugoslavia, Ireland, India, Pakistan, Brazil, and Nigeria have made significant contributions to U.N. peacekeeping operations, too. Still other middle powers have earmarked troops for future U.N. operations, including the Netherlands, Iran, Italy and New Zealand, and the Austrian Parliament has recently voted a change of laws which will permit it to contribute troops.

Until recently, Britain, watching its empire disintegrate by stages, was on the defensive, giving only lukewarm support to U.N. police operations. The British opposed U.N. involvement in the Gaza Strip and were critical of the U.N. role in the Congo. However, they now have troops in the U.N. force in Cyprus, and have also committed logistical support to future U.N. operations. British policy has demonstrated that despite its colonial past it can be an effective contributor to U.N. peacekeeping. In this sense Britain, though one of the Big Five in the Security Council, has joined the peacekeeping nations.

THE third layer of U.N. politics is made up of the eighty nations of the "Third World," the poor, relatively weak nations of Africa, Asia, and Latin America. These nations make up an important U.N. constituency. They know that they have something to gain from the U.N. both in terms of development and security. Led by Raul Prebisch, an Argentinian, the entire "Third World" group of poor nations found new unity when they unanimously endorsed the establishment of the U.N. Trade and Development Conference as a means for seeking better ways of improving their trade position with richer nations.

Understandably, the United Nations has become the center of gravity for the diplomatic life of most of the new nations. Because of their strong anti-colonial feelings, deep national pride and relative insecurity, they look to the U.N. as an organization in which they can maintain the greatest degree of national independence while having some small influence in the decision-making process. The feeling of sharing with equally underprivileged nations has great importance for them. Since U.N. peacekeeping is primarily concerned with the "Third World," there will undoubtedly be a continuing requirement to put out the brush fires and check the border disputes, racial clashes, and religious conflicts before they erupt into war.

With the exception of Korea and the recent U.N. observer role in the Dominican Republic, U.N. peacekeeping operations have been conducted in the power vacuum created by the end of the British Empire and European colonialism—the Middle East, the sub-continent, Southeast Asia, and Africa. These U.N. operations have included Palestine, Egypt at the Gaza Strip, Lebanon, the Congo, West Irian in Indonesia, Yemen, Cyprus, and Kashmir.

U.N. peacekeeping often is simply the dispatch of observers or fact-finders to a disputed area: a presence that insures a window to the world. U.N. peacekeeping forces are also sent to prevent shooting, to maintain a cease-fire, and to provide order while negotiations are being conducted. They can be sent only when a government requests a U.N. force, or at least acquiesces in the wish of a U.N. consensus that they be sent. They are politically neutral and do not fire unless fired upon. They do not have enforcement responsibilities.

Despite the fact that the primary security role for the U.N. is peacekeeping in the "Third World," and the fact that the middle powers are willing and able to assume the policing responsibility, it is nevertheless true that the U.N. is unlikely to act in the future unless both of the super-powers acquiesce in such ac-

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tion. All of the member nations know that both the United States and the U.S.S.R. have sufficient political power to emasculate the U.N. merely by withdrawing from the organization. Since both have the veto in the Security Council and the capability to gain the support of a blocking third of the members of the General Assembly, it is most unlikely that the U.N. can or will act when either nation is firmly opposed.

THE Soviets are still smarting from the political drubbing they took in the Congo. Having supported the wishes of the Afro-Asian majority for the establishment of a U.N. peacekeeping force, they found themselves excluded from the conduct of the operation within the U.N. Secretariat and in the Congo. On the other hand, Dag Hammarskjöld used the advice of three senior American members of the Secretariat and depended upon the United States for airlift and other significant logistical support. So when the Soviets' favorite, Lumumba, was thrown out of office and ultimately murdered, they were outraged. When the successor Congolese Government of Adoula demanded that all Soviet diplomats leave the Congo, Soviet anger against Hammarskjöld reached a new peak. Premier Khrushchev himself went to the General Assembly with his shoe-thumping demand that the Secretary General be replaced by a "troika" whereby the Secretariat would be run by three men: one from the West, one from the neutrals and one from the Communists.

Khrushchev did not have his way, but the unresolved issues have precipitated a constitutional crisis in the U.N. The Soviets refuse to pay for their assessed share of the U.N. peacekeeping debt, and insist that all future U.N. security operations involving the use of military personnel be authorized only by the Security Council. The United States, belatedly realizing that there would not be sufficient political support, has backed away from its attempt to enforce the terms of the Charter. There has been no showdown within the U.N., nor has any compromise solution been adopted. In the meantime U.N. peacekeeping operations such as those in Cyprus and Kashmir move ahead on a completely voluntary basis with all costs met by the contributions of those member governments willing to give. Thus, the Secretary General has to rely on passing the hat every few months.

The U.N.'s Backstage Role: The United Nations has become much more than just an international organization. The U.N. headquarters is, in effect, the site of a continuous international conference on all manner of international issues. While nearly a hundred issues may be on the agenda of a session of the General Assembly, it has been estimated that some 400 to 500 issues are negotiated between the states behind the scenes. Typical of such negotiations were those between the African states at the U.N. that led to the Lagos Conference of January 1962. The U.N. had no concern with this development, but the presence of representatives of African states at the U.N. made it possible for them to negotiate among themselves in preparation for the conference.

As the General Assembly has been organized to be able to operate on call within twenty-four hours and as the activities of the other organs have been expanded, most of the members have established permanent missions in New York, rather than sending delegates to sessions of the Assembly or a U.N. organ. The permanent missions of the smaller states, which are limited in resources, have become centers of diplomatic activity for their governments.

The newly independent African state of Dahomey, for example, had in its first year of independence a budget of about $22,000,000 and a revenue of about $9,000,000. A state with so small a budget and so large a deficit cannot afford many overseas embassies and legations. . . . It would be financially prohibitive for Dahomey to maintain embassies in the thirty-two other African countries. To solve this dilemma, the members of Dahomey's permanent mission to the United Nations serve as negotiators with the representatives of the other states in their permanent missions. Thus the Lagos Conference of African states in January 1962 was planned and organized not by consultations in the various African capitals but by negotiations among African U.N. delegations. This growth of a diplomatic center at the United Nations has had an influence on the formation and development of political groupings within the General Assembly and the United Nations.

—THOMAS HOVET, JR.,
Africa in the United Nations

This impasse will almost certainly not be broken until the United States and the U.S.S.R. reach a *modus vivendi* at least comparable to that of the period of the test ban agreement of 1963, a virtual impossibility while the bombing of North Vietnam continues. The United States' attempt to take the Vietnam war to the U.N. Security Council failed to get action not merely because the French and Soviets were opposed. Secretary General U Thant on several occasions has pointed out that the appropriate forum for Vietnam peace talks is the Geneva Conference, which includes as members both the Communist Chinese and the North Vietnamese, as the U.N. does not.

The Soviets, as co-chairman with the British, have not agreed to call up the Geneva Conference, and probably will not until they are given some substantial inducement. They are riding the crest of several diplomatic and political triumphs so that any move to ease the agony of the United States would have to be predicated on a meaningful *quid pro quo*.

Even if no United States-Soviet agreement is reached, it will still be possible for the U.N., under certain circumstances, to engage in peacekeeping operations on an *ad hoc* basis. Though their motivations may be at variance, the Soviets and the United States may support U.N. peacekeeping to thwart Communist Chinese ambitions, as in the recent India-Pakistan dispute. The Soviets are inclined, also, to go along with U.N. action supported by a large Afro-Asian consensus, as was the case in the Congo; or when the alternative courses of action are less palatable, as was the case in Cyprus. Finally, the Soviets may support U.N. involvement if they are persuaded that the alternative would be unilateral United States action.

BOTH the United States and the Soviets are aware that U.N. peacekeeping operations under the cloak of collective responsibility permit action without committing the vital interests of either great power. U.N. peacekeeping operations allow brush fires to be extinguished without great-power confrontation. The U.N. provides a diplomatic center where a third party—either the Secretary General, a single nation or a group of nations—can originate a proposal for action which may be acceptable to the United States and the U.S.S.R., but could not possibly have been initiated through direct Washington-Moscow channels. The U.N. is a forum where the super-powers can collaborate with minimum loss of face, and therefore less danger of adverse domestic political repercussions.

The Vietnam War and the Dominican crisis have caused Washington to begin an examination of the extent to which it can rely on unilateral military interven-

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tion. There has been growing awareness of the desirability of acting in a framework of collective security arrangements. Some policymakers have expressed hope that we could rely increasingly on regional organizations rather than the U.N., but the prognosis for the regional approach to peacekeeping is gloomy indeed.

The Organization of American States has been cited by some as the most likely multilateral basis for a permanent military force to police conflicts within Latin America. However, despite U.S. desire for the creation of an Inter-American force, the November meeting of the O.A.S. in Rio evidenced the lack of enthusiasm of Latin American governments for such a force. Most of the more democratic governments made strong declarations of outright opposition.

Latin American nations have a historical, understandable fear of any regional arrangements for the collective use of force to quell internal conflicts. They may be willing to take extraordinary security actions in isolated and exceptional cases, but they are unlikely to agree in advance to an organizational or legal framework for regional action. The Inter-American force grudgingly formed in the Dominican Republic was the first such force created by the O.A.S., and the small troop contingents contributed by four Latin governments barely provided a fig leaf for the United States intervention. The O.A.S. will undoubtedly continue to be a useful source of mediation and conciliation, but not of military intervention.

Other regional peacekeeping arrangements are even less promising. The Organization of African Unity, at its recent meeting in Accra, again discussed the possible creation of an inter-African force. But formidable political barriers blocked all progress. Even if an inter-African force were created, there would be no grounds for anticipating that its policies and operations would be consistent with United States objectives. The O.A.U., like the O.A.S., is better suited to the mediation and conciliation of disputes than to their military containment.

The Arab League has discussed the possibility of forming an inter-Arab force. However, there is at least as much international political division and controversy within the Arab League as in the O.A.S. and the O.A.U. The adhesive qualities of the Arab League are provided by the prevalent Arab sense of injustice resulting from the creation of the State of Israel, and by the desire of many Arab nations to eliminate the residue of British influence on the Arabian peninsula. Quite clearly, United States interests would not be served by supporting the creation of an inter-Arab military force.

The regional military pacts (NATO, SEATO, CENTO and ANZUS) were created as collective defense organizations to check Communist aggression. Though they have machinery for political consultation and counter-subversion planning, they have not proved adaptable to peacekeeping. When the Cyprus crisis called for a policeman in 1964, it seemed to some that because this was a dispute between NATO members — Greece and Turkey — that NATO machinery should provide the answer, but Archbishop Makarios thought that a U.N. peace force would be more impartial. SEATO could not agree to act in South Vietnam, and CENTO action in Kashmir was never considered. The anti-Communist pacts are ill-suited for "Third World" peacekeeping.

There are numerous reasons why the U.N. has been able to move forward with peacekeeping operations when regional organizations could not. For example, there is no decision more difficult for an independent national leader than to call for outside military help. The presence of foreign soldiers is such a politically sensitive matter that most nations consider the troops of their near neighbors unacceptable. The host country wants to be as certain as possible that the visiting troops come from politically disinterested governments. The U.N., with a growing number of governments earmarking troops, provides the best available source of impartial peacekeepers.

For all of its imperfection and ambiguity, the U.N. is in the peacekeeping business because a majority of the nations wants it to be. Recognizing that the U.N. can operate only in certain circumstances, and that it will probably have to rely for the most part on improvisation with voluntary troop contributions and voluntary financing, it nevertheless would be prudent for the U.S. to look for means to strengthen its policing potential.

The latest Canadian White Paper on Defense sets the highest priority for Canadian contribution to U.N. peacekeeping, stating that "Canadian forces will be trained and equipped in a way which will permit immediate and effective response to United Nations requirements," and "the combined land, sea and air forces normally stationed in Canada and at Canadian ports will be sufficiently flexible to satisfy almost any conceivable requirement for U.N. or other operations." Strong commitments for U.N. peacekeeping also have been made by

"No, it doesn't make me feel insignificant."

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the Scandinavian governments and several of the other middle powers. The United States should support this trend in all ways possible, giving more consideration to the U.N. peacekeeping nations in its own defense planning.

The United States should certainly encourage the new peacekeeping program of the British, which may soon include the availability of a British base for U.N. stockpiling and airlift. Rapidly changing British defense policy has begun to move in the direction taken by Canada. It would not be surprising some day to find the British calling on the U.N. to share the peacekeeping responsibility in Malaysia, with an arrangement similar to that in Cyprus.

The Soviets have urged the inclusion of Communist units in U.N. peacekeeping to give a better political balance. Why not? The Yugoslavs, strong supporters of U.N. peacekeeping, have made a significant contribution to the U.N. force in the Gaza Strip. Any moves which will give the Soviets a greater feeling of representation without impairing the effectiveness of U.N. peacekeeping should be supported. For example, Polish or Hungarian troops serving under the U.N. flag could perform as effectively as the soldiers of other nations.

The United States can strengthen U.N. peacekeeping by a generous gift to the U.N., and larger voluntary contributions to ongoing and future peacekeeping operations. Why should a nation that has more than 40 per cent of the world's gross national product not contribute at least that proportion to U.N. peacekeeping costs? The United States should continue to make available airlift and other logistical support to U.N. operations. It should also use the authority in the Foreign Assistance Act, so far inexplicably untapped, which provides that we can give assistance to recipient countries to participate in collective measures requested by the U.N.

The key question for the future of the U.N. is the extent to which the United States, the greatest power in the world, is willing to commit itself. If the United States decides to place greater reliance on the United Nations for the containment of brush fire disputes, Congress will find the necessary funds. Brush fires don't cost much if they are put out in time. We might have to spend as much as $200 or $300 million dollars a year, but if we helped to prevent war between India and Pakistan, Greece and Turkey, the Arabs and Israel, Malaysia and Indonesia, etc., it would be well worth it. U.N. peacekeeping can be only a small part of the world security framework, at least for the next decade, but it can become increasingly useful, particularly with strong support from the United States.

HOW CULTURALLY ACTIVE ARE AMERICANS?

By ELMO ROPER

IN AN ERA WHEN CULTURE is being promoted with all the enthusiasm once reserved for breakfast cereal and we are being reminded daily that ignorance is obsolete, how "cultural" are Americans? Where does learning rank in our range of interests?

The answers to some questions recently asked of a cross-section of adult Americans shed some light on our intellectual and cultural involvement. To begin with, respondents were offered a list of subjects and asked to name those in which they had "a good deal of interest." The results appear below:

Religion	49%
Sports	47
Music	46
Politics and government	40
International affairs	37
Cooking	36
Home decoration	35
History	22
Science	20
Literature	19
Art	13
No opinion	7

Clearly, the egghead still has a long way to go before he replaces the baseball player as a national hero. Religion, sports, and music command the broadest appeal and top the list of interests. Politics and international affairs, interests that for various people have varying degrees of intellectual content, barely edge out the frankly down-to-earth concerns of home and kitchen. And at the very bottom lie the clearly intellectual and cultural subjects (with the exception of music, which may or may not reflect as deep a cultural interest), each mentioned by less than a quarter of the people interviewed: history by 22 per cent, science by 20 per cent, literature 19 per cent, with art trailing off at 13 per cent.

The next question inquired how often people read books that they felt would "advance their knowledge or education in some way." Twenty-two per cent replied "frequently," 29 per cent said they did so "occasionally," and 46 per cent said "rarely" or "never." Another question found that 35 per cent had less than twenty-five books in the home, and another 35 per cent between twenty-five and 100, with only 27 per cent owning more than 100 books (3 per cent didn't know). Other questions also were asked about newspaper and magazine reading, and educational achievement.

Who, then, are the culturally and intellectually involved? Needless to say, the various indices do not all work in the same direction. While the heavy book *readers* are apt to be found among the young (20-34), the heaviest book *ownership* comes at a later age (35-55). Interest in international affairs goes up with age; interest in science is higher with youth. Among the intellectually involved, traditional sex differences in interests are very much in evidence, with women leaning toward such subjects as art and literature, men toward science and politics.

But perhaps the most interesting difference is that women, particularly college-educated women, have *more* interests than men. On the list of interests, seven items were singled out as subjects of a "good deal of interest" by 50 per cent or more of college women. Among college men, only three items elicited that degree of interest. Also, the low point of intellectual interest for college women is science, which nevertheless is called interesting by 24 per cent. The cultural "low" of college men is art, which at 18 per cent is comparable with their interest in the female realm of home decorating (16 per cent) and cooking (10 per cent).

TO get a rough measure of the general level of cultural and intellectual activity in the population, a scale was developed on which each respondent was given a score. Respondents were given one point each for such activities as regular reading of two or more newspapers or "fairly regular" reading of any leading news magazine or magazines with intellectual content such as *Harper's*, the *New Yorker*, or *Saturday Review*; one point each for expressing a "good deal of interest" in politics and government, inter-

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national affairs, art, history, science or literature; five points each for "frequent" reading of books to advance knowledge or having more than 100 books in the home; two points for attending college; five points for graduating; and five points for taking academic, business or professional courses since graduating from college—with a maximum possible score of thirty-five points.

Using this measure of what might be loosely described as the "level of cultural activity," respondents fell into four main groups. Fifty-one per cent received scores of from zero to three, and might be described as the "culturally inert." Another 26 per cent received scores of from four to nine, and might therefore be considered "fairly inactive" culturally. Thirteen per cent received scores of from ten to fifteen, and might be described as "fairly active." Only 10 per cent received scores over fifteen (out of a possible thirty-five), thereby gaining the description of "culturally active"—the term is relative!

What is the relationship between cultural activity and formal education? If you're culturally active, does it mean you've been to college? And if you've been to college, are you thereby culturally active?

THE answer to the first question is, by and large, yes. Only 1 per cent of grade school people and only 4 per cent of the high school educated fell into the culturally active category, whereas 26 per cent of those who had had some college and 62 per cent of people with college degrees received culturally active scores (abetted, of course, by the credit given for college in their scores).

But the answer to the second question is another thing. Before everyone who's been to college starts resting on his cultural laurels, thinking of the great gap that separates him from the lowly people who make up the rest of the population, let him take a look at the ranking of interests by those with college backgrounds:

Has a good deal of interest in:

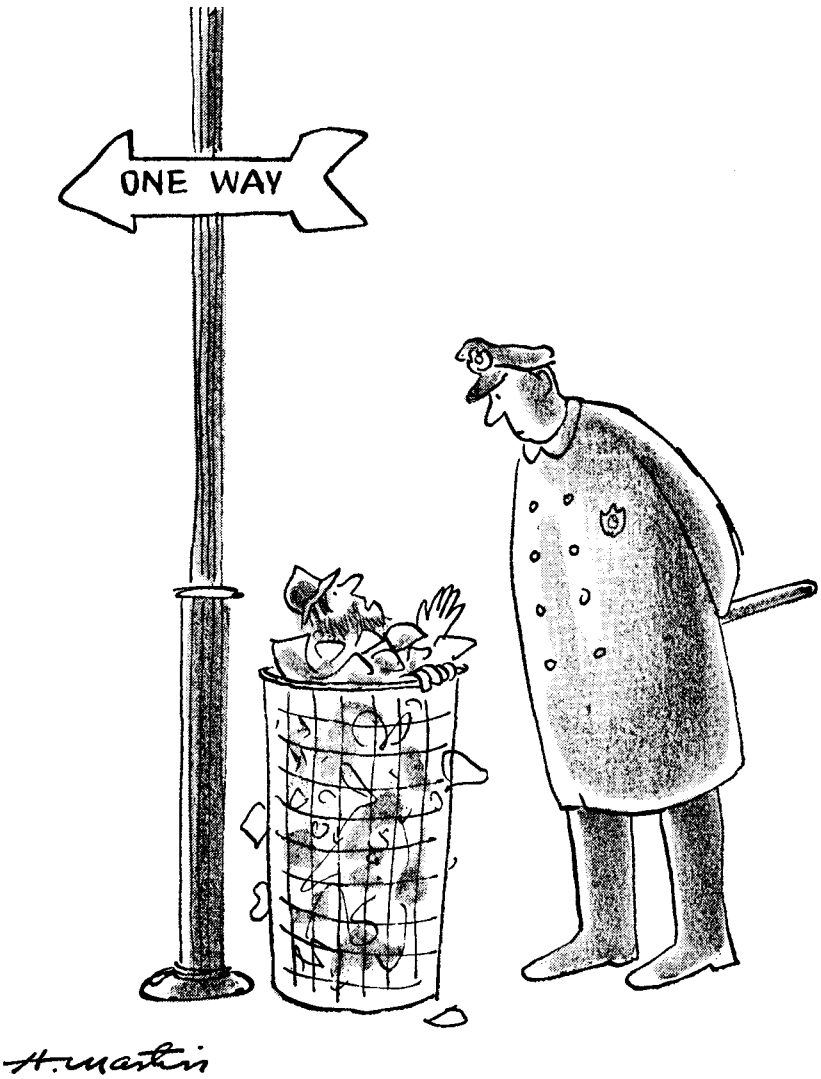
International affairs	60%
Politics and government	59
Music	56
Sports	53
Religion	49
Literature	39
History	37
Science	36
Home decoration	36
Cooking	31
Art	26

Political and international events replace religion, sports and music as the prime interests of the college educated. But pure cultural and intellectual interests still cluster, along with cooking and home décor, at the bottom of the list. Asked how often they read edifying books, 44 per cent of college educated people answered "frequently"—which means that a majority read to learn infrequently after they leave the academic groves. Asked about book ownership (an easier test than book reading, and the books could be about anything), nearly one quarter (23 per cent) of the college educated had less than fifty books in their homes, and just slightly over half (56 per cent) owned more than 100 books.

All in all, it must be said that intellectual and cultural activity is still distinctly a minority taste. A college education is no guarantee of developed cultural or intellectual interests, although it certainly makes such interests more probable. In our national rush to get more and more people to college, it should perhaps be kept in mind that half the people who have gotten there show only minor intellectual after-effects. Regarding the other half who can be described as culturally and intellectually involved, the most important question is one that can not be answered by a survey. It is the depth and quality of that involvement.

Some years ago I wrote, "There is an urgent need—in fact a national survival need—for invigorating intellectual life, for upgrading the general regard for intellectual excellence. The United States must experience an intellectual renaissance or it will experience defeat. The time cannot be far off—if indeed it is not already here—when the *strength* of a nation, measured in terms of any kind of world competition, will depend less on the number of its bombs than on the number of its learned men."

The statement is equally valid today. Unquestionably, there have been changes in recent years in our attitude toward the intellectual life. But the changes have not gone far enough. There is no upsurge of intellectual interest in the young—except in the field of science. And too many people who consider themselves educated have really just gone through the motions. The question that should most concern our educators is not how far they can spread learning but how deep it goes.



"I'm just no good."

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Public Obligations and the Private Corporation

PART OF THE RITUAL of our times is the repeated call by both government and business leaders for more business-government collaboration, or for more business involvement in public affairs, or for more business support for community improvement. The appeal is nearly always based upon a single theme that is best and most often summed up in the words: "Enlightened self-interest."

Businessmen of America, the message reads, help your company by helping your community: Money expended on the public interest is a long-range investment, likely to reap rich dividends. Fight unemployment because it is bad for business. Support the community hospital because the employees use it. Build higher education and research centers because they attract student customers and government contracts, and produce new business ideas. End racial discrimination in order to increase the gross national product. Expand world trade to increase sales abroad. Help with job retraining to improve the supply of manpower. Accept federal or state requests to war on poverty, or to analyze crime, or to clean up slums, or to study transportation, as a means of diversifying your product and risk—and always at a profit.

A recent New York City conference on business support of the arts spelled out this basic pocketbook theme in admirable detail. A corporate patron of culture, it was pointed out, can obtain extensive but inexpensive advertising and publicity, a brighter public reputation, an improved corporate image. The promotion of art and culture can improve the morale of employees, the recruitment of executives, and the appearance of advertising copy or even merchandise. It can build better customer relations, a better acceptance of company products, a better appraisal of their quality, and a higher income level in the local market. Aiding cultural resources can enhance the business environment; help attract top personnel, tourist trade, or other firms; and provide some income and job opportunities directly. Last but far from least, it is tax deductible.

These economic motives and those who act upon them are not to be disparaged. On the contrary, congratulations are due those firms with the vision to recognize—and the initiative to act upon—the unmistakable fact that corporate support of art or culture, or corporate wars on poverty or prejudice, are indeed in their enlightened self-interest. Their contribution to society, moreover, is certainly greater than those whose contribution consists merely of succeeding in business, paying their taxes, obeying the wage-hour laws, providing pensions, and charging off as an unwelcome but unavoidable business expense whatever donations their customers, employees, or associates pressure them into making.

But is business support of community endeavors for economic reasons enough? Is self-interest, no matter how enlightened, ever enough? Is a corporation to refrain from public-spirited activities if it cannot find an economic benefit? Are there no broader motivations, no higher obligations?

I believe there are. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, *the modern corporation has evolved into a social as well as an economic institution.* Without losing sight of its need to make a profit, it has concerns, ideals, and responsibilities which go far beyond the profit motive. It is no more expected to confine itself to economic issues than the modern clergyman is expected to speak only of religion, or the modern educator only of education. It has become, in effect, a full-fledged citizen, not only of the community in which it is located but of the country and world we all inhabit. What would become of that country and world if all its citizens acted only out of self-interest? What if every citizen supported art or public charities or took part in public affairs only in the expectation of an economic gain?

Not so many years ago, when I was a student of law, the casebooks on Corporation Law often emphasized this same message of economic self-interest. According to one basic work on corporate giving, "Enlightened selfishness is a legal requirement." The old common law rule required the showing of a direct corporate economic benefit before the corporation's funds could be used for any outside purpose. After all, it was argued, those funds belonged to the employees, the management and the shareholders. If they wished to donate or spend their money on culture or public causes, they could do so as individuals—but the board of directors or officers had no right to spend their money for them on any activity not calculated to bring a profit. Those directors and officers, it was pointed out, were selected for their business ability, and not for their social, political or artistic inclinations—which might or might not represent those of a majority of the stockholders.

BUT over the years—and especially in the last ten to fifteen years—this concept has been increasingly recognized as both invalid and outmoded. The statutes of nearly every state have been amended to permit a wider latitude of corporate activity. The Federal Banking Act, the Internal Revenue Code, the form of most new corporate charters, and the stockholders of most modern corporations have all reflected this same trend. Where the statutes have not been changed sufficiently to dispose of all questions, the courts have been increasingly liberal in finding (or inventing) indirect corporate benefits to support worthwhile corporate efforts that go beyond narrow business purposes. The welfare of business generally, for example, or the intangible goodwill to be earned by a company, or the higher taxes that would be required

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Linguistic Realism

MARIO PEI's "The Challenge of Linguistic Realism" [*SR*, Apr. 23] ought to be required reading for today's screenwriters. Surely our credibility has been tested too long by such absurdities as a German soldier speaking guttural English to his compatriots!

ELIZABETH R. RAMSEY.
New York, N.Y.

People Who Need People

THANK YOU, Goodman Ace, for that superb column on Barbra [*SR*, Apr. 16]. I'll never be able to listen to that song again without thinking of you—and smiling.

NANCY K. WEBSTER.
East Lansing, Mich.

I STRONGLY RESENT Mr. Ace's criticism of Barbra Streisand. He fails to realize that Miss Streisand is an artist. Artists are strange and sensitive people and I feel that it is almost unfair that they be made to cope with the public.

JEREMY D. SUMNER.
Islip, N.Y.

THERE IS NOT one of Goodman Ace's columns that is not a gem. The one on Barbarous Strident was a little beauty.

(MRS.) FRANCES J. S. CHIMENTI.
New York, N.Y.

THE ATTACK upon Barbra Streisand by your columnist, "Goodie-Goodie" Ace, is as naïve as his constant attacks upon A. C. Nielsen. Barbra Streisand is where she is today because of talent and not because of newspaper people. Why should she knock herself out for the *New York Times*? I think twenty minutes for an interview is a great concession. She has made every important magazine cover in town; does she need the *New York Times*? Did they pay her for an interview?

JACK SHELTON.
Sausalito, Calif.

SO MISS ZEITGEIST is becoming seemingly towering. But this is exactly what her fans want: to identify with the ideal ("cares and troubles are gone there will be no more from now on"). This is the whole thing wrapped up in a supreme nasal condition. So love it and forget the veneer which is only a defense.

DON BABISCH.
Youngstown, O.

Rating the Wasteland

IN "RATINGS RUMBLE," in the issue of April 23, Robert Lewis Shayon rides forth to tilt at the Nielsen television-audience estimates. While I agree with his objectives, I think his lance is slightly bent.

The danger lies in possible confusion of the input of a statistical decision system with the system itself. Given the present system—other things being equal, the net-

(*Continued on page 77*)

"How you must dread sonic booms."

The Cam Ne Fund: More than $20,000 has been contributed by *SR* readers for the rehabilitation of Cam Ne, a small village in South Vietnam caught up in the fighting. Many homes had been burned to the ground by U.S. Marines. *Saturday Review* learned of the incident some months ago through a CBS news broadcast and invited its readers to participate in a rebuilding program. The response was prompt and full.

The editors consulted with officials of CARE with a view toward having CARE help administer the fund. CARE reported that the general area was still ripe with Vietcong activity and that rehabilitation operations would not be feasible for some time.

Recently, Mrs. Janet Stark, who had been assisting the editors in the correspondence connected with the fund, went to Saigon with her husband, Dr. Richard Stark, an eminent New York plastic surgeon who for the past three years has been training South Vietnamese doctors under the auspices of MEDICO. While in South Vietnam, Mrs. Stark consulted with relief and welfare agencies about Cam Ne. Now comes word from Vietnam that the inhabitants of Cam Ne have been evacuated because of the persistence of Vietcong activity in the area (near Danang). Resettlement of the villagers is now going on.

Meanwhile, *SR*'s editor has met with U.S. Marine Corps officials and has discussed extensively the circumstances of the original order to burn Cam Ne, as reported in the dispatches at the time.

SR's editor is satisfied that no official or unofficial order exists directing Marines to retaliate against villagers in the event of sniper fire. He has seen an order to field commanders directing them to be scrupulous in military operations in order to avoid fire against civilians. A special agency has been created by the Marines for the purpose of rebuilding homes, schools, and hospitals and in the hope of carrying out a wide variety of mercy projects. Accounts of the work of this agency point to its increasing effectiveness with the Vietnamese.

One of the projects the editors would like to support, with the approval of Fund contributors, is the work carried on by American physicians and surgeons in Vietnam. The teaching of plastic and reconstructive surgery by American civilian doctors provides new hope and expresses the concern of U.S. citizens in an immediate and tangible way for thousands caught up in the horror of war.

The editors therefore seek the authorization of the contributors to the Cam Ne Fund to use the money for specific rehabilitation projects in South Vietnam that are most in keeping with the spirit in which readers participated in the development of the original project. —N.C.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

New *Nutcracker* and *Sacre du Printemps*

A VERITABLE cornucopia of dancing delight, the *Nutcracker* is easily the most elaborate production the Bolshoi Ballet has shown in its present New York engagement. It is, indeed, one offering that cannot be put down for drab scenery or shabby costuming, having been offered for the first time in Moscow only weeks ago. As a measure of the magnitude of the company's home stage it is especially revealing, for it fills the Metropolitan Opera's to overflowing, not merely with drops and scrims and set pieces, but also with people.

Easily the least dispensable of all the elements put together by choreographer Yuri Grigorovich is the present company's partnership par excellence: the elfin Ekaterina Maximova and the mobile Vladimir Vasiliev. As the sub-teen Marie, who is enamored of the Nutcracker she receives at Christmas and dreams it into a suitor, Maximova is an incredible combination of youthful bearing and mature technical command; as the Nutcracker-Prince who is transformed into her cavalier, Vasiliev musters qualities of grace and masculinity rarely seen hereabouts since the best days of Igor Youskevitch.

Individually, they rise to the challenge, in the *pas de deux* at the end of act II, of topping everything that had preceded. Together, they not merely blend but melt into a kind of superentity in which ease and finesse are mutually interchangeable, in which her lightness and his strength flow from one to the other as circumstances require. To my taste, this is the best of Maximova's achievements, for the sentiment here, unlike that of *Giselle,* is all on the surface, to be dipped into or skimmed over as events decree.

Aside from the many-faceted Vladimir Levashev as Master of the Dolls, Erik Volodin as the Host, and Nina Sorokina as Columbine, (with Vladimir Koshelev as Harlequin), much of the very high level of execution is attributed to performers not conspicuous in other items of the repertory. Among them are Elena Kholina as a Spanish doll, Elmira Kosterina as a particularly accomplished Chinese figurine, Faina Kuznetsova and Boris Baranovsky as She- and He-Devils (Mandarin variety), etc. These pass in procession in Grigorovich's treatment of the well-known Divertissements (the visual equivalent of the music of the *Nutcracker* Suites), which transform the Dance of the Flutes, the Trepak, etc., into whatever forms suit his fancy. And mostly very fancy they are, too, though some of the best known are omitted.

There is so much to see and enjoy in this treatment of *Nutcracker* that it may seem churlish to remark on what it lacks. That is, the spirit of fantasy and make-believe that are rampant in Tchaikovsky's music, and also in the much-admired (still-admired) version for the New York City Ballet by George Balanchine. Allowing for the insufficiencies of the Met's stage to accommodate all the scenic illusions in Simon Virsaladze's production, the spirit of the whole is rather prosily formal. Christmas, after all, is not merely decorations and toys: It is an affair of the heart, which, of all the organs employed to produce the dazzle in this *Nutcracker,* is the least involved.

Or is it simply musicality? The dance, on this level of accomplishment is, after all, a two-way involvement—of the ear no less than the eye. Well trained as they are, and magnificently formed into an ensemble, the impression persists that the Bolshoi dancers use the music, rather than respond to it. In the great waltz, for example, one looks in vain for a swaying surrender to the lift and pulse of the sound. What one sees, rather, is a meticulous execution of pre-set patterns which produce their inevitable punctuation of applause for the gravity-defying projection of matter across and above the stage floor. But they rarely induce the silent, inner kind of applause that comes from a soaring of the spirit rather than merely of the body.

For all the difference of matter as well as manner, the Bolshoi version of Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps* involves some of the same limitations. That is to say, against the inner logic and daemonic pulsation of the music, Vladimir Vasiliov (not to be confused with Vladimir Vasiliev) and Natalia Kasatkina have evolved a "libretto," as the program terms it, in which a shepherd is introduced to provide a "love interest" and point a moral. That is, the death of the Chosen One is not sufficient unto itself, but has been sentimentalized by the resentment it arouses in her male opposite, who achieves a kind of Pyrrhic victory by plunging a knife into a figure of the God to whom she has been sacrificed (thus, presumably ending the veneration of him).

Dubious as this invented context is—against the relentless non-sentimentality of Stravinsky's massively monolithic score—the choreography the young partners have invented is even more so. The Shepherd, impersonated with frenetic energy by the muscular young Yuri Vladimirov, abounds (the word comes naturally) in bounds and leaps that would be more relevant to the Polovetsian dances from *Prince Igor;* the maidens, all firmly muscled and beautifully disciplined, are dragged off by the rapine males of the ensemble as others have been, from *Sylvia* on; and Kasatkina does not hesitate to have the "pagans" (of whom she impersonated the Possessed herself) perform on point, or employ the same device for the Chosen One (Nina Sorokina). The result is a kind of applause-provoking exhibitionism as distant from the concept of the work as, say, vocal cadenzas are from Strauss's *Elektra.*

For all the energy disposed by the Bolshoi dancers, it left, looming larger than ever, the question: Is *Sacre du Printemps* really a danceable score or is the magnetism in the music so great that it sets up a relentless counter-pull to anything possible on stage? The sheer output of movement provided by the Bolshoi dancers tends to make the answer more positive than in prior versions by Massine and MacMillan, where the human resources had seemed at fault. The conductor for both Stravinsky and Tchaikovsky was Gennady Rozhdestvensky, in neither case with much distinction.

Taken all together, the highlight (of the evening of highlights which included *Rite of Spring*) was the showy excerpt from the last act of *Raymonda.* The Petipa-Glazounov material embodies all the elements in which this company excels while freeing it from all responsibility to the values in which it is deficient. The Grand Pas, in which five couples are presented in multiples of the ordinary *pas de deux,* brings together a supporting cast of sufficient quality to make a suitable setting for the starred pair of Maya Plisetskaya and Nicolai Fadeyechev. In such glorification of action by and for itself, momentum transcends meaning and vitality is equated with virtuosity into a value all its own.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

Caught Between Two Ways of Life

CONRAD RICHTER has been with us for some time. Born in 1890, he published his first book in 1924, and had his first success with *Sea of Grass* in 1937. After this came his much admired trilogy, *The Trees, The Fields,* and *The Town,* the last of which won a Pulitzer Prize. His work—he has written more than a dozen novels—is all of a piece, for his one theme has been the American past. His aim, he has said, has been "not to write historical novels but to give an authentic sensation of life in early America." This he has been remarkably successful in doing, both because he has been a careful student of the relevant documents and because he has a deep sympathy with the life of earlier times. Although his books have often been popular, he has never written down to the masses. He has gone his own way, and he has no reason to regret it.

Since he has written so often about frontier life, Richter has had occasion to show why many settlers feared and hated the Indians. But in 1953, with *The Light in the Forest,* he deliberately took the point of view of the Indians, and found an ingenious way of doing so; for this is the story of John Butler, who was stolen from his white parents as a small child and eleven years later was restored to them. John, whose Indian name is True Son, bitterly resists his repatriation, but he is influenced by his exposure to white civilization, and in the end is alienated both from the people to whom he belongs by birth and those to whom he belongs by adoption and choice. In the latter part of the book the account of True Son's flight from the whites with his cousin has a nice Huck Finn quality, but what one chiefly remembers is True Son's indictment of Anglo-Saxon culture.

After turning away from this subject to write several novels, including *The Waters of Kronos,* which won the National Book Award for fiction in 1960, Richter has now written a companion volume to *The Light in the Forest*—*A Country of Strangers* (Alfred A. Knopf, $3.95). This is the story of a girl, Mary Stanton or Stone Girl, who goes through a parallel experience. Married to an Indian, she flees with her infant son when she learns that she is to be returned to her white parents. Her flight finally takes her to Detroit, where she encounters another white girl who wishes she had been left with her Indian captors.

Eventually Stone Girl is brought to the home of her parents in Pennsylvania, but her reception is different from that of True Son, for a greedy and unscrupulous woman has succeeded in convincing the Stantons that her child is their missing daughter. Instead of being welcomed with embarrassing enthusiasm, Mary is treated as an imposter and an outcast. Her grandmother suspects the truth, but Mary, by telling her a fable, makes the old woman realize that the girl does not belong among the whites. After that there is an Indian attack, dramatically described, and the hero of the earlier book, True Son, appears on the scene, holding out to Stone Girl a hope that the two of them may find some sort of happiness in the exile they have to share.

As in all his books I have read, Richter uses a style that is simple and yet scrupulously careful. Often one declarative sentence follows another as he describes a scene or presents a character. The following passage is not really representative, but it indicates the extreme toward which Richter tends: "Stone Girl did not blame her. She was a Guka, mamma, herself. She could feel Nichenos, friendship, in this house. Peace lay under it. Peace lay above it. Peace surrounded it. Awakening next morning, it was the same. Birds sang. The sky arched overhead. Grass greened. Cows grazed. A horse stuck his slow head out of the stable door. Fruit trees waited with their fruit. The stream ran. The water wheel turned. The mill hummed." Even when his sentence structure is more complex, as of course it mostly is, Richter's writing is direct and unpretentious.

Richter is by no means unaware that these two stories have a particular relevance to our own time. In the preface to *The Light in the Forest* he wrote: "I thought that perhaps if we understood how these First Americans felt toward us even then and toward our white way of life, we might better understand the adverse, if perverted, view of us by some African, European, and Asian peoples today." The prejudices of the settlers against the Indians are understandable; but many of them, we see well enough now, were not only unfair but ludicrous. Yet the Indians, as Richter makes clear, were just as much given to prejudice as the whites, and even if there was a great measure of justice on their side, they also could be absurd. The cream of the jest is that the white settlers portrayed are so sure of their superiority that it never occurs to them that the Indians may be

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prejudiced against them and indeed look down on them.

Richter, as demonstrated by the lists of authorities to be found in several of his novels, has learned much about the old frontier, the land west of the Alleghenies. He has a feeling for the kind of life that was led there, its faults as well as its virtues but especially its virtues. His nostalgia, however, does not lead him into sentimentality, and he is incapable of the sensationalism that spoils so much of the fiction written about the pioneers. Although I am no authority on early American history, I suspect that his fiction comes as close to historical truth as fiction can.

It is a remarkable career that he has had, always and persistently out of fashion. Neither a muckraker in the Twenties nor a left-wing militant in the Thirties, he seems, in the Sixties, to be living in a different world from the writers who are giving the decade its distinctive tone. The great changes of the past fifty years must have touched him, but they have left no mark on his fiction. Yet he has always had a respectable body of readers, and honors have been paid him. His is not a name that comes immediately to mind when one is thinking of the important novelists of recent decades, but no careful history of American fiction in the twentieth century could ignore his work. He has been fortunate enough to have a sympathetic and loyal publisher—*A Country of Strangers* is dedicated to "Alfred"—and he has a loyal following too. What his career hopefully suggests is that a man of talent and integrity may, with a little luck, thumb his nose at fashion and write the kind of books he wants to write. —Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1188

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1188 will be found in the next issue.

JQKESA: VSRRSAGF Q XEHKVC XCS PZJJSEKP XTKC TAPSGHAVH, QAN TP JQTN XTKC YGQKKHEF.

—PQRZHG ISCAPSA

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1187

Self-sacrifice enables us to sacrifice other people without blushing.

—Shaw.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Not a Goat

I am grateful to you for printing a review of *In Praise of Older Women* [*SR*, Apr. 23] and to Nicholas Samstag for his compliments, however inverted and condescending. Though I scarcely recognize my book from his description, I would like to object to only one of his misleading statements: that "the final philosophical thought" of the novel is the revelation that the hero moves to another town and grows middle-aged. I'm not much for final philosophical thoughts, but if there is one in *In Praise* it's certainly implicit in the last scene where the hero, through his depersonalizing promiscuity, brings impotence upon himself—prompting the disappointed lady to remark, "Oh well, one orgasm more or less doesn't really matter." She herself is a woman who sleeps around with puritanical zeal; and indeed, as far as it touches upon it, *In Praise* documents rather than contributes to the "banalization of sex and love" and puritan libertinism analyzed by Rollo May in *SR* Mar. 26th.

Finally, I'm bemused by Mr. Samstag's complaint that the book relates "fifteen years of repetitive experience in masturbation, coitus, fellatio, cunnilingus, frigidity, obsessive virginism, and the *pitifully few additional variations* [my italics] on those ancient themes." What did he miss—a goat? If human sexuality isn't varied enough for Mr. Samstag, he shouldn't review novels on the subject.

Stephen Vizinczey.

Rome, Italy

How-to for Author

Mr. H. Allen Smith mentions in his review of George Oppenheimer's excellent book, *The View from the Sixties* [*SR*, Apr. 9], that if he could touch his nose with his tongue he would rest on his laurels and never bother about writing an autobiography. In order to help Mr. Smith achieve both ambitions, I would be very pleased to tell him how this trick can be performed.

James H. Heineman.

New York, N.Y.

Prejudice

I have noted . . . the stock response in Letters to the Book Review Editor [*SR*, Apr. 9] to my suggestion that the South has been tardy in facing the fact that Negroes are fellow humans. The standard answer seems always to be that anyone who dares to fault the Southern white is prejudiced against white people. "Prejudice," however, connotes a baseless prejudgment. I—a lawyer, a university professor and a one-time resident of the South—am surely not guilty of that, having been impelled by the whole sickening history of the Negro problem to arrive at the views implicit in my review of William M. Kuntsler's damning book, *Deep in My Heart* [*SR*, Mar. 12].

May God help us all if Charmaine Allmon in fact speaks for her "genteel" Southerner in reporting that he ". . . is not going to venture forth," "is sitting quietly at home . . . waiting—waiting." I need not list the tyrants who have risen nor recount the generations of bleeding that have followed because others before her adopted this same sorry stance.

Jon R. Waltz.

Chicago, Ill.

Bugging

Reviewing Theodore M. Bernstein's *Watch Your Language*, Rollene W. Saal in Pick of the Paperbacks [*SR*, Mar. 26] quotes Mr. Bernstein as saying that there is no such word in the dictionary as "bugging," referring to using a microphone.

If Mr. Bernstein looks on page 109 of *Webster's Seventh Collegiate Dictionary*, he will find his word—"bugging"— and his definition: "to plant a concealed microphone."

Rocco Ballino.

So. Walpole, Mass.

Image

Gertrude Samuels is apparently dismayed that Negroes too know about prejudice! In her review of *Freedom—When?* [*SR*, Apr. 23] she characteristically quotes an unfortunate remark at Mount Vernon, N.Y., but makes no mention of what might have provoked it. . . .

We are told that James Farmer should have made a sharp, immediate repudiation, "if for no other reason than to keep CORE's *image* [italics mine] from being tarnished. . . ." The Negro apparently does not have enough trouble with color; now, we are told, he must worry about tarnish as well. We shouldn't ask of him to be concerned with images when we have given him plenty of real obstacles to overcome.

How strong are the convictions of benighted liberals who become so easily offended by a spate of temper? And James Farmer, without a minute for inquiry or investigation, must automatically, in-true-you-know-what fashion, apologize. I cannot build a case for justifiable anti-Semitism in Negroes as others have done, citing the exploitation by retailers and slum-lords. There is no good reason for anti-Semitism for anyone. Similarly, is Miss Samuels sure that she has done and written all she can to purge Jews of discriminatory behavior toward Negroes? Jews, who really should know better, have been as delicate as gentiles in their "generous" attitude toward the Negro in his struggle for equality.

Robert Seidenberg.

Syracuse, N.Y.

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Career-Building at Radcliffe

AS A profession, in the sense that the term applies to teaching or the law, publishing has never had its own pedagogy; no college or university, to my knowledge, offers as part of its regular academic curriculum courses for the student who wants to pursue a career in this field. Yet, as publishing expands and becomes increasingly competitive, the problem of finding trained personnel has grown. Employees are recruited from a variety of sources—newspapers, business schools, the English departments of universities, etc.—but in most cases the newcomer must be retrained for the peculiarities of the book industry. Another problem: publishing is a high-glamour, low-pay business that can't compete in dollars with the blue-chip corporations for top college graduates.

Some of the slack is taken up by privately conducted "workshops" which offer courses in copy editing, manuscript analysis, production, and other specific skills necessary to the making of a book. Mrs. Elizabeth Dunn has been doing this with considerable success in her Quarto Workshop in New York City, using professionals as guest instructors. Among publishers, McGraw-Hill and Doubleday have formal training programs for newly hired personnel. But the best example of what can be done to prepare beginners for an honorable career in the field has been carried on since 1946, unostentatiously although not without a certain internal bravura, at Radcliffe College. This is an intensive, six-week summer course (noncredit) in Publishing Procedures. (A "procedure" at Radcliffe might be anything from proofreading to learning how to reject a first novel.) Enrollment is limited to fifty recent college graduates; "we are few, but not always happy," runs the unofficial class motto (the course is brutally demanding). Hundreds of alumni now hold down an impressive variety of jobs in both book and magazine publishing.

The program started in response to the rising incidence of Radcliffe girls who wanted to get into the book business but lacked a survival kit for the foray into New York. Mrs. Helen Everett, an editor at Houghton Mifflin, was hired to set up and direct the course, which she did with distinction until her departure in 1952. She was succeeded by Mrs. Diggory Venn, a petite woman with a melodious voice and a camp counselor's determination to look after her charges at all times. For example, a syllabus given to each student upon arrival includes the warning: DO NOT SWIM IN THE CHARLES RIVER. (For being good about this, students are advised that assignments needn't be more than three pages long "unless otherwise specified.") Mrs. Venn invites the class to visit Harvard Yard every Wednesday afternoon; this is the day that punch is served there, and learning to drink *en masse* comes in handy. A good deal of publishing procedure, as students discover later in life, is done over the cocktail glass.

The course is taught in a thoroughly professional spirit that has not only earned the respect of publishers, but brought them to Cambridge as lecturers; forty-five to fifty editors and bookmen make the pilgrimage each summer, settling down long enough to read and correct assignments. In this way students

try their hand at most of the publishing skills: editing, readers' reports, publicity, business management, magazine publishing, and production. Obviously, no one becomes an expert, but he does have the chance to measure his talents against the requirements of the field. One project, for example, involves a book-length manuscript which the entire class is asked to read and report on. (The manuscript has been accepted for publication, but not yet printed.) The assignment is to (1) recommend acceptance; (2) reject; (3) ask for revisions.

The students are told neither the author's name nor the title of the book. During the past few years, the reports indicate that on a purely literary basis the average intelligent "outsider" is harder to please than most editors. *Rally Round the Flag, Boys,* Max Shulman's piece of japery, got an agonizing appraisal and wouldn't have seen the light of day if the Radcliffe readers had been calling the shots. (Yet it sold well, proving that there's more to editing than satisfying a personal taste.) Rebecca West's *The Fountain Overflows* got a mixed reception (it became a best-seller *and* a critical success), but John Knowles's *A Separate Peace* really rang the bell. Last year's mystery selection proved to be an especially interesting case. The book Was Yukio Mishima's *The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea.* Only fifteen readers, or a little less than a third of the class, recommended acceptance, whereas the remainder wanted to see it revised. (Mishima's novel had already been published in Japanese.)

There are a number of field trips during the term, but the grand climax arrives at the beginning of the fourth week when the class is taken on a bookman's tour of Boston. ("For purposes of this tour, Cambridge is arbitrarily made part of Boston," Mrs. Venn explains. "This will not please everyone.") The trip begins on Brattle Street in Cambridge and winds past the homes of Edmund Wilson, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and Al Capp. It then proceeds down Storrow Drive past the Riverside Press, arriving at length on Beacon Hill and the home of Samuel Eliot Morison; thence to Louisburg Square, where Louisa May Alcott lived and where now is located the Club of Odd Volumes. Edward Weeks lives nearby. "The escape route from Beacon Hill is via Walnut Street," Mrs. Venn announces, and on the sightseers go. A stop is made at the A. & P. Paperback Distributors on Atlantic Avenue, but the Boston Public Library is skirted and so is the Massachusetts Historical Society. The class returns to Cambridge, where it views the Gutenberg Bible and a set of Shakespeare folios. All told, fifty different places have either been visited or pointed out, and it is generally agreed by this time that Boston is a very literary town indeed.

But the publishers are mostly in New York. To bridge this gap, Mrs. Venn's staff sends letters to some 200 personnel officers in publishing, giving the names of students who will complete the course. Specific job openings are posted on a bulletin board, and interviews are arranged with visiting lecturers, who sometimes do a little recruiting on the side. Thirty-eight of last year's graduates found jobs in publishing or closely related fields. Radcliffe is proud of this record, but it is not surprised. By the end of the session the class had attended forty lectures, completed twenty assignments, made three field trips, and taken part in two workshops. It was no summer vacation. "We make an uncompromising effort to duplicate working conditions in the industry," Mrs. Venn says. The question is, why isn't it done in other colleges?

—DAVID DEMPSEY.

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THE URBAN RENEWAL OF RELIGION

Are the God is Dead theologians distracting community ethical forces from lifting a callous curtain that has lowered on America?

By DAVID POLING, *Associate Editor, Christian Herald*

ON MARCH 22, 1966, 125 students of St. John's Seminary, Boston, stood in silent vigil outside the school library. They were protesting the school's restrictions on academic and personal freedom and appealing to Richard Cardinal Cushing for support in their struggle. A month later the seminary rector resigned, making possible a "new spirit of harmony and discipline." In New York City, on April 21, 300 students, led by seminarians from Union Theological Seminary, formed a double line outside the branch of First National City Bank, at Broadway and 111th Street. They were closing out their accounts, causing a minor "run," as a way of protesting the bank's involvement with the economy of South Africa and the racial policies of its government.

If the reader of the morning paper thinks that the religious community is generating activity on the streets and sidewalks, wait until he gets inside the seminary classroom. With the lectures of the God is Dead theologians, the sermons of Saul Alinsky on church involvement in poverty programs, the rumblings over the war in Vietnam, you have a light sampling of the ferment, and at times furor, that has rattled the stained glass from coast to coast.

With the publication of books like Thomas J. J. Altizer's *The Gospel of Christian Atheism* (Westminster Press, hardbound, $3; paperback $1.75) and William Hamilton's and Altizer's *Radical Theology and the Death of God* (Bobbs-Merrill, hardbound, $5; paperback, $1.85) you have an inkling of what is, if not inspiring the world of religion, certainly disturbing it. While the cries of outrage and shock have continued to mount as church members discover that seminary professors and religion faculty members are proposing a God-denying, Christian "atheism," others have allowed that, well, better a live heresy than a dead orthodoxy.

For those who really want to enter the melée, the best book for a quick survey is by Hamilton and Altizer, *Radical Theology and The Death of God*. As they develop the historic argument from Nietzsche, the torments of Dostoevsky, the mournful cries of Albert Camus, and the rebellion of the radicals against Paul Tillich and Karl Barth, they show us the interior struggles of young men seeking a living faith without a living God. "There once was a God to whom adoration, praise and trust were appropriate, possible, and even necessary, but . . . now there is no such God. This is the position of the death of God or radical theology. It is an atheist position, but with a difference. If there was a God, and if there now isn't, it should be possible to indicate why this change took place, when it took place, and who was responsible for it."

Although stimulating, challenging, threatening and, at times, exasperating, the writers have yet to locate the grave plot and the headstone. This cemetery theology displays a gentle, mystical spirit in Altizer, who has studied widely in the Oriental religions and would have the Western Christian follow to the same well. It is one thing to drink and be refreshed at such sources—it is quite another to drown!

Bill Hamilton has to be one of the most exciting figures on any campus. He has won the admiration of thousands of students through his leadership, humor, and provocative thinking in campus Christian conferences and seminars. One can feel the bruises that Hamilton and Altizer are going to receive (and probably have already) for their "live heresy." It must represent some sort of institutional strength and administrative courage for Emory University and Colgate Rochester Divinity School to shield those who say, as did Hamilton, "It must be clear that this theology has neither the power nor the ability to serve the Protestant Church in its present institutional forms. I do not see how preaching, worship, prayer, ordination, the sacraments can be taken seriously by radical theologians."

As you dig into this kind of statement, you realize that the radical theologian is not saying that God-is-alive-but-the-church-is-dead, or God-is-alive-but-He-is-not-very-operative in the decisions and the thought processes of His people.

To them, God is Dead. Nothing. Nihilism. Zero. The awful word has been said. The heavens are empty. The interior life is vacant. The "Ground of all Being" was Tillich's phrase and is gone with him. There is a peculiar kind of horror here, as Kenneth L. Wilson says, like the fleeting thought of suicide that touches every man's mind, so "We recoil from the suicide achieved because we recognize ground upon which we once stood, however briefly." But the radical theologian is not apologetic or clinical about this thought: he faces it head on with a James Dean sort of destiny. "For the Christian who bets that God is dead risks both moral chaos and his own damnation. . . . No honest contemporary seeker can ever lose sight of the very real possibility that the willing of the death of God is the way to madness, dehumanization, and even to the most totalitarian form of society yet realized in history. Who can doubt that a real passage through the death of God must issue in either the abolition of man or in the birth of a new and transfigured humanity?"

For both Hamilton and Altizer (quoted above), Jesus Christ remains the last anchor, the final rung, the remaining limb on the abyss of nothingness. God is dead but the qualifications begin.

In an interesting exchange of letters, published in the May *Christian Herald*, between Norman Vincent Peale and Thomas Altizer, Dr. Peale asked the

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pastor's question: "How do you help the man or woman in sorrow or tragedy without using 'God talk and God thought forms'?" Professor Altizer answered:

> When we say that God is dead, we are in fact intending to make a Christian affirmation that God has died in His transcendent form and reality and is now fully incarnate in every human hand and face. It is a way of saying that Christ lives more fully and more comprehensively now than He has ever lived before.

Dr. Altizer signed it, I believe in complete sincerity, "Yours in Christ."

Hamilton obviously finds some consolation and spiritual insurance by waiting for the return of God. "We pray for God to return, and we seem to be willing to descend into the darkness of unfaith and doubt that something may emerge on the other side."

One of the problems raised in the material of Hamilton and Altizer is their quotation and reliance on the writings of Dietrich Bonhoeffer—carefully documented as "later" Bonhoeffer. Writings like *Letters and Papers from Prison* are quoted heavily by the radical theologians.

With the general rejection of Karl Barth and the observation that Paul Tillich made a good start but did not follow through, the radical theologians have a hungry look as they browse for confirmation material. This leaves Nietzsche, William Blake, and the "later" Bonhoeffer. I wonder if such a cavalier selection of source material is strong enough for sustained argument. I mean, to take "later" Bonhoeffer and reject "early" and "middle" Bonhoeffer: is it fair to a man or honest to his writings? For, after all, his perceptive comments on American culture, church life, and college adventures must come from "early" Bonhoeffer. "Middle" Bonhoeffer, if we accept the categories, would be his stirring public leadership of the Christian minority of Nazi Germany: his teaching, lectures, sermons, and even radio addresses. During this time his colleague, Karl Barth, criticized Bonhoeffer for his trips to England, and begged him to return to Berlin "to attend faithfully and bravely to the machine-gun which you have left behind there."

"Later" Bonhoeffer material is the collection of writings smuggled from prison by sympathetic guards, who, although they could not save the man, served the world by preservation of this vital material.

The publication of *Christ the Center* (Harper & Row, $3) will do little to further the claims of the radical theologians. These lectures, recovered from class notes made by students of Bonhoeffer at the University of Berlin, are part of the same brilliance that followed his career to the end. "Early" or "late," Bonhoeffer was a man of the hour, and this volume should be added to the bookshelf of the serious participant in today's religious skirmish.

It is either Providence or thanks to the speed of modern publishers or both that a stack of stimulating writings has come out during this debate to keep the perspective healthy for the religious community. A good part of the spirit of contemporary church life is wonderfully and wickedly ignited in *The Restless Church*, edited by William Kilbourn (Lippincott, $3.50). Get it. It swings. It takes off from a response to Pierre Berton's best-selling *The Comfortable Pew* and turns into a street fight with a wild exchange by sixteen authors, scholars, and professional agitators. William Stringfellow, James Pike, Harvey Cox—and Peter Berger! Berger has to be the mad bomber of the bunch, sort of a religious Viet Cong rolling idea-grenades into theological teas. It takes a lot of courage to put so many divergent writers and thinkers together and, as Martin E. Marty says, without "ideological neatness." An example is Elizabeth Kilbourn's remark: "After all, I had read Tillich, [John A. T.] Robinson, and Bonhoeffer for myself and thrown them across the room in fury . . ." It reminds one of stock-car racing, which is fun until your own entry gets clipped.

Paul Tillich's lectures before his death on October 12, 1965, are now in print, in the volume *The Future of Religions* (Harper & Row, $2.95). To the vast audience who mourned his passing the appearance of these writings at this time is like the lifting of the clouds to reveal again the majesty of the highest mountains. They are always there. Occasionally the darkness covers them only to give way to light and life. These closing chapters, from the mind of one of the greatest theologians, reveal the brilliance and intensity of a man who lived on the "Frontier." Tillich is always out ahead, sweeping aside the underbrush, cutting new trails, scaling high walls.

Is there anyone who has fashioned such careful and comprehensive understanding of "The Emotional Reaction to Space Exploration" or the "Spiritual Consequences of Space Exploration"? Have we read anywhere the appreciation —and warning—of the "esoteric élite" that has come from the massive pursuit of outer-space projects? Tillich sees the space-age scientist, research academy, and experimental program as strengthening "anti-democratic elements, which are present in every democratic structure." Tillich, as a man on the Frontier, discussed the East-West tensions, the dangers of the new Philistine, and the inherent weakness of the God is Dead theologians. He is still speaking in that winsome, caring way; the believer and unbeliever find it natural to sit at his feet.

The honest to God, God Is Dead discussions have drawn new response in the field of Christian apologetics – some shrill, some thoughtful and sensible. One of the more deliberate studies is by the

(*Continued on page* 52)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

PRIZEWINNERS

Anna M. Anderson of Fort Lauderdale, Florida, lists fifteen plays and novels that have won the Pulitzer Prize. Can you assign each to its author and decade? The judging takes place on page 52.

1. *Alison's House*	( )	James Gould Cozzens	1920s
2. *All the Way Home*	( )	Owen Davis	— — —
3. *Guard of Honor*	( )	Martin Flavin	
4. *Icebound*	( )	Ketti Frings	1930s
5. *In Abraham's Bosom*	( )	Susan Glaspell	— — —
6. *Journey in the Dark*	( )	Paul Green	
7. *Look Homeward, Angel*	( )	Josephine W. Johnson	1940s
8. *Now in November*	( )	Joseph Kramm	— — —
9. *Scarlet Sister Mary*	( )	Harper Lee	
10. *The Edge of Sadness*	( )	Tad Mosel	1950s
11. *There Shall Be No Night*	( )	Edwin O'Connor	— — —
12. *The Shrike*	( )	Julia M. Peterkin	
13. *The Store*	( )	Conrad Richter	1960s
14. *The Town*	( )	Robert E. Sherwood	— — —
15. *To Kill a Mockingbird*	( )	T. S. Stribling	

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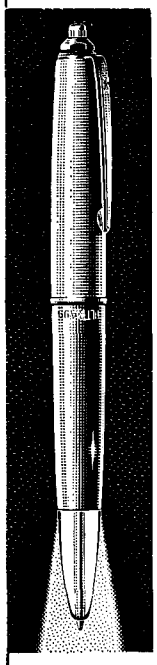

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What Are Our Foreign Affairs?

The Obligations of Power: American Diplomacy in the Search for Peace, *by Harlan Cleveland (Harper & Row. 168 pp. $4.50),* ***Power and Impotence: The Failure of America's Foreign Policy,*** *by Edmund Stillman and William Pfaff (Random House. 244 pp. $4.95), and* ***American Foreign Policy: Beyond Utopianism and Realism,*** *by Donald Brandon (Appleton-Century-Crofts. 295 pp. $5.95), debate the "manifest destiny" and "new disengagement" attitudes toward our concern with the troubles of other nations. Harry Howe Ransom, professor of political science, Vanderbilt University, wrote "Can American Democracy Survive Cold War?" and edited "An American Foreign Policy Reader."*

By HARRY HOWE RANSOM

DEFENDING American foreign policy against a growing public discontent, official spokesmen from the President down speak a language of grandiose political evangelism and world-wide interventionism. This is a modern manifest destiny, which calls upon the U.S. to fight globally for the principles of our Declaration of Independence. Opposition to this notion, heightened by Vietnam frustrations, increases from all parts of the political spectrum, and might be labeled the new disengagement.

These three books reveal the dimensions of the foreign policy debate, including both the manifest destiny and new disengagement views, plus an attempt to find a middle ground between "idealism" and "realism."

In *The Obligations of Power,* Harlan Cleveland writes essentially as an advocate of the current foreign policy that he has helped to shape during four years as Assistant Secretary of State for International Organization Affairs, and presently as American Ambassador to NATO. Does the U.S. have to be so heavily involved in a world "living through the growing pains of diversity"? His answer is yes. Is America overcommitted? He believes not. "In the jungle of world politics," declares Ambassador Cleveland, "we are now the lion."

Cleveland believes that America must become accustomed to wielding power on a global scale. We must be concerned with the breach of the peace everywhere, "because the peace of the world is all too likely to prove individable, and because if trouble spreads, local Communists backed by major Communist powers have an opportunity to take sides as a prelude to taking over." But why America, as the world's policeman for our particular set of values? Cleveland's answer: "For we are probably the only nation which now has the wealth, firepower, airlift capacity, organizational skill and (we hope) political imagination to put together an operational world system for peaceful change."

Ambassador Cleveland's book not only is an interesting example of the modern manifest destiny but is an optimistic and detailed exposition of the processes and achievements of the "quiet diplomacy" by which adversary nations have joined in numerous cooperative agreements for mutual benefits. He treats also, with wisdom from experience, such topics as crisis diplomacy, U.N. peace-keeping, foreign aid, and disarmament.

The new disengagement views of Edmund Stillman and William Pfaff stand in sharp contrast with Cleveland's. *Power and Impotence* may be considered as the third in a trilogy of books in which these authors have warned that America is in a hazardous, headstrong plunge into neo-imperialism. In earlier books, *The New Politics* (1961) and *The Politics of Hysteria* (1964), they began to warn, in polemic style, of the danger that America, which they call "the last of the ideological nations," may succumb to delusions of global omnipotence.

Power and Impotence is a detailed challenge to the "faulty" assumptions undergirding current policies. It is a sharply-worded rejection of many of our existing foreign commitments. Example: "The real criticism is that we are acting stupidly—and cruelly: employing our immense strength in increasingly expedient ways in pursuit of causes that are remote and intrinsically unserious—indefensible in terms of historical and political reality." The authors aver that reappraisal is being forced upon America by the contradictions in the Vietnam war, America's abandonment by allies, and a world increasingly disdainful of our global aspirations.

Stillman and Pfaff contend that the U.S. sees the world as engaged in a universal conflict of values and has de-

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termined that she must intervene on the assumption that everybody subscribes to our set of values. They doubt that America's wants and values are universal. An evangelical interventionism derives, they argue, from an "ideological sickness" closely akin to an earlier isolationism. America is depicted as suffering from the delusion that we can put the world in order by the application of power and then return to an ultimate isolationism.

The authors urge restraint and disengagement. Instead, unrestrained interventionism is seen to dominate foreign policy. The interventionist sees Russia as a self-confident superpower. Stillman and Pfaff see Russia as an insecure and deeply troubled nation. The interventionist sees China as the successor to Stalin's Russia, embodying aggressive ambitions. The authors see China as an "exaggerated foe" of America. The interventionist depicts a "Third World" as an interrelated zone of states, where the great showdown between the American way and Communism will occur. Stillman and Pfaff see the "Third World" as a "zone of discrete and separate nations."

What prescriptions, then? Stillman and Pfaff offer a catalogue of alternative policies based upon their dissenting perception of reality. These rest upon the belief that, excepting the prevention of major war and the protection of Western Europe and India, our vital strategic interests in the outside world are few. "It may be," they write, "that the best foreign policy for America is to attend sensibly to itself." They advocate a more detached view of the political turmoils of Southeast Asia, Latin America, and Africa. With regard to political, economic, or military intervention they suggest that "America should do less, not more." Rather than isolationism Stillman and Pfaff recommend a slow curtailment of primary involvements abroad, substituting "alternative security arrangements which reflect current not past political conditions, and which leave more responsibility to local resources."

In their prescriptions and criticisms, the authors often make pronouncements that demand more argument or proof than they provide. Is it true that Communism today is "a fading force in world affairs"? Has Soviet foreign influence declined as much as they assert? Is fear of Red China so "unreasonable"? It is convenient and perhaps even necessary for advocates of the new disengagement to assume that these are accurate assessments. The most crucial of all assumptions regards the nature of American strategic interests in the world and how these are threatened. On all these crucial questions honorable men disagree, and the facts are elusive. There is a danger that American foreign policy lags behind new realities in a dynamic world. But an equal danger is that out of frustration and weariness from the painful burdens of global involvement an image of the world may be invented that allows advocacy that these burdens be removed.

Power and Impotence deserves reading by anyone concerned with America's foreign goals. It is a powerful antidote

to the danger that old images will obscure some new realities. Yet one must remain on guard against persuasions that new trends in world politics provide an easy way out. Stillman and Pfaff offer a provocative, valuable contribution to the rising foreign policy debate. Their book alerts us to the perils of global messianism.

Donald Brandon, who teaches political science at San Francisco University, analyzes the major policy views of the twentieth century in *American Foreign Policy*. He sees American policy as characterized by a continuing "immaturity" swinging violently between isolationism and great crusades. He advises that policy avoid both "realism" and "utopianism" and seek a middle ground by adhering to the standards of what he calls "The Grand Tradition." But he develops this concept inadequately. Presumably, it is a natural law view that is hardly distinguishable from the "idealism" that he criticizes.

Mr. Brandon has written a competent and useful survey textbook on foreign policy, stopping short of original analyses or provocative prescriptions. Ambassador Cleveland probably would welcome Mr. Brandon as a fellow believer in the obligations of American power; Stillman and Pfaff might list his book as another containing assumptions that lead to futility. The disagreements among these authors indicate the difficulties that beset a democratic nation trying to adjust to an ever-changing world environment. During most of this century American foreign policy has lagged seriously behind contemporary realities. Such a lag is increasingly dangerous. Each of these authors deserves credit for efforts to bring us up to date.

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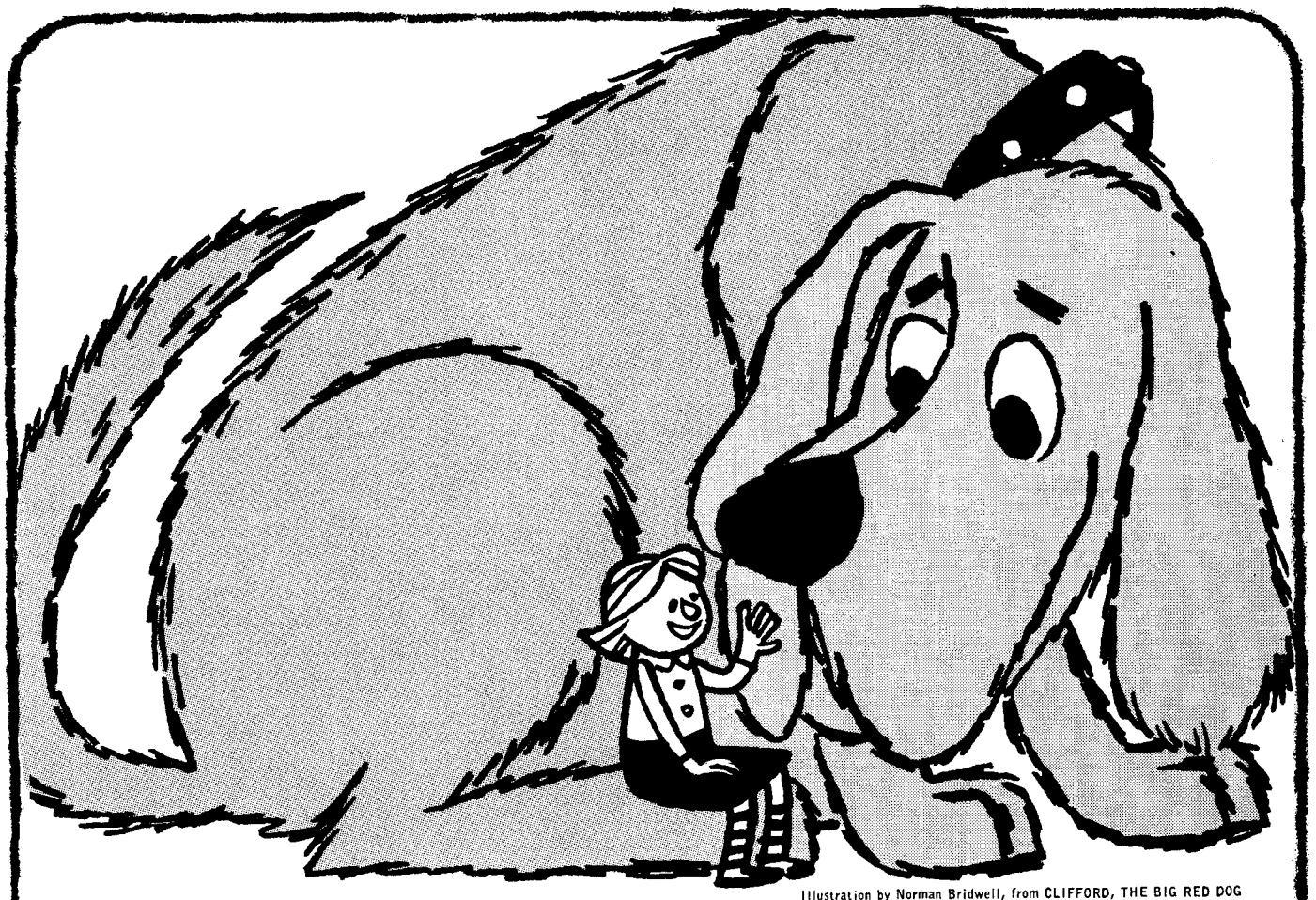

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SPRING BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

The Gift of Time

By ALICE DALGLIESH

LAST month, after I had written about the "new English," the feeling of time bothered me. Childhood in these days seems so brief, so full of distractions, that children may have too little time for reading (outside of textbooks) and too little time for that most important activity, play.

One of my cherished possessions is a letter from an eight-year-old child in New York. She wrote: "One day I had some spare time so I read your book. . . . Then I had a little more spare time, so I read it again. I love this book."

That is a most unusual letter both in warmth of feeling and consciousness of time pressures. It was written from home, not from school, and it has none of the familiar queries such as, "Do you like to write?" "Where do you get your ideas?" "How old were you when you wrote your first book?"

One of the spring picture books, so quiet in color that it might be overlooked, presents an old Russian tale about children and time. It is *A Tale of Stolen Time,* by Evgeny Schwartz, translated by Lila Pargment and Estelle Titiev, and illustrated by Nonny Hogrogian (Prentice-Hall. 35 pp. $3.75).

The book deals with sorcerers who count out time, stealing from the children so they themselves may once again be young. After all, so they thought, the children were wasting the hours and the days. How the children, grown old, and even bearded, recapture the stolen years makes an exciting if somewhat sad little story. I see it not as a moral tale aimed at child "time wasters," but more aimed at grownups who waste children's time in various ways.

Among the new books are a number of fine ones, along with the typical time-wasters. I have been delighted to find in the recesses of my desk in Connecticut a letter that I had thought lost. I am using it here because it is from an author-artist who was a fine craftsman, who gave time to her books and wrought them so well that, although she died too young, her books have lived on in that special heaven that is reserved for good books for children, the minds of those who greet them with fresh delight at each rereading.

The letter is from Wanda Gág. It was written in 1934, when I was teaching and had just used *The ABC Bunny* with the children. I wrote to Wanda Gág, and this is her reply:

Dear Alice Dalgliesh:

I was glad to hear that you liked my *ABC Bunny* and that your kindergarten children responded to it. And I'm interested to hear which of the rhymes appealed to them. [Here she refers to an article of mine in the *Horn Book* in which I said that "all those who make books for small children should read them aloud to see if they have that clarity and smoothness that makes for good reading aloud."] I always try out my stories on children whenever possible. As a matter of fact most of them were not written for children in the first place, but were merely told as they popped into my head.

The *ABC Bunny* is an exception—there are no children around here, and so I had to do the next best thing—that is, transport myself mentally back into my childhood days. My memory (very poor in most things) is luckily vivid and crowded with details in respect to my childhood thoughts and reactions.

To go back to your article. The sentence which pleased me most of all was: "If there is one outstanding thing that our picture books need it is improvement in *text.*"

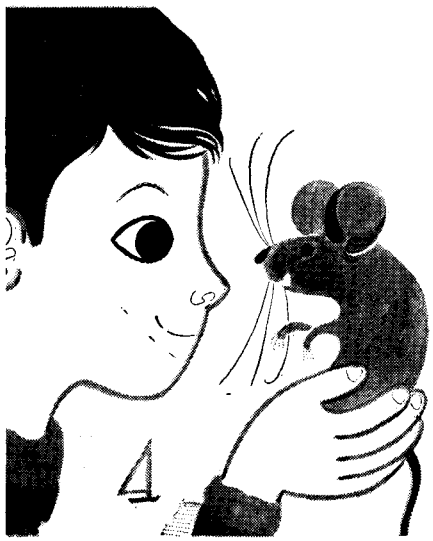
It is perfectly true that much of it is careless and rambling. I think the text in a child's book should be as carefully wrought as a fine piece of architecture—it should be neatly knit together, ruthlessly stripped of padding and loose ends, and built on a solid, rhythmic base which won't fall apart.

That's a stiff objective, I know, and it keeps one hopping to merely approximate it, at least it does me! I rewrite my text many times, and what is more important, I think, is checking up on the sound and the rhythm. I recite my incipient story aloud, usually while out walking, and whenever it doesn't "flow" as you put it, I try another arrangement.

At present I am working on *Grimm's Fairy Tales.* I am doing my own translating from the authentic original version, and it's a tough (although interesting) job, because I am trying to get the real German Märchen flavor.

Cordially,

Wanda Gág.



—*From "The Little Sailor's Big Pet."*

It's a good picture of a real artist-writer at work, isn't it? Obviously, she gave time to her books and I wonder if that marvelous refrain in *Millions of Cats* didn't come as she walked, like the little old man in her story, "up over the sunny

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hills and down through the cool valleys." Her renderings of the Grimm tales still remain the best way to introduce younger children to the stories.

Here I leave one author-artist and stop long enough to extend congratulations to another—Leo Politi—who in April was awarded the Regina Medal, given by the Catholic Library Association to those who make a continuing worthwhile contribution to literature for children. Leo Politi has been most generous not only in his books for children but in the many original drawings he has given to libraries, and the endless number of times he has gone to schools and libraries to draw for children. In *The Horn Book* for April 1966 there is an article by Roberta Nichols, "To the Children, with Love from Leo Politi." His book *Song of the Swallows* won the 1950 Caldecott Medal. The swallows, Miss Nichols recalls, have deserted the Mission of San Juan Capistrano for the nearby Leisure Village, where elderly people live. Even swallows must need leisure, especially a calmer time than the pigeons at Capistrano have given them. We who love Leo Politi and his books hope the swallows sent a small delegation to San Antonio, where his most recent medal was awarded.

Picture Books

Nothing but Cats and All About Dogs. Two Very Young Stories. *By Grace Skaar. William R. Scott.* 44 *pp.* $3.50. These two books were published separately in 1947, and now they have been reprinted; bound in one cover, each book has only sixteen words and simple, attractive, posterlike drawings. I have seen a child delighted with the book at two, then forget it, take it out again at five and shout delightedly, "I can read a whole book by myself!" So she could, all sixteen words of it. Incidentally, the books also provide the most elementary math concepts, such as big and small, tall and short.

Did a Bear Just Walk There? *By Ann Rand and A. Birnbaum. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 32 *pp.* $3.75. Sketchy, playful pictures and text that is right for young children take them on a hunt for "secrets." Secrets can be found/up and down/in and out/and all around./So next time you see/tracks on the ground/why not ask/was that a dog or cat?/Or maybe . . . perhaps . . . did a bear just walk there? Ages 4-8.

Mr. Tall and Mr. Small. *Story by Barbara Brenner. Illustrations by Tomi Ungerer. William R. Scott.* 32 *pp.* $3.75. Mr. Tall is a giraffe; Mr. Small is a mouse. Each feels superior to the other, but in time of danger they get together. The pictures are among the artist's best; a giraffe's neck stretched across the pages is something to see. Ages 4-7.

The Little Sailor's Big Pet. *By Feenie Ziner. Illustrated by Leslie Steven. Parnassus Press.* 40 *pp.* $2.95. In a fresh slant on a well-worn plot, a child is having difficulty finding a pet that will stay with him. Finally the biggest pet of all—a whale—suggests that they form what seems to be a life partnership, and Rudy sets off for the North on the whale's back. Grateful for the bandage put on his harpoon-wounded tail, the whale thinks that Rudy will be a good lookout for "whaler-sailors." A bouncy tale and clean-cut illustrations with humor will make the book popular with young children. No age level (probably under 6).

Around the Corner. *By Jean B. Showalter. Illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. Doubleday.* 32 *pp.* $2.95. Nowadays I tend to say to myself when I see a "very young" book: "This is for Head Start." They are just as good for home use. I like the jacket write-up here, which indicates that the book is for "an inquisitive little person for whom the world is a totally new and exciting place . . . and for whom all kinds of wonderful adventures lie just around the corner." The story is simple indeed. Jimmy's duck flies away. Jimmy follows him and sees country and city sights on the way. And, at the end, what comes walking around the corner? JIMMY'S DUCK. Great reunion scene.

The artist's colors—black, magenta, gold—are a bit exotic for this age but are cheerful. Ages up to 5.

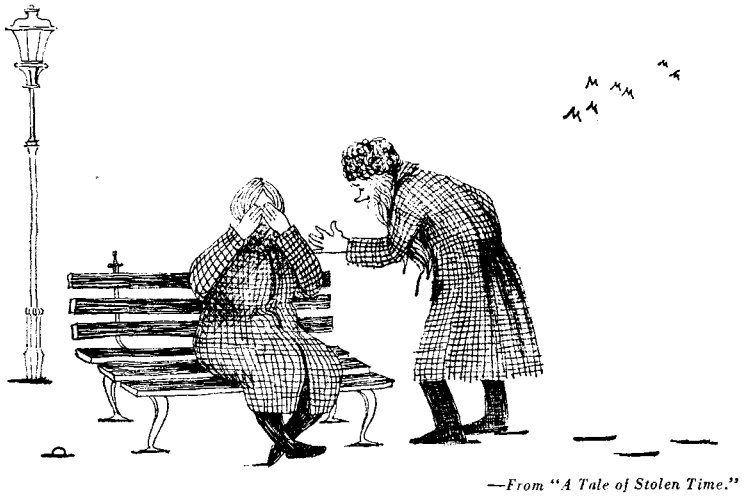
The Speckled Hen. A Russian Nursery Rhyme. *Adapted by Harve Zemach. Illustrated by Margot Zemach. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 32 *pp.* $3.50. Margot Zemach has wonderful zest, lots of action, and fun in her picture books, though her peasant people tend to look absurdly alike. This tale is a thoroughly zany one; it abounds in good sounds and in repetition. It all began because of a little speckled egg laid by a little speckled hen. The ending *is* a burst of foolish fireworks, in which the old man stands on his head in a haystack—until the hen lays another egg. He's standing there still. The finale is so silly that it runs the risk of being thought "dumb" by children instead of humorous. Ages 3-6.

Georgie and the Magician. *By Robert Bright. Doubleday.* 45 *pp.* $3.25. Since 1944, when Georgie first appeared, there have been four books about this friendly little ghost who seldom leaves his attic. This time he does venture out and gets into the act with an amateur magician. It is an amusing story, and children who meet Georgie for the first time will want the other books. Up to 6. (7?)

An Egg Is for Wishing. *By Helen Kay. Pictures by Yaroslava. Abelard-Schuman.* 39 *pp.* $2.95. Very *very* bright Ukranian peasant colors make a gay book that this year is a little late for Easter, but fun to read. Nikolas was afraid of the chickens so he couldn't get a hen's egg, but apparently nothing deterred him from taking eggs from birds' nests, including one from the stork's nest on the roof. We'll accept it as a device for showing different types and sizes of eggs, of course, but nest-plunder doesn't belong in picture books. Put this book with *A Stocking for a Kitten* (1965), by the same author and artist, and you have a good Christmas present, looking ahead. Ages 5-8.

Monkeys Have Tails. *By Rosalind Van Gelder. Pictures by Boche Kaplan. McKay.* 48 *pp.* $2.95. There's fun here—and some teaching along with it. Quite soundly based on children's delight in riddles, the book also presents them with riddles suggesting homophones—identical in sound but different in spelling or meaning. "Windows have panes/Do they come from a cold?/Monkeys have tails/Can they be told?" The pictures help to clarify the answers. Ages 4-6. (Better 5-7?)

"You Look Ridiculous," Said the Rhinoceros to the Hippopotamus. *By Bernard Waber. Houghton Mifflin.* 26 *pp.* $3.25. Yes, that's really the title, and Bernard Waber has a waiting audience of those children who liked *Lyle, Lyle Crocodile.* This is a fable; in it each animal chooses his own fine points as lacking in the hippo. And when the hippopotamus tries to please everyone and be a bit of everything, it is disastrous. Fortunately, it was only a funny dream. Ages 4-8.



—*From "A Tale of Stolen Time."*

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Papa Small. *By Lois Lenski. Initial Teaching Alphabet Edition. Walck.* 48 *pp.* $3. In Buckingham Palace (Sez Alis) Prince Andrew and his cousin Viscount Lindley are learning to read—using the Pitman alphabet. Probably A. A. Milne's poems will be among their first books. Then I hope *Papa Small* will go over to help them, for he is such an energetic, durable, and well-loved character. But will the boys learn to spell? I've recently seen a letter from an English child who learned to read with this system, and the letter is purely phonetic; his parents can only tackle it by reading it aloud to get the true effect. Perhaps the transfer will come. We'll see. Ages 4-7.

Sally's Caterpillar. A True Story. *By Anne Rockwell. With pictures by Harlow Rockwell. Parents' Magazine Press.* 40 *pp.* $2.95. When Sally and her family are about to leave the seashore, Sally finds "a big, beautiful caterpillar" sitting on a milkweed leaf. Her father shows her how to take it back to the city—and keep it in a bottle with milkweed leaves. Fortunately, it becomes a chrysalis before its food supply runs out. Then a handsome monarch butterfly emerges, and Sally's mother tells her "a butterfly needs fields and flowers and lots of sky. A butterfly wouldn't be happy living in a cage." So Sally carefully carries it to the window and lets it go. Even though this is a young book, might there have been a paragraph about the monarch's migratory habits? The pictures are large and clear; they also succeed in having a certain charm not always found in an informative book. Ages 4-8.

Nine in a Line. *Written and illustrated by Ann Kirn. Norton.* 32 *pp.* $2.95. Buy a joke book for $2.95 and you have a lot of jokes. But, if you buy a picture book based on one rather obvious joke, will it demand rereading once the joke is known? This one is based on an old folktale. The pictures are quite attractive, and the end papers are written in Arabic. The theme? An Arab camel-driver cannot count his camels correctly because he always forgets to count the one he is sitting on. The children set him right—and this is probably the appeal of the book. Ages 5-8.

Cock-A-Doodle Do! Cock-A-Doodle Dandy. A New Song Book for the Newest Singers. *By Paul Kapp. Pictures by Anita Lobel. Harper & Row.* 72 *pp.* $3.95.

> My father owns the butcher shop,
> My mother cuts the meat,
> And I'm the little hot dog
> That runs around the street.

All kinds of songs are included, along with musical and rhyming jokes, enhanced by Anita Lobel's drawings. All ages.

Mrs. McGarrity's Peppermint Sweater. *By Adelaide Holl. Illustrated by Abner Graboff. Lothrop.* 40 *pp.* $3.50. Like other less-than-expert knitters, Mrs. McGarrity failed to judge the size of a sweater. This one was intended for her cat but, as the lady kept on knitting, it became too big for an elephant. What it was finally used for is the surprise, and children will enjoy the exaggeration. Ages 5-8.

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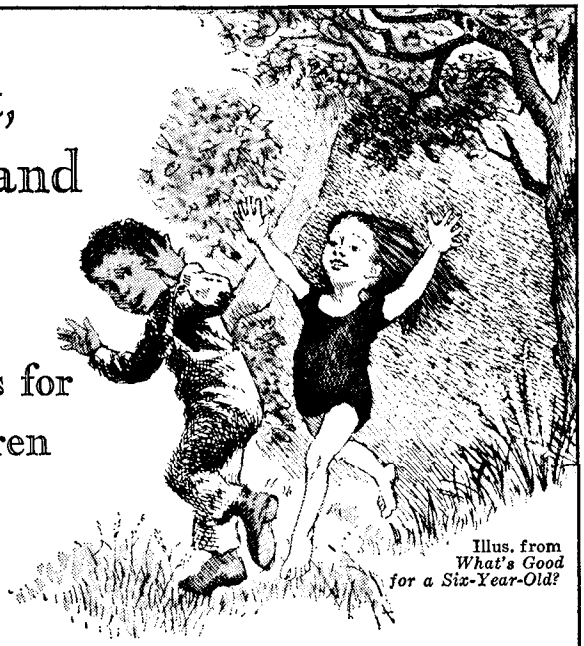

Illus. from *What's Good for a Six-Year-Old?*

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By FRANK R. STOCKTON
Illustrated by Maurice Sendak
"Should give delight to countless children. . . . The colors and scenic backgrounds of the pictures are as beautiful as the people are amusing."— *Horn Book.* "A lively story, full of imagination and humor." — *New York Times Book Review.* An ALA Notable Book.
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You Come Too
POEMS FOR YOUNG READERS
By ROBERT FROST
Illustrated with woodcuts by Thomas W. Nason
"In this selection designed to introduce young people to Frost's writing, his simplicity, wisdom, and humanity, as well as his craftsmanship, come clear in some half-hundred poems. . . . Highly recommended."— *Library Journal.* An ALA Notable Book.
All ages. $3.50

What's Good for a Six-Year-Old?
By WILLIAM COLE
Illustrated by Ingrid Fetz
"An appealing picture book. A 6th year birthday child of either sex should enjoy these sprightly verses and drawings exploring a fun-filled world."— *Chicago Daily News*
Age 6. $3.50

I Saw a Rocket Walk a Mile
NONSENSE TALES, CHANTS, AND SONGS FROM MANY LANDS
By CARL WITHERS
Illustrated by John E. Johnson
"A delightful collection of nonsense tales, chants, and songs. . . . Storytellers and children alike will welcome this collection which only slightly overlaps the author's *A Rocket in My Pocket.*" — *Library Journal* (Starred Review).
All ages. $3.95

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ALWAYS ROOM FOR ONE MORE
by Sorche Nic Leodhas
"THE MOST DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN PICTURE BOOK FOR CHILDREN"
Ages 4-8 / $3.00

RUNNER-UP FOR THE 1966 NEWBERY MEDAL
Lloyd Alexander for **The Black Cauldron**
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Viking Junior Books

A RAINBOW OF MY OWN
Story and Pictures by DON FREEMAN
"Here is a gay, springlike book in which a little boy imagines how delightful it would be to play with a rainbow."
—*Saturday Review* Ages 3-7 $3.00

BELINDA AND ME
by BETTYE HILL BRAUCHER
Illustrated by Brinton Turkle
"A most attractive and well-written picture story."—*School Library Journal*
Ages 2-5 $1.95

SPRINGTIME IN NOISY VILLAGE
by ASTRID LINDGREN
Illustrated by Ilon Wikland
Author and artist have pictured a delightful springtime in Sweden and have captured the universal spirit of that special time of year. Ages 5-8 $3.50

ANDY BUCKRAM'S TIN MEN
by CAROL RYRIE BRINK
Illustrated by W.T. Mars
"A fine and funny story for young readers... of a boy who invents a family of robots."—*Publishers' Weekly*
Ages 9-12 $3.50

AMERICAN TALL TALES
by ADRIEN STOUTENBURG
Illustrated by Richard M. Powers
Vigorous tales about Paul Bunyan, John Henry, Mike Fink, and other larger-than-life heroes. Ages 9-12 $3.50

HENRY REED'S BABY-SITTING SERVICE
by KEITH ROBERTSON
Illustrated by Robert McCloskey
"It is grand to welcome an old friend, when the friend is that hilariously funny boy, Henry Reed."—*Publishers' Weekly*
Ages 10-13 $3.50

Above titles also available at a net price in Viking library binding editions.

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Celestino Piatti's Animal ABC. *English text by John Reid. Atheneum.* 24 *pp.* $4.50. Mr. Piatti is a poster artist and has won many awards for his work. So this is very much a poster ABC, with the rhymes taking up a very small part of the page. Giraffe and whale occupy enormous double-page spreads. Though good for display or use with a group, the book's rhymes vary in quality and sophistication, and the alphabet is presented only in capital letters. It's spectacular, but has it the lasting qualities of *The ABC Bunny*? I doubt it. Printed in Switzerland in six colors. No age level given.

No Room. *An old story retold by Rose Dobbs. Illustrated by Fritz Eichenberg. McKay.* 48 *pp.* $2.95. First published in 1944, this lively little book must have gone out of print, but is back once more. It's a good old Russian tale, the theme of which is somewhat the same as *Always Room for One More*, the 1965 Caldecott winner.

In this case a peasant and his wife lived in a one-room hut, and the selfish old man never made anyone welcome. When his daughter and her husband and baby wanted to come and live with them, the old man was miffed, and his wife sent him to ask the Wise Man's advice. Well, the Wise Man said, "Take them in." The old man did but complained considerably. So he went to the Wise Man again and again, and each time the Wise Man told him to take in one of the farm animals.

Children love the story as it builds up, for the old man is beside himself—as are the young people:

> And for a baby learning to crawl
> There is no room, no room at all

The Wise Man offers a cure—and animal by animal the old man puts the creatures out. Then the old man finds that after all the hut *wasn't* little—and all ends well. Cumulative fun, and the pictures are a treat. No age level given.

Atuk. *By Mischa Damjan. Pictures by Gian Casty. Pantheon.* 32 *pp.* $3.25. Do children really like the theme of their books predigested and placed on the jacket? "An Eskimo boy learns that love is stronger than hate." Or was it necessary to take a story that has such an absurd and sentimental ending and give it a plausible moral?

Atuk seems to spend several years of his life trying to avenge the killing of his dog by a wolf. When he finally slays the wolf the act brings him no satisfaction. It is then he turns to a little flower, which he promises to love and cherish. Perhaps this is the first step on his road back from an all-consuming hate—but it is certainly not well handled. The pictures are bold, primitive, more convincing than the story. Ages 6-8.

Will You Carry Me? *By Edna Walker Chandler. Pictures by Meyer Seltzer. Albert Whitman.* 32 *pp.* $2.95. Gemo, who lives in Liberia, "speaks English but it is a little different from the English you speak." There are small bursts of dialect, but only enough to add flavor to the story. Gemo starts off for market with a pan of coconuts and asks everyone on the way to give him a lift: "Carry me to the market." He finds out, especially from the rice birds who make

—*From "Wings, Legs, or Fins."*

"plenty palaver," that you don't just say to everyone, "Will you carry me?" "You carry your own self. That's for true."

The author spent two years in Liberia. Ages 6-8.

A Jungle Jumble. *Story by Anico Surany. Pictures by Leonard Everett Fisher. Putnam.* 44 *pp.* $3. This story takes place in the jungles of Costa Rica, where they are still democratic and have elections. The animals meet to elect a leader, a wise chief who can tell them what to do when the hunters come to the forest. Each animal is proposed and rejected for various reasons. When the hunters do arrive, only the Wild Dog has the ability and good sense to handle the situation. "And that is the story of how the Wild Dog was made chief of all animals of the jungle." The book is listed as being in four colors, but the color effect is obtained by printing pictures and text in blue, green, maroon, and alternating each color. The illustrations are striking. Ages 7-9.

Benny's Animals: And How He Put Them in Order. *By Millicent E. Selsam. Pictures by Arnold Lobel. Harper & Row.* 61 *pp.* $1.95. Benny is that unusual thing, a neat boy who wishes to put everything in its place. When his mother calls the creatures he brings home from the beach "animals" Benny is puzzled; he had thought they were fish.

Mother suggests that Benny and his friend cut out pictures of animals and classify them, or try to. They try but get into difficulties. A trip to the museum seems in order. Fortunately, they find a kind, interested scientist who is willing to help small boys with their classifications. This book, with its informal pictures, helps too. Ages 4-8.

The Indoor and Outdoor Grow-It Book. *By Samm Sinclair Baker. Two-color drawings by Erick Carle. Random House.* 65 *pp.* $2.95. Though not an artistic book, this is a practical one, containing experiments in city and country gardening that, even if they are old chestnuts, will be fresh and interesting to many children. Will Mother and Daddy like it when they grow

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their initials on the nice green lawn? The book has no jacket. Age level not given (6-10?).

Rhymes and Poems, All Ages

Catch a Little Rhyme. *By Eve Merriam. Pictures by Imero Gobbato. Atheneum.* 54 *pp.* $3.50. "Once upon a time/I caught a little rhyme/I set it on the floor/But it ran right out the door." Not one of Eve Merriam's rhymes, though. If one did get away there are many in the book.

She tucks in some city rhymes as well as country ones:

> Slam, slam, slam,
> Goes the steel wrecking-ball;
> Bam, bam, bam,
> Changing it all.

This is not "pop art," as someone has suggested; it is merely a play on a city child's description of demolition. Ages 6-9.

Laughable Limericks. *Compiled by Sara and John E. Brewton. Illustrated by Ingrid Fetz. Crowell.* 148 *pp.* $3.75. This book's publicity informs us that "the editors have gathered a giddy garland of limericks old and new," and it's impossible to write a better description of it. There are entertaining line drawings and at the end, for good measure, a few words about how to write a limerick. No age level.

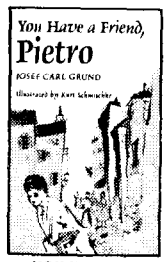
In the Woods, In the Meadow, In the Sky. *By Aileen Fisher. Illustrated by Margot Tomes. Scribners.* 64 *pp.* $3.25. There are poems for the younger children, some of which are pleasingly childlike. However, it seems to me the artist has pictured the children as a little too young. Ages 4-8.

The Golden Hive. *Poems and pictures by Harry Behn. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 62 *pp.* $3.25. Harry Behn's poems are always worth watching and waiting for. So are his books: the flavor of *The Faraway Lurs* is still fresh in my mind, though read several years ago. Most of the poems are of seasons and the outdoors. One thing that is notable is new words for the song *America*—words that can be sung in school without violating the Constitution, or just be enjoyed by an individual child.

Call them poems or call them rhymes—they will lead children on to making expressions of their own delight in nature. Ages 8 up.

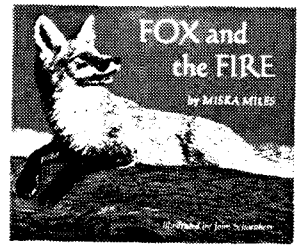
Take Sky. More Rhymes of the Never Was and Always Is. *By David McCord. Drawings by Henry B. Kane. Little, Brown.* 108 *pp.* $3.50. What David McCord writes is true, "Lear out of loneliness wrote beyond childhood and Stevenson out of romance wrote delightfully in imitation of it." This book is for children rather than about them. And it is also about words, beginning with the famous "Take sky," which is almost all words, ending with "Man's first word: wonder . . .wonder . . ."

There are many poems in this book that children will memorize spontaneously—others in which they will join as they are read aloud. No age level.



YOU HAVE A FRIEND, PIETRO
Josef Grund; *illustrated by Kurt Schmischke.* 8-12. $3.75

ROSEBUD
Written and illustrated by Ed Emberley. 4 up. $3.00



***FOX AND THE FIRE**
Miska Miles; *illustrated by John Schoenherr.* 6-8. $3.50

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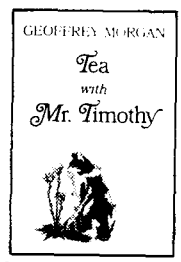
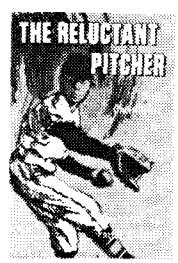


TEA WITH MR. TIMOTHY
Geoffrey Morgan; *illustrated by Nicholas Fisk.* 12 up. $3.75

FLASH: The Life Story of a Firefly *Louise Dyer Harris and Norman Dyer Harris; illustrated by Henry B. Kane.* 6-8. $2.95

FAVORITE FAIRY TALES TOLD IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA
Virginia Haviland; illustrated by Trina S. Hyman. 7-11. $2.95



THE RELUCTANT PITCHER
Matt Christopher; *illustrated by Foster Caddell.* 7-11. $2.95

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Edmund Lindop; *illustrated by Jane Carlson.* 6-8. $2.95

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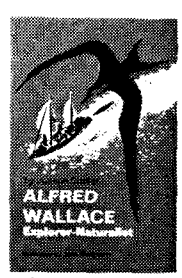

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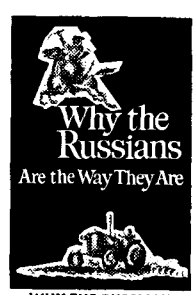

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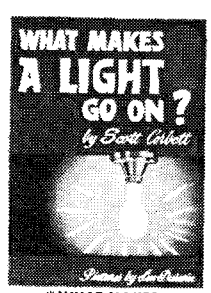

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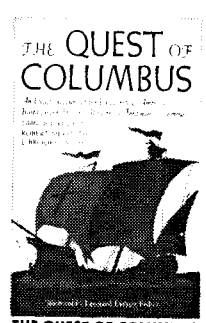

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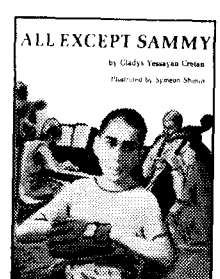
Robert Meredith and E. Brooks Smith; illustrated by Leonard Fisher. 12 up. $3.95



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The Sparrow Bush. *Rhymes by Elizabeth Coatsworth. Wood engravings by Stefan Martin. Norton.* 64 *pp.* $3.25. The poet calls these "rhymes" and says, "One doesn't look for beauty in rhymes, though sometimes one may find a little." Many of these have beauty, including one called "Rhyme." Most of them are from the child's viewpoint. Attractive wood engravings are well-teamed with the rhymes. No age level. (Here I must apologize to both Lois Lenski and Elizabeth Coatsworth. Recently I misquoted the Coatsworth statement "Rhyme *is poetry in petticoats,*" and, worse yet, attributed it to Lois Lenski, who has graciously forgiven me.)

The Green Roads: Poems by Edward Thomas. *Chosen and with an introduction by Eleanor Farjeon. Illustrated by Diana Bloomfield. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 128 *pp.* $3.50. In her preface Eleanor Farjeon writes with deep appreciation of a fellow poet, and tells of his friendship with Robert Frost and of his home life. How lovely to have three little girls with Welsh names: Merfyn, Bronwen, Myfanwy.

"To walk with Edward Thomas in any countryside was to see, hear, smell and know it with fresh senses." The imagery of the poems is so fresh, so clear, that the words should not require elaborate dictionary-work in the manner of American schools teaching an English poem.

> Out of the night, two cocks together crow,
> Clearing the darkness with a silver blow:
> And bright before my eyes twin trumpeters stand,
> Heralds of splendor, one at either hand.

It is interesting to know that before he met Robert Frost, Thomas wrote prose, and that Frost told him, "You've been writing as good poetry as any man living, and didn't know it." Young people, various ages.

—From "Laughable Limericks."

Stories for the Middle Group

A Camel in the Sea. *By Lee Garrett Goetz. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. McGraw-Hill.* 60 *pp.* $2.95. In this Arab village there is a drought, and a wise man has said that when a camel is led into the sea the drought will break. The camel refuses, and it is up to a boy to lead in a baby camel. Not so long ago I saw a photograph of several camels having a bath in the sea and seeming to enjoy it—but perhaps they were taken into the water in their youth? It all seems rather slight, but the pictures are interesting. Ages 6-9.

The Operation That Happened to Rupert Piper. *By Ethel M. Parkinson. Illustrated by Gloria Kamen. Abingdon.* 176 *pp.* $3.25. This should supply a little light amusement for a boy who has to have an operation. Rupert thinks he is having an operation that belongs to someone else, but it is really his own. Ages 8-13.

The Tale of a Donkey. *Written and illustrated by Valenti Angelo. Viking.* 110 *pp.* $3. Valenti Angelo's books are divided between life in Italian villages and an Italian boy's life in America. It is pleasant here to have a small donkey named Cherubino (later Amico). In the first chapters, the donkey's life is hard, but the book ends with an unusual court scene in which the "custody" of Amico is decided by a friendly judge. Ages 8-11.

Henry Reed's Baby-Sitting Service. *By Keith Robertson. Illustrated by Robert McCloskey. Viking.* 205 *pp.* $3.50. Henry Reed's idea for making money during the summer, in collaboration with his girl cousin, is baby-sitting. It proves to be tough, but rewarding financially, and we follow Henry's difficult experiences with an amused smile, if not with laughter. He has a ready-made audience from previous books. Ages 8-11.

The Brainstormers: Humorous Tales of Ingenious American Boys. *Edited by Dale Bick Carlson. Illustrated by Judith Gwyn Brown. Doubleday.* 248 *pp.* $3.75. While I am cautious about anthologies that present chapters from books, this one may possibly lead children to the books themselves. They will be the richer for knowing those enterprising boys Homer Price, Penrod, Henry Reed, and others. Even *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* with her son Billy is here. The story seems old-fashioned now, but once a good portion of reading America was charmed by it. Ages up to 12 (7-12?).

The Lost Princess: A Double Story. *By George McDonald. Illustrated by D. Watkins-Pitchford. Dutton.* 142 *pp.* $3.50. In my childhood I loved *The Princess and the Goblin* and *The Princess and Curdie.* This book is probably the author's weakest. In spite of a preface by Elizabeth Yates, who finds it "an answer to permissiveness," and C. S. Lewis, who also appreciated it, to me it seems as heavy-handed a sermon as Kingsley's *Water Babies.* The story must have been written when one (or more) of

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the author's children was getting on his nerves—for he was not always as stern with spoiled children. The sentences are true Victoriana—sometimes almost a page long. Ages 7-10.

Science—Animals

Wings, Legs, or Fins. *By Henry B. Kane. Photographs and two-color line drawings. Knopf.* 62 *pp.* $3.25. Henry Kane's nature photographs are well known. Here he shows, and explains in brief text, how certain animals travel. For city children who cannot always see the creatures this is clear and explicit. Ages 5-8.

Kangaroo Red. *By Berniece Freschet. Illustrated by John Schoenherr. Scribners.* 48 *pp.* $3.25. We have not, I think, too many books about kangaroos, and this one is most effective both in text and red-brown pictures. We first meet Joey as he travels with the "old man" and his fourteen wives, most of them carrying "joeys" in their pouches.

The story is sympathetically told, but not overpersonalized or sentimental. It is quite poignant as Joey's mother dies with him in her pouch. Children will be relieved when, after brief suspense tellingly used, the young kangaroo finds a foster mother.

Kangaroos always fascinate children and adults, and it seems too bad that so many of them have to be shot to keep down the population. Of course, their skins are also made into leather and their fur into coats. Ages 6-10.

Sea Horses. *Story and photographs by Lilo Hess. Scribners.* 48 *pp.* $3.25. Sea horses are such fascinating and unbelievable creatures that they deserve a whole book to themselves, especially if the photographs are as good as these. Children will be much interested in the curious make-up of the sea horse, with its prehensile tail and its unique method of procreation. The photographs show the mating of two sea horses and the way in which the male fish carries the eggs in his pouch until they hatch. (Towards the end, as his pouch grows heavier, he seems worn to a frazzle.)

Directions are given for keeping sea horses as pets. Parents and teachers may have to take a hand in this, as it is "not as simple as you might expect." Ages 4-8 (5-9?).

The Frightened Hare. *By Franklin Russell. Illustrated by Frederic Sweney. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 62 *pp.* $3. Its most attractive jacket should lure children to this well-told, well-illustrated nature story. For the Runner, hero of the book, life teems with dangers, as it does for every hare and every cottontail. Fortunately, Runner escapes all hazards, even the plague, which sometimes killed almost every hare in the forest. No age level given.

Fairy Tales, Myths, Legends

Philip and the Pooka and Other Irish Fairy Tales. *By Kathleen Green. Illustrations by Victoria de Larrea. Lippincott.* 96 *pp.* $2.95. The pooka in this attractive collection of fairy tales is a small fairy horse, which Philip is lucky enough to find. The hairs from its tail lead an old lady a merry chase in her wheelchair. Ages 9-12.

Peter and the Piskies: Cornish Folk and Fairy Tales. *By Ruth Manning-Sanders. Illustrated by Raymond Briggs. Roy.* 213 *pp.* $3.95. Ruth Manning-Sanders tells a story well. Here she gives us the typical spriggans, piskies, and knockers of Cornwall, along with devils and saints. The knockers are the little goblins who live in the mines: the miners hear them knocking. It is said that the knockers came to this country with the Cornish miners, though how they traveled is not known. Saint Neot is a small saint I've been trying to find ever since I met him in an English travel book about Cornwall. Here he is—a tiny man, strong and bold as a lion. He had a little cell, and a little well; and always he stood up to his neck in the well to say his prayers.

Children and storytellers will welcome this book. No age level.

Serendipity Tales. *By Elizabeth Jamison Hodges. Drawings by June Corwin. Atheneum.* 192 *pp.* $3.95. In a previous book Elizabeth Hodges told the story of the Seven Princes of Serendip (Ceylon) who traveled in search of serendipity—finding pleasant things not expected. Now the Princes are home, each one with a wonderful tale to tell. A handsome book with elaborate illustrations. Ages 8-12.

Hawaiian Myths of Earth, Sea, and Sky. *By Vivian L. Thompson. Illustrated by Leonard Weisgard. Holiday House.* 84 *pp.* $3.95. This is a handsome, well-designed, well-written book by an author who lives in the Hawaiian Islands. It begins with "The Time of Deep Darkness," the Hawaiian myth of creation, which is most distinctive. "Kane, God of Creation, picked up a vast calabash floating in the sea, and tossed it high into the air. Its top flew off and became the curved bowl, Sky. Two great pieces of calabash broke away; one became the sun, the other the moon. The seeds scattered and became stars. The remainder of the calabash became the earth and fell back into the sea."

The calabash is most important in Hawaiian legend and myth and it is important that children know what it is, so there might have been a picture of the calabash tree.

"Kane took rich red earth and made the figure of a man and breathed life into it." Leonard Weisgard has used this red-earth coloring, plus green and black, for his attractive pictures.

Children will enjoy the storytelling quality of the book. There are many Hawaiian words in the glossary. Ages 8-11.

Australian Legendary Tales. *By K. Langloth Parker. Illustrated by Elizabeth Durack. Viking.* 255 *pp.* $4.50. Here is an outstanding contribution to folklore, as well

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Illustration from *Palace in Bagdad*

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as to primitive art—stories told by the Australian aborigines, and designs adapted from primitive drawings by an artist. H. Drake-Brockman, who contributed the preface, tells of Mrs. Parker's first collection, published in London in 1896 with an introduction by Andrew Lang.

"The Euahlayi people of whom Mrs. Parker writes had a habit of singing charms over their babies to help them to be good, or to grow strong or clever or to preserve them from danger. [This one] was always sung to a child who was just beginning to make his own way in the world and reaching out for everything:

"Kind be.
Do not steal,
Do not touch which to another belongs,
Leave all such alone
Kind be."

According to *Art of Australia 1788-1941*, a booklet that accompanied an exhibition held here in 1941 and published by the Museum of Modern Art, "a peculiar feature [of the aboriginal bark drawings] is that the internal structures such as the backbone and digestive tract are often indicated." These are clear in the exhibit pictures. Only the backbone figures prominently in the *Legendary Tales*.

One of the outstanding stories deals with the origin of the platypus—a sad little tale. The aborigines tell how a young duck was kidnapped by a water rat who wanted a wife. When she finally got away and returned to her tribe she produced two strange children with beaks and webbed feet but a fur body. Disowned by the duck's tribe, these, so it was said, were the beginnings of the platypus.

This is an intensely interesting book, especially for storytellers and for Australians themselves. The glossary is long, but many of the words and names are fascinating. No age level.

Backbone of the King: The Story of Paka'a and His Son Ku. *By Marcia Brown. Scribners.* 126 *pp.* $4.50. An invaluable contribution to the heroic literature of our fiftieth state, this is based on *The Hawaiian Story of Paka'a and Kuapaka'a, the Personal Attendants of Keawenuiaumi*, collected, assembled, selected, and edited by Moses K. Nakuina with a translation from the Hawaiian by Dorothy M. Kahananui.

This book, with its story for young people and its pictures in green (text in black), is a surprise from Marcia Brown. It has been more than three years in the growing and the making. During the second of her long visits to the Hawaiian islands Miss Brown spent a year painting and doing research for the background of Paka'a. In the powerful book that has resulted, she combines dramatic material and chants with the story of Ku, who helped his exiled father regain his place as "backbone" or personal attendant to the king. Among the fifty-seven linoleum cuts that illustrate the book are several which remind us of the strength of the woodcuts in *Once a Mouse*.

Young people who have somewhat of a struggle with *Beowulf* in school may feel this heroic legend nearer to them. A full glossary helps with the Polynesian names. Ages 10-14.

Biography and History

Art and Archaeology. *By Shirley Glubok. Designed by Gerard Nock. Illustrated with photographs. Harper & Row.* 48 *pp.* $3.95. Shirley Glubok has departed from her books about the art of different countries to do one book that shows the work of archeologists who find and retrieve the artifacts that the children see in museums. The photographs are handsome; the text, though shorter than that of most books about archeology, not always simple. This is a popular subject; "digging for treasure" stirs the imaginations of all ages. Twelve-year-olds should be reading more complete accounts, and many of them will be. Ages 8-12.

The Ingenious John Banvard. *By Nan Hayden Agle and Frances A. Bacon. Illustrated by Joseph Papin. Seabury.* 128 *pp.* $3.50. Can you imagine a painting three miles long? John Banvard, a traveling painter of the nineteenth century, made one of life along the Missouri and Mississippi rivers. He showed it first to the river pilots, who were delighted to see their rivers looking so natural. An unusual story, this is fictionized history. Ages 9-13.

The Lion of Judah: A Life of Haile Selassie I, Emperor of Ethiopia. *By Charles Gorham. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.* 160 *pp.* $3.25. "I Haile Selassie I, Emperor of Ethiopia, am here today to claim that justice is due my people." The book opens with the scene at the League of Nations, long to be remembered, in which the small, dignified Emperor began his speech presenting his case against the Fascist attacks on his country in 1935. "God and history will remember your judgment," he continued. But—"The great governments were afraid of Adolf Hitler. . . . [They] mumbled regrets, although they had risen in deference to him as he came to the platform. . . . In those days, in their minds, he was another African king, a black man from a black man's country, not worth defending even with words."

A brief biography of the Emperor follows, showing both his strength and his weaknesses. It ends as he follows the caisson at President Kennedy's funeral; millions the world over remember his tiny figure beside de Gaulle. Today, of course, Ethiopia is a free country. Ages 12-16.

Marian Anderson: Lady from Philadelphia. *By Shirlee P. Newman. Westminster.* 175 *pp.* $3.75. Young people of fourteen or over should read Marian Anderson's autobiography, *My Lord, What a Morning*, but this book, episodic as it is, has a place and gives a good over-all picture of the singer, with delightful, informal photographs taken on her farm in Danbury, Connecticut, as well as on the concert stage.

It is sad to read of Miss Anderson's rebuffs here after her first shining success in Europe; and the rebuffs, small and large, went all along the way until her farewell concert, when, arms filled with roses, she said, "Now I'm going to be a homemaker." Ages 10-14 or 16.

The Quest of Columbus: An Exact Account of the Discovery of America, Being the History Written by Ferdinand

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Columbus. *Edited and adapted by Robert Meredith and E. Brooks Smith. Illustrated by Leonard Everett Fisher. Little, Brown.* 125 *pp.* $3.95. The most endearing narrative of the first voyage of Columbus is that written by his son Ferdinand. It is good to have it edited by Robert Meredith and Brooks Smith, who have given young people access to the main features of several original narratives. Being a small boy at the time, Ferdinand was not on the first voyage. This narrative ends at Cadiz, where "while my brother and I looked on," the Admiral left on his second voyage. Ages 12 up.

Dr. Johnson and His World. *By Ivor Brown. Illustrated with photographs. Walck.* 48 *pp.* $3.95. An effective and interesting book, this gives an excellent picture of Johnson's England, more so than of the man himself, who is better seen through Boswell. Ivor Brown, who also wrote *Shakespeare and His World* for young people, has the knack of including small but fascinating happenings. I do not, for instance, remember seeing a photograph of a cupping set used for bloodletting, nor so good a description of the "water cures" of the period. A doctor in Brighton "recommended draughts of the salt water, which was bottled and sent to London with the label 'took off the main Ocean.'" Bath announced that its springs averted "the longing of Maids to eat Chalk, Coals and the Like."

With the current interest in linguistics Dr. Johnson's place as a self-styled "pioneer in lexicography" should be of more interest than it has been to young people. Ages 12 up.

Story of the English Language. *By William Sparke. Illustrated by Wayne Gallup and with photographs. Abelard-Schuman.* 190 *pp.* $3.95. An informal and informative little history of the English language, this takes English from its beginnings and shows how it developed. In the eighteenth century the language had gotten into a mess, and people decided that it needed tidying up—which became the job of Samuel Johnson in England and of Noah Webster in the United States (1828). This is where American spellings, such as "honor" and "labor," "center," and "theater," came in. (My English relatives still think me slightly illiterate with those spellings.)

The author tells how the big *Oxford English Dictionary* was made. He is very partial to it, "especially if you want to know the derivations of words." With the "new English," children, I hear, are already looking up words in big dictionaries. More power to them. They should also read this book. No age level.

The Earth: Planet Number Three *By Franklyn M. Branley. Illustrated by Helmut K. Wimmer. Crowell.* 152 *pp.* $4.50. The sunlit earth against a darker blue galactic background makes a most attractive jacket for this book, which is one of a series, "Exploring Our Universe." Here we have a clear, scientific discussion of the earth, its past, present, and future, interestingly presented—as are all the books by Dr. Branley, who is astronomer and assistant chairman of the Hayden Planetarium. The pictures are both informative and spectacular. No age level.

Mountain Conquest: A Horizon Caravel Book. *Author: Eric Shipton. Consultant Dr. Bradford Washburn. Harper & Row.* 153 *pp.* $4.95. While we have many fine books about this subject, the present one is a little different because of its pictorial contribution and because it is by way of being a short history of mountain climbing, going back to the time when the mountains were said to be overrun by fierce dragons (there is one reproduced here from *Itinera Alpina*, 1723). The picture that shows an intrepid, stiffly corseted woman in trailing skirts and high-necked blouse crossing a crevasse on a ladder is more terrifying than the dragon.

Conquests of most of the leading peaks are shown. There are magnificent double-page spreads in color. I'm one who could never climb the smallest mountain, but like so many of us I find this good armchair traveling. Remaining unconquered peaks are listed for those who are bolder. Young people.

To Remember Robert Louis Stevenson. *By Alice Cooper Bailey. Illustrated with photographs. McKay.* 87 *pp.* $3.25. There have been several biographies and partial biographies of RLS. This one does not claim to be a full biography; it is an affectionate pilgrimage to the various places in which he lived and worked. For teachers using his poems with elementary schoolchildren this is good background material, telling as it does of his friendship with the little Hawaiian princess, and how RLS gave his birthday to another little girl whose birthday was Christmas day. No age level given.

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—*Virginia Kirkus' Service*

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BIRKIN
by Joan Phipson; illustrated by Margaret Horder. A memorable portrayal of two Australian children's love for their pet calf, Birkin. Ages 9-12. $3.50

EDIE ON THE WARPATH
by E. C. Spykman. The early 1900's and a small girl's rebellion at being the middle child are remarkably evoked.
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by Margaret MacPherson; illustrated by Douglas Hall. An unhappy orphan boy on the Isle of Skye tries to change his lot in this moving story. Ages 12 up. $3.50

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by Geoffrey Trease; illustrated with photographs, maps, and drawings. World history from 1901 to 1964, with vivid glimpses of its personalities and powers.
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Illustration by Luciana Roselli

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Ruling Robots and Secret Agents

***Mother Night** (Harper & Row. 202 pp. $4.95), and **Player Piano** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 295 pp. $4.95), by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., satirize respectively secret service agents and the fully automated world of the future. Louise Armstrong wrote "A Child's Guide to Freud."*

By LOUISE ARMSTRONG

KURT VONNEGUT, JR., is sanity's secret weapon. Inventive, incisive, witty, wacky—and warm—he is the master of high satire. A rare integrity informs Vonnegut's balance between the serious and the humorous, even on subjects so grotesque as to be already near-parody, so that when he is funny he is wise-funny, never wise-guy funny. Even his wilder moments are pervaded by a rational, caring sensibility which distinguishes him from the black humorist (this year's sick humorist).

Mother Night, which Vonnegut wrote in 1961, has now been published for the first time in hard covers. And it's magnificent: the eloquent report of one Howard W. Campbell, Jr., to be filed in the archives of Nazi war crimes. Campbell writes in an Israeli prison, where he awaits judgment for broadcasting Nazi propaganda during World War II. "American by birth, a Nazi by reputation, and a nationless person by inclination," Campbell is also a former U.S. counterintelligence agent, unacknowledged, of course, by the United States government.

In an introduction to this edition, Vonnegut writes: "This is the only story of mine whose moral I know. I don't think it's a marvelous moral; I simply happen to know what it is: We are what we pretend to be, so we must be careful about what we pretend to be." And the book has other implications: the sides people take, their easy ensnarement in events, and the impossibility of being righteous or even, finally, of finding the guiltless "right."

Campbell tells his story with lively and sane perception. He is surely the world's most engaging spy-who-couldn't-do-anything-about-the-weather. He writes:

> I, too, know Rudolf Hoess, Commandant of Auschwitz . . . Hoess heard that I was a writer . . .
>
> "How I envy you creative people—" he said to me. "Creativity is a gift from the gods. . . . I can talk it," he said, "but I can't write it." He looked to me for pity. "When I sit down to write," he said, "I freeze."

Then there's the time in New York when Campbell is caught between the Fascists and Communists, while sought by the Israelis. . . . But to describe it satisfactorily would be to reprint it.

Player Piano is earlier Vonnegut, originally published in 1952, and still fresh in 1966. Maybe it's more a projection, a speculation, than the pure satire of *Mother Night*; maybe it's not as fast, not quite as funny. But the subject—full automation and then what?—is especially fascinating in Vonnegut's hands.

The time is after the second Industrial Revolution. The first relieved men of muscle work; the second has relieved them of the boredom of routine work. The economy has become monolithic, run by the bureaucrats and businessmen who have joined forces to phase out the Army. The rigid, machine-dictated occupation determinant is the I.Q.

The place is the mythical Ilium, New York (referred to in Vonnegut's later book, *Cat's Cradle*). In Ilium live the élite: the managers and engineers of the Ilium Works, part of a vast nation-wide network of automation centers. Across a seldom-traveled bridge is the seedy town of Homestead, where live those who belong to the "Reeks and Wrecks" (the Reconstruction and Reclamation Corps, the only job choice besides the Army for men with an under-par I.Q.).

Dr. Paul Proteus, a top manager at the Works, is the restless, ambivalent son of a man prominent in the original designing and engineering of the center. Proteus is fascinated by Ed Finnerty, an executive at another Works, but a rebel. And this fascination leads him into the midst of the revolution demanded by the situation, a beautifully portrayed, comically serious holocaust. For real, it all seems, but also for fun.

There's the Shah of Bratpuhr, a visiting dignitary (along with his interpreter, Khashdrahr Miasma) from an underprivileged country, who grins politely, admiring all the American *takaru* (slaves). And there's Alfy in the Homestead Bar, who can turn off TV sound, watch the instruments playing, and on a bet name the song or the symphony. And The Meadows, an island to which select managers and engineers go for a rousing vacation, during which they join teams and participate in group singing, marches, greased-pole climbing, volley ball, horseshoes, softball, Indian wrestling, touch football, shuffleboard, and try to throw other teams' captains into the lake.

I'd put both these novels on my list of books to take to a desert island, though if enough people read Vonnegut I may not have to go.

Addled Oxonians: Of more interest than *Quondam* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $4.50) itself is the question why a writer so gifted and well-equipped for his task should disappoint so thoroughly. David Pryce-Jones writes fluently, is adept with dialogue, and effortlessly conjures up a vivid scene. Perhaps he was trying too hard to write a funny book, fast and diverting, in the tradition of first-rate minor British fiction.

Unhappily, I must report that for me it wasn't. The first few chapters failed to hold my interest; and, although the story improved considerably in the middle section, it petered out again toward the end. It seems to me that before charac-

La Virginité Sous Le Domino Couleur D'Invisible

By Kenneth Pitchford

I AM sunlight before your leaded glass
shatters me into color. Stiff saints praying
within their stony wilderness encase
only a tinted becoming. I am being.

And as the mirror held to catch the sun
reflects but a blurred surprise, your clearest silver
taints with shadow what in me no stain
can mar. You sense me as a chill and shiver.

Heavy with me, your silences create
music and magic, dreams that arch toward myth.
Barren, I hang gold fruit on your branching sight.
My spawn swim upstream bleeding. I am death.

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ters and the situations within which they are placed can be treated humorously, they must first of all be credible. In all the haste to keep the plot moving along at a rapid pace, most of Mr. Pryce-Jones's fail to come to life.

The one character who does ring true is the protagonist, Philip Hare. He is a brilliant Oxford graduate who has resigned a fellowship and is now writing his first novel, obstinately turning his back on the world of opportunity, which beckons with generous offerings.

The story concerns Philip's involvement with Patricia Gervase. "Quondam" is the name of the run-down stately home purchased by her father, a shrewd but fastidious, if slightly crooked, real-estate speculator. Some of the action takes place there, more of it in London, and there is a brief visit to the French Riviera. Various old Oxonians—some of them are really nutty—pop up from time to time. About halfway through the book Patricia swipes Philip's completed manuscript and runs off with it, in the company of her father's closest friend who is also Britain's most famous playwright and literary lion. The finale is played out against the background of a cultural festival that is a good deal closer to the real ones than their organizers would care to acknowledge.

Reviewers who seem to condescend to younger authors by verbally patting them on the head and describing them as promising annoy me intensely. There is no such intention here when I say Mr. Pryce-Jones has done better in the past and will assuredly do so in the future.

—Edward Hickman Brown.

White Invisible Man: Kristin Hunter's second novel is a fresh and refreshing expression of the diversity of American Negro writing, an elaborate spoof that somehow manages to combine touches of the absurd and intimations of the surreal, strokes of caricature, slapstick, and the grotesque, with an inherent, down-to-earth sanity and realism.

With a comic scalpel the author seeks to cut through the stereotypes, myths, masks, mystiques, and myopias of race and color hatred to reach the core of essential human contact and friendship. In a sense, therefore, the over-all context of *The Landlord* (Scribners, $5.95) is the American quest for identity, meaning, and purpose in the age of alienation.

The central character, Elgar Enders, is a neurotic, unconventional scion of a millionaire family who is trying to get out of himself and live as a member of mankind. He starts out as a sort of Anglo-Saxon Moses Herzog, or gentile Malamudian *schlemiehl*, or white "invisible man." Following the incredible paths of zany credibility, he lives through a series of reversals, from isolation to social involvement, from victim to hero, from failure to success.

To create an identity, to have something to do on his own, Enders buys a small apartment house in the Negro ghetto, into which he ultimately moves. None of the characters, white or Negro, in this crazy world, are normal; his Negro tenants are the looniest bunch of people possible. But after a while he realizes that their conspicious eccentricity is a mask, like their color, and he responds to their fundamental humanity, feeling happier and more at home with them than he has ever felt in his own family. His girl friend, Lanie, spells out another facet of his education:

> "Ever wonder how underdogs survive, Elgar? Through cunning. Craftiness and cunning. It's passed along from generation to generation. By word of mouth, by example, and by heredity. Only the clever ones survive. By now every underdog in this country has it. The necessary talent and know-how for beating the enemy."
>
> "Who's the enemy?" he asked.
>
> "Society, you poor bastard. You."

If Enders has to cease viewing Negroes as stereotypes, he has to prove to the Negroes that he is an individual, not the abstract "landlord" or an invisible, nameless creature; he has to sweat out the typical Negro ordeal.

The Landlord has artistic and structural flaws. The parody of the psychiatrist is quite hackneyed, and some of the situations, including the denouement, are on the contrived or gimmicky side. But the verve, clever quips, and satiric bite of the novel merit a wide audience. Kristin Hunter, whose first novel was *God Bless the Child*, here negates any idea that all American Negro writing is didactic and dead earnest and bitter and full of the mystique of race; she explodes the stereotype of the so-called "Negro novel."

—Abraham Chapman.

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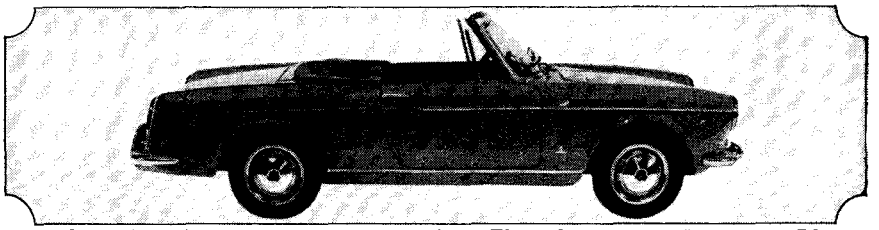

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India's City of Pink

JAIPUR, INDIA.

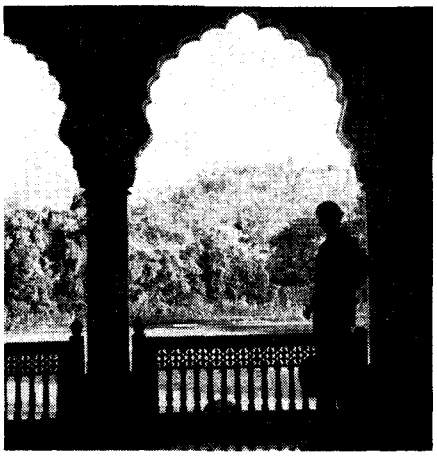
IN AN OBSERVATION that is highly appreciated by the Directorate of Advertising and Visual Publicity, Ministry of I. and B., Government of India—and heavens, it's no wonder—Max Lerner has been quoted as saying, "I have seen Jaipur and now I can die." Mr. Lerner, if you can take the word of the Directorate, the Ministry and the Government, also has ranked Jaipur, along with Paris and Venice, as one of the three most beautiful cities in the world.

Although I normally find myself in agreement with Mr. Lerner in matters of state, philosophy, and opinion, I have recently taken in the wonders of Jaipur and feel in no mood to surrender myself at The Gates. It is unusual. It is even unique. But Jaipur-shmaipur. I mean, Max, let's not get carried away.

For one who has flown from—*fled*, if you will—the dusty bustle of New Delhi, Jaipur seems to reek of the trappings left from the days of the British Raj. It is the Colorful India of the folders. It recalls the incredible pomp of India's feudal royalty. It may not play in the same circuit as Venice and Paris, but it is certainly like no place else.

Travelers who put up at the Rambagh Palace, and most do, see their lodgings before they get a look at the city. The palace, and it really *was* a palace, lies on the road from the airport to the city. It was built by the great-grandfather of the present Maharajah of Jaipur, and until nine years ago was used by the royal family as a country estate. It is an enormous pad, even as hotels go.

Its charlotte russe towers stand in the corners, looking down on the fretwork windows, the catenary curves of the arches nibbled into fussy designs by some nervous mason whose handiwork was the mode of another day. The gardens are exquisite, if anything better than the hotel itself. Grass and flowers do not grow as obsolete as buildings. Brilliant colors enliven the flower beds on the front lawn; flame vines explode all over trees in the back.



Rambagh Palace at Jaipur.

Bullock carts guided by drivers wrapped in red turbans slip along the hotel road, and the tea-takers on the broad lawn contemplate the coveys of women, their heads covered with brilliant yellow saris, as they walk into the sun. In the distance a hilltop fortress, looking like an Italian castle, catches the last rays of a yawning sun. Only the cawing of a flight of crows and the occasional tinkle of a teacup ruffle the stillness.

The day was late, too late for sightseeing, but I could scarcely wait a whole night for a look at the Pink City when it lay only two miles away. We rolled down Samai Man Singh Highway, past the maharanee's hospital, a few blocks before the maharanee's college which is across the street from the maharajah's college; and then we were at the entrance. Sure enough, everything was pink as a blush. Through the nearest portal we rolled, straight to Pripolia Gate, an entrance to the vast City Palace. A soldier in a red turban, a member of the maharajah's private army, stood at the portal to keep out the Unwashed.

We would breach the fastness of City Palace, still a residence of the maharajah, tomorrow. For today we took an elevator to the roof of the Hind Hotel, a vegetarian inn across the street. From this vantage point we could look across to the City Palace, which occupies a seventh of the entire city, or out to the Aravalli Mountains which ring all of Jaipur.

The streets below us were a mass of bikes worming their way around the pedicabs, of carriages pulled by tiny horses, bullocks with brilliant headdresses, and sari-clothed ladies with baskets on their heads. The trees were full of trapped kites but other young kitesmen filled the sky with their square-rigged contraptions. Far beyond the west end of the city, in some remote land, the sun was going down, slipping into a cloud bank that screened its exit on the horizon.

As we descended to the lobby, the Hind Hotel was getting ready to serve its nightly vegetarian dinner to its Indian clientele. It was showing a free movie, a "sophisticated film" it had advertised, about a girl trying to win a husband through witchcraft. It threatened to be gamier than the fare.

Back home at the Rambagh Palace, the visitors, most of them from abroad, were getting ready for dinner, too. It was served in an enormous reception hall walled with peach damask, lighted with Murano chandeliers, decorated with forest green marble columns and alabaster urns with hidden lights inside. The guests rattled around like starlings trapped in an armory, while a three-piece band strove mightily to cheer things up by playing a 1923 arrangement of "My Old Kentucky Home" and other popular favorites. It met heavy competition from the cuisine; the dish put before me was hardly one to put before a maharajah. Frankly, it was pretty hard to accept as tourist fare, either.

What the dining room lacked, the bar more than made up for. The maharajah has long been active on the international polo circuit, and the watering hole of the Rambagh Palace is called the Polo Bar. Like all the other rooms in the palace, it has high ceilings and a Moorish fountain burbles in the center. Air conditioning streams from a pair of machines inlaid in the old Mughal arches. Here, unlike the dining salon, the music, seeping from unseen speakers, is the best of Broadway and seems better to typify the international world in which the Maharajah lives.

His own royal mallets are crossed on the wall, and pictures of his polo days are everywhere: Jaipur in England in 1953 with Senor Alberdi, the late Senor Rubirosa, and Mrs. Rothschild; Jaipur at an exhibition played before Mrs. Kennedy in March of 1962; Jaipur in 1960 with the Duke of Windsor; Jaipur with the Duke of Edinburgh and Col. H. P. Guinness; Jaipur, so young, in 1935 with Michael Phipps, Prince Mdivani, and Winston Guest. A lone turbanned Sikh who nursed a drink at the bar provided the only local color in a clientele that was otherwise Grade-A American. We had a brandy and went to bed.

We had scarcely breached the city gates the next morning when our car was stopped by a procession headed with typical Indian ceremony by a caparisoned elephant, coaches pulled by pigmy horses, and a wagon hauled by bullocks. It was the festival of the sun, and since the maharajah is the local sun image, the troupe was on its way to bathe his plaster effigy in a nearby tank.

The green shutters had been pulled open on the pink buildings, and now the "London Trained Cutter" was at work and so were the jewel cutters who worked on stones sent here from all over the world for inexpensive polishing. The manufacturers of tie-and-dye materials were walking back and forth on the sidewalks, airing their damp textiles so brilliantly embossed with shocking yellows

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and vermillion. On the pavement in a central square, the marigold sellers squatted in the sun behind piles of screaming ochre flowers. Bearers came to pour fresh blossoms from their jute bags, and yesterday's tired marigolds were dumped in the street to be nibbled for breakfast by a passing cow.

We stopped by in the store of P. M. Allah Buksh and Son, whose owner affects a long coat and wraps his head in a turban. From his bottomless stockpile he brought forth enameled stools, enameled lamp bases, brass trays with enameled birds, even enameled beer mugs with see-through glass bottoms. From trays he produced emeralds from Colombia, opals from Australia, and Indian jade and topaz that sells for about five dollars for a thirty-carat stone. He had a sparkler on hand that weighed 600 carats. The asking price was 500 rupees or about $105 on the official exchange. (The black market runs as high as nine rupees for the dollar.) India also mines its own aquamarine, bright golden topaz, star rubies, and black star sapphires.

One of the most impressive pink sights of pink Jaipur is the 200-foot-high-façade of the Hawa Mahal, the Palace of the Winds, built by a maharajah in 1799. Its forty carved windows allowed the ladies an opportunity to see the parades and processions on the street below without actually appearing in public. It has become a stunning backdrop for photographers. On the morning on which I beheld its marvelous face, it provided an ornate curtain for the caravans of camels in from the Bajputana desert 150 miles away, colorful ladies who had walked from the countryside carrying on their heads beautiful baskets artfully packed with bouquets of cauliflower.

We decided to save the City Palace for the afternoon, and rolling out the Zorawar Singh Gate, we headed for Amber, the old capital of the Kachhawa Rajputs before Jaipur's founding seven miles away, in the eighteenth century. Amber is a collection of temples, cenotaphs of the maharanees of Jaipur, and a stone column marking the practice of horse sacrifice performed by Sawai Jai Singh, who built Jaipur.

Atop a hill and looking down on what is left of the city is its most famous structure, the Amber Palace. It was begun early in the seventeenth century and finished by Sawai Jai Singh about 100 years later. The traditional tourist route up the hill is aboard an elephant, a rocky journey alleviated by a costumed musician who marches alongside the elephant sawing gay tunes out of a one-string violin. A look at the holy inner recesses requires removal of hat, shoes, stockings, socks, and even belts of leather, since they are made of the hide of dead animals. Among treasures kept inside is a silver drum which is beaten twice each day to signify the time for prayers.

Farther up the hills is Jaigarth Fort, an even earlier home for royalty. Sitting high on the crest of a ridge, it was the royal sanctuary until the rulers moved down to Amber in 1037. It is rumored that Jaigarth Fort contains the entire treasure of the maharajah, but it is considered more likely that he keeps his accounts in Switzerland. The downward view from Amber is equally fascinating, looking as it does on a green lagoon and a formal garden done in Persian geometric designs.

AMBER Palace itself is a maze of courts and inner courts, of marble screens, ivory carvings, inlaid sandalwood, and mirror tiles that sparkle on ceilings, walls and columns. Some of the work was so artistic that it is said to have aroused the jealousy of Emperor Jahangir, whose son was to build the Taj Mahal. The Rajputs, ever the diplomats, covered the offending artistry with plaster to soothe the royal Mughal ire.

We spent the afternoon in the City Palace, and we could have spent the week. Begun by the tireless Sawai Jai Singh, it has been enhanced and enlarged through each succeeding generation. As recently as 1900 Sawai Madho Singh II added the Mubrarak Mahal, a masterpiece of lacelike marble which today is a museum of textiles, wedding dresses and gowns, and early examples of block printing and tie-and-dye work.

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Huge brass doors locked the maharajah safely inside behind a massive brass bolt.

Halls of Private Audience and Halls of Common Audience are all part of the maze of ornate buildings in the enormous royal enclave. A painting hangs on the wall depicting the crowning of the present maharajah decades ago. It was retouched in 1960 when Queen Elizabeth visited India, an occasion that also produced a durbar ceremony which brought all important ex-rulers of India's many estates to Jaipur. Always loyal to the crown in the colonial days, they came to pay their respects.

A parquet floor on which the Duke of Edinburgh, during a separate visit, danced away most of a February night in 1965 has become a curiosity. Indian royalty has paid state visits to England, too. A pair of enormous silver urns, six feet high, are a relic of a trip to Britain made by the grandfather of the present maharajah. He had them filled with Ganges water, which was all he ever drank, and they were transported with him on his stately excursion.

The magnificent Moon Palace, which became the royal digs when the family moved from Amber, is seven stories high. All but the first floor is still used by the maharajah and his family when they are in residence. He is presently Ambassador to Spain and not often in his own county seat. Only the first floor is open to the public, but it is enough to get a deep impression of the splendors in which local royalty lived. The gardens and fountains, coming to an end two hundred yards later at the foot of a temple to Lord Krishna, seem as large as Versailles.

STILL on hand is the maharajah's crowning throne, no longer in use. Under the democratization, the maharajahs may claim no taxes from the people, but Jaipur gets two million rupees a year as compensation from the government, which took away his feudal privileges and repossessed his lands. Gone are the 600 estates, all welded now into the national government. Gone are the days when eight bearers carried the ladies of the court in elaborate palanquins. The trick swords, daggers with automatic pistols hidden inside, and double-blade axes—all part of the private armies—have now been retired to the maharajah's armory.

This is not to say that the pageantry of the nobility has been totally obliterated in the short period since the republic was proclaimed. There are still some twenty elephants in town, and the elegant brass howdah which was used to transport Jacqueline Kennedy and Edinburgh on their trips up the hill to the Amber Palace is not the least of the attractions to be seen inside City Palace.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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Kiddie Matinee

A FEW SATURDAYS BACK, I found myself in the unaccustomed surroundings of a special kiddie matinee. Robert Radnitz, who has produced such pictures as *A Dog of Flanders* and *Misty*, has a theory that any really good film for children is one that adults should be able to enjoy as well; and to prove it, the local press was invited to bring along its progeny—or *anybody's* progeny—to the preview of his newest effort, *And Now Miguel*. Some responded with as many as half a dozen toddlers in tow. By ten a.m., when the show began with a *Woody Woodpecker* cartoon, the adults were outnumbered at least four to one, and relegated to foraging Cokes and popcorn for their offspring, or leading the littler ones up the aisles to the washrooms. It was, in the fullest sense, the kiddies' show.

In a way, it also proved Mr. Radnitz's point. The best film-making, he maintains, requires a minimum of dialogue, and what the camera shows should stimulate the imagination of child and adult alike. In *Miguel*, when its twelve-year-old hero was threatened by a rattlesnake, or trailed by coyotes, the entire theater went suddenly silent with dread. A sheep-shearing sequence, filled with the electric hum of the razors, the frantic baa-ing of the animals, and the laughing banter of the men, held everyone enthralled. Indeed, whenever the picture paused to show how things are done—how to catch a trout with your bare hands, how (and why) the ewes and their newborn lambs are numbered identically, even how a price is arrived at for the use of grazing lands—the audience was raptly attentive. This was something new for them, something quite outside the routine of their lives or their movies. But when, on the other hand, the story-telling lapsed into dialogue—Miguel's scenes with a would-be artist, for example—the aisles grew busy again.

Kiddie matinees may not provide the ideal surroundings for pure critical detachment. One's interest shifts constantly from the screen to the children, and back again, in almost inverse ratio to the mounting tensions in the film itself. When the kids are most absorbed is precisely when they are most absorbing to watch—their eyes rounded in wonder, the popcorn arrested halfway on its journey to the mouth. They remained that way throughout a dream sequence compounded of gawky fawns and cuddly bear cubs. They were breathless as an eagle attempted to carry away Miguel's own baby lamb. Yet they were watching with intelligence, too. Since the shearing sequence occurs perhaps twenty minutes after the birthing and numbering of the new lambs, one little fellow near me exclaimed, "But Mummy, now they'll have to put the letters on all over again!"

Based on Joseph Krumgold's Newbery Award-winning novel, *And Now Miguel* has been simply and winningly wrought for the screen. Young Pat Cardi makes a charming Miguel, the boy who can't wait to grow up; Guy Stockwell is pleasantly manly as the artist who befriends him; and Michael Ansara is probably every boy's ideal of what a father should be—firm but understanding, a pillar of strength but gentle, and above all else, loving. A bit more abrasiveness might not have hurt; but the parents who congregated about Radnitz the other morning in congratulatory clusters professed to be utterly content. Presumably, they had found in Miguel's story their own ideal of themselves.

Among its other virtues *Miguel* has an innate positivism that is rather rare on screen these days. Miguel's driving ambition is to be big enough to accompany his father and his uncles when they herd the sheep into the beautiful Sangre de Cristo mountains, and the entire film centers about his preparations to accept responsibility.

The film *Johnny Tiger*, on the other hand, although it also deals with an Indian minority in present-day America, winds up curiously dated and even reactionary. Robert Taylor, attempting to teach the children on a Seminole reservation, encounters opposition from the aged Chief and his Medicine Man. Taylor, of course, has no patience with their tribal lore; but the film's message is tolerance—and under this enlightened watchword, we are asked to believe not only that superstition is good, but that an educated white man can stir up an awful lot of trouble. "A soft heart in a soft head" is what this film plunks for. However, it introduced—to me, at any rate—two very interesting newcomers, Chad Everett and Brenda Scott; and director Paul Wendkos managed to keep the musty proceedings in vigorous motion.

Both pictures have the advantage of being photographed in color against some of our country's most beautiful natural settings, and of being enhanced by unusually full and expressive scores—John Green's for *Johnny Tiger*, Phillip Lambro's for *And Now Miguel*. Some stunning guitar work is contributed by an unbilled Laurindo Almeida.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

"You should see the shopping center we have in Westchester."

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Depth and Breadth in Sweden

STOCKHOLM.

STOCKHOLM is one of the most enterprising theater capitals of the world. For although Sweden has developed no major playwright since Strindberg, it has been highly hospitable to new drama from other countries. The world premieres of Eugene O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey Into Night*, *A Touch of the Poet*, *Hughie*, and *More Stately Mansions* took place here, and the expatriate German playwright Peter Weiss has lived in Stockholm for many years. New Yorkers are familiar with Mr. Weiss's *The Persecution and Assassination of Jean-Paul Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade*. But his latest work, *The Investigation*, staged by Ingmar Bergman and currently playing at Sweden's Royal Dramatic Theater, has not yet been performed in America.

Since *The Investigation* consists entirely of excerpts from the trials of former Nazi concentration camp officials, its presentation is more a fulfillment of duty to society than it is an esthetic opportunity. In an attempt to parallel Dante's *Inferno*, Mr. Weiss has constructed his work in eleven cantos, each of which presents, in the form of testimony and interrogation, the shocking details of occurrences in various sections of Auschwitz, from the loading ramp, where hungry, exhausted families arrived in overcrowded cattle cars, to the fire-ovens in which the gassed bodies were cremated in assembly-line fashion.

Two cantos describe how sick prisoners were killed by injecting phenol directly into the heart muscle, and how masses of screaming, vomiting men, women, and children were gassed with Cyclone B. Another canto is devoted to the well-educated Block Captain Stark, who explains his willingness to take part in the mass murder as the logical result of German schooling that made genocide seem a just and patriotic action. Another depicts pretty Lili Tofler, who refused to betray a prisoner despite prolonged torture until death. And one is devoted to the possibility of survival.

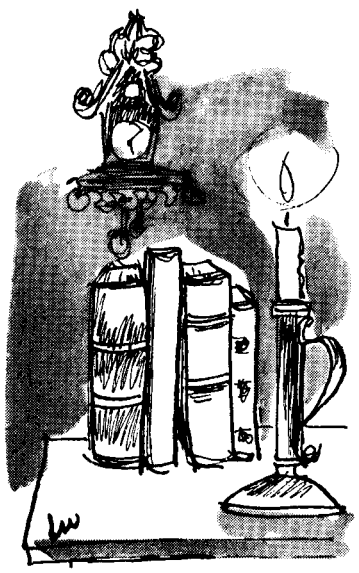
The latter brings out one of the play's few thought-provoking speeches as a survivor explains that the prisoners belonged to the inhuman system, in which there was less difference between a prisoner and a camp official than between a prisoner and an outsider. He says, "Many of those who had been chosen to play the role of prisoners were brought up with the same values as those who played the role of guards. They had worked hard for the same nation and for the same incentives and rewards, and if they hadn't been called prisoners they might just as easily have been guards. We must get rid of our exalted attitude that this camp world is beyond our comprehension. We all knew the society which had produced the regime that could bring about such a camp, and so could still find our way even through its final consequences."

However, the majority of speeches are narrative or descriptive, and Mr. Bergman has directed the actors to speak them with little dramatic embellishment. For most of the evening the eighteen defendants must sit in a plain wooden grandstand facing the glare of lights and the accusations of the witnesses. Since their replies and denials are presumed to be lies, they tend to seem cold and impassive. But Bergman does permit defendant Stark to break down emotionally, and the prosecutor speaks with a deep emotional intensity, as when he seeks to remind us that the defendants are only the tools of profiteers who remain unpunishable.

The Swedish version transposes the order of some of the play's sequences. The most interesting change comes at the end. When presented in Germany, the play concluded with Defendant Mulka's arrogant denouncement of the trial's intent and legality. This was intended to make the Germans aware of the insidiousness of their present system. However, here in Sweden, it was deemed more effective to end with a witness's brief estimate of the number of victims of the extermination.

Should Weiss have augmented his se-

(*Continued on page* 77)



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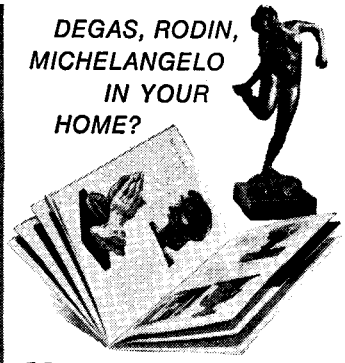

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SR's Annual University Press Issue

Renewal of Religion

Continued from page 31

professor of historical theology at the University of London. E. L. Mascall's *The Secularization of Christianity* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $6) is a solid contribution to the field of Christian apologetics, which has fallen upon evil days. To my way of thinking, we are not going to have the necessary urban renewal of religion without the theological thought centers taking the lead. James Sellers, dean of Vanderbilt Divinity School, in his *Theological Ethics* (Macmillan, $5.95) rightly concludes, "If America is a hurricane of furious action the power structures and the community ethical forces are all too often divorced from it. The very centers in our society that ought to be leading have failed to appear where the action is."

In a time when LSD is being used in sixteen New York City high schools, when the Ku Klux Klan announces spring rallies for New Jersey, and the Watts area of Los Angeles is ready to give us another TV spectacular, in color, the appalling distractions of the God is Dead theologians become even more frightening.

To such a hungry and hopeful world, the image of religion too often has been the Sunday night scoldings of Billy Graham, the medicare demonstrations of Oral Roberts, and the political science of Billy Hargis added to the baccalaureate addresses of General Walker. (For some extremists, God is better dead than red.)

It is late and the urban renewal of religion must be about its work. For if an iron curtain has descended upon Eastern Europe, a callous curtain has lowered upon America. As Dr. Erich Fromm described it recently:

> A man sits in front of a bad television program and does not know that he is bored; he reads of Vietcong casualties in the newspaper and does not recall the teachings of religion; he learns the dangers of nuclear holocaust and does not feel fear; he joins the rat race of commerce, where personal worth is measured in terms of market values, and is not aware of his anxiety. Ulcers speak louder than the mind.
>
> Theologians and philosophers have been saying for a century that God is dead, but what we confront now is the possibility that man is dead, transformed into a thing, a producer, a consumer, an idolater of other things.

For many of us the way has been pointed by Paul Tillich, who is able to combine the energy, determination, and active love to live out on the Frontier—and when you think about it that is where the faith has always flourished.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 3, 4, 6, 7, 1, 5, 8, 12, 15, 2, 10, 9, 14, 11, 13. Column 3: 4, 5, 9; 1, 8, 13; 3, 6, 11; 7, 12, 14; 2, 10, 15.

"Robert, you've started unwinding without me!"

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Business, Economics

GOLD AND WORLD POWER: The Dollar, the Pound, and the Plans for Reform. By Sidney E. Rolfe. Harper & Row. $6.95.

KOHLER ON STRIKE: Thirty Years of Conflict. By Walter H. Uphoff. Beacon. $7.50.

STRATEGIES FOR THE DISPLACED WORKER: Confronting Economic Change. By George P. Shultz and Arnold R. Weber. Harper & Row. $4.95.

Crime, Suspense

CONFRONTATION. By Norman Garbo and Howard Goodkind. Harper & Row. $6.95.

DEAR DAUGHTER DEAD. By S. B. Hough. Walker. $3.50.

THE HEIR HUNTERS. By Bill S. Ballinger. Harper & Row. $4.50.

INSPECTOR GHOTE'S GOOD CRUSADE. By H. R. F. Keating. Dutton. $3.95.

Current Affairs

ABORTION. By Lawrence Lader. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.95.

FALSE START IN AFRICA. By René Dumont. Praeger. $7.

HIDDEN HIERARCHIES: The Professions and Government. By Corinne Lathrop Gilb. Harper & Row. $5.95.

MISSION TO HANOI. By Herbert Aptheker. International. Hardbound, $3.75. Paperback, $1.25.

NATIONALISM IN LATIN AMERICA: Diversity and Unity. By Gerhard Masur. Macmillan. $5.95.

Fiction

ALPHA AND OMEGA. Short Stories by Isaac Rosenfeld. Viking. $5.95.

THE BEGUILED. By Thomas Cullinan. Horizon. $6.95.

THE BEST FROM FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION. Edited by Edward L. Ferman. Doubleday. $4.50.

BIG AS LIFE. By E. L. Doctorow. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

CARELESS LOVE. By Alice Adams. New American Library. $4.50.

THE CHAMPION OF SOURWOOD MOUNTAIN. By Billy C. Clark. Putnam. $4.95.

A DOOR FELL SHUT. By Martha Albrand. New American Library. $4.95.

FAST START, FAST FINISH. By Stephen Birmingham. New American Library. $5.95.

FORTRESS FURY. By Carter A. Vaughan. Doubleday. $4.50.

HANGMAN'S BEACH. By Thomas H. Raddall. Doubleday. $5.95.

THE HARRAD EXPERIMENT. By Robert H. Rimmer. Sherbourne Press. $4.95.

HERE COME THE BRIDES. By Geraldine Napier. Crown. $4.50.

THE HOLY LAND. By Pär Lagerkvist. Random House. $3.95.

JUSTINE: Or the Misfortunes of Virtue. By the Marquis de Sade. Translated by Helen Weaver. Putnam. $5.

A LEOPARD AT MAYTIME. By John Martin. Doubleday. $4.50.

THE MAKING. By Sherman Baker. World. $5.95.

THE RAILWAY POLICE AND THE LAST TROLLEY RIDE. By Hortense Calisher. Little, Brown. $5.

VENUS DISARMED. By Jeremy Dole. Crown. $4.95.

WHO ARE THE VIOLETS NOW? By Auberon Waugh. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

History

THE COURSE OF THE EMPIRE. By Sir John Bagot Glubb. Prentice-Hall. $10.50.

1812. By Antony Brett-James. St. Martin's. $6.50.

SEVENTY HOURS AND THIRTY MINUTES. As broadcast on the NBC Television Network by NBC News. Random House. $2.95.

Literary Criticism, History

BLAKE: A Collection of Critical Essays. Edited by Northrop Frye. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.95.

DANTE. By Francis Fergusson. Macmillan. $4.95.

EARLY ENGLISH DRAMATISTS. Edited by John S. Farmer. Barnes & Noble. Thirteen volumes. $85.

THE LIFE OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. By Edward Dowden. Barnes & Noble. $8.50.

Miscellany

BLACK DUCK SPRING. By Bruce S. Wright. Dutton. $4.95.

THE BOOK OF ENGLISH CHINA. By Geoffrey Wills. Barnes. $5.

FEASTING WITH NONNA SERAFINA: A Guide to the Italian Kitchen. By Theresa F. Bucchieri. Barnes. $4.95.

P. S. HAPPY ANNIVERSARY. By Lois Wyse. World. $1.95.

READER'S DIGEST COMPLETE BOOK OF THE GARDEN. Prepared by the editors of *Reader's Digest*. Little, Brown. $9.95.

VOYAGER, BEWARE. By H. R. Kaplan and Lt.-Com. Adrian L. Lonsdale. Rand McNally. $3.95.

Personal History

THE BONAPARTES. By David Stacton. Simon & Schuster. $7.95.

CHRISTINA OF SWEDEN. By Sven Stolpe. Macmillan. $6.95.

CISSY: The Biography of Eleanor M. "Cissy" Patterson. By Paul F. Healy. Doubleday. $5.95.

ENGLAND'S PRINCES OF WALES. By Annette Joelson. Chilton. $4.95.

EXPLORER OF THE UNIVERSE: A Biography of George Ellery Hale. By Helen Wright. Dutton. $10.

THE LIGHT AND THE ROCK: The Vision of Dag Hammarskjöld. Edited by T. S. Settel. Dutton. $3.75.

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RUN AWAY, LITTLE GIRL. By Marilyn M. Segal. Random House. $4.95.

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CIRCLES OF FAITH. By David G. Bradley. Abingdon. $4.50.

A HARD RAIN AND A CROSS. By L. Harold DeWolf. Abingdon. $4.

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YOUTH AND THE HAZARDS OF AFFLUENCE: The High School and College Years. By Graham B. Blaine, Jr. Harper & Row. $4.50.

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SHOWCASE. By Roy Newquist. Morrow. $5.95.

A WORLD ON FILM. By Stanley Kauffmann. Harper & Row. $7.95.

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FAR PACIFIC TRAVEL GUIDE. By John C. Caldwell. John Day. $7.95.

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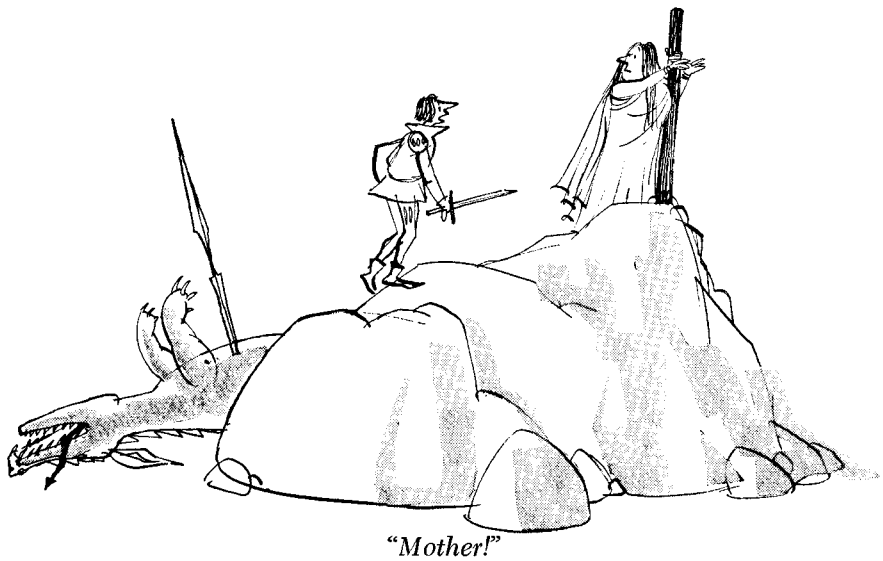

"Mother!"

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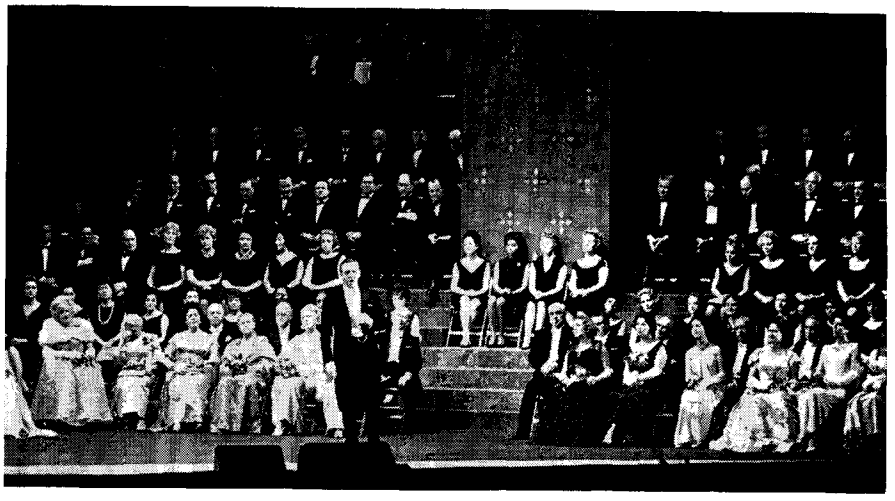
—*Photos by E. Fred Sher.*

Panorama of the auditorium just before the program began. At the conductor's desk, Leopold Stokowski



Left: Cesare Siepi sings before a stage full of past performers: Front row: Mmes. Stevens, Lawrence, Rethberg, Lipton, Lehmann, Jepson, Miller, Glaz, Georgiou, Case, Bampton, and Anderson. In the second row, Messrs. Kipnis, Jobin, Jagel, Crooks, Conley, Chamlee, Brownlee and Bonelli

Leontyne Price performing an aria from *Il Trovatore*

Left: Outside pickets protesting the planned demolition of the theater for replacement with an office building, join others greeting arriving ticket holders

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Last Night At the Old Met

MUCH as could be written about the last operatic performance at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York (see *SR*, April 30) as much more can only be conveyed pictorially. Herewith are shown the beginning and end of that evening (prior to the company's removal to its new home in Lincoln Center next fall), together with a sampling of some of the occurrences in the five hours, plus, in between.

In prospect it seemed that the "Gala Farewell" would be a subdued affair, with a heavy sense of separation hanging over all. But the prospect reckoned without the chemical interaction of more than four thousand persons jammed into the seats, the standing room and the wings of the stage itself. The catalyst was unquestionably the presence of nearly forty "name" singers of the past, of whom nearly half were of star caliber. When Marian Anderson was introduced to lead off the alphabetical sequence, it was more than an ice-breaker: it was a symbol of the change that has come about in the last dozen years or so, during which Negro performers have become a vital part of the company's functioning. And, as the introductions unfolded, through Bampton, Bonelli, Brownlee, Crooks, Jepson, Kipnis, Marjorie Lawrence, Lotte Lehmann, Martinelli, Pons, Rethberg, Sayão, Stevens and Swarthout—the entry of each became a living cavalcade of memorable happenings on this stage, stretching as far back as the first appearance of soprano Anna Case—the earliest "debutant" to return for this occasion—fifty-eight years ago (1909).

Risë Stevens, now co-manager of the Metropolitan National Company, greets Mrs. Eleanor Belmont, founder and president emeritus of the Metropolitan Opera Guild. At right, Lady Pierson Dixon, widow of the former British Ambassador to the United Nations.

Left: Lotte Lehmann is ushered to stage center by a page. Right: Marjorie Lawrence, a victim of polio twenty-five years ago, greets the audience.

Birgit Nilsson, wearing a gold wreath presented to her Swedish predecessor Christine Nilsson on the night the house opened, performs Brünnhilde's Immolation from *Götterdämmerung*.

A stage full of performers, other company personnel and friends join the audience in singing "Auld Lang Syne" at the evening's end.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs

PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Ray Bryant: *Gotta Travel On*. Bryant, piano; Walter Booker, Jr., bass; Freddie Waits, drums; Clark Terry, flugelhorn; Snooky Young, trumpet. Cadet 767, mono and stereo, $4.98.	It is good to experience Bryant's positive, two-handed approach to the keyboard again. The gospel-inspired "Gotta Travel On" makes a good opener, but the first side is generally disappointing, the Bayside Brass (Terry and Young) being wasted throughout. The obvious intent to make a commercial record, perhaps to challenge Ramsey Lewis and the Tijuana Brass simultaneously, undermines the pianist's ability as a soloist. Fortunately, the situation is retrieved in the last three tracks of the second side, Milt Jackson's "Bag's Groove" proving especially well suited to his technique and imagination.
Stan Getz: *Getz / Gilberto #2*. First side: Getz, tenor saxophone; Gary Burton, vibraphone; Eugene Cherico, bass; Joe Hunt, drums. Second side: Joao Gilberto, guitar and vocal; Keeter Betts, bass; Helcio Milito, drums. Verve V6-8623, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Recorded live at Carnegie Hall in 1964, the first side reveals many of the better Getz qualities. He likes the gentle, subtly evocative touch, and his *forte* is lyricizing, although on a number like "Stan's Blues" he swings in a way that is clearly quite natural to him. His improvisations move lightly and swiftly, without any compositional faltering, but they retain an air of simplicity because he knows what to leave out. Gilberto, on the reverse, delivers six more samples of the tepid Brazilian hybrid.
Stan Kenton: *The Los Angeles Neophonic Orchestra*. Kenton, conductor, with 26-piece orchestra. Capitol MAS 2424, $4.79; stereo, $5.79.	The Neophonic Orchestra's instrumentation is much the same as that of the normal big jazz group, except that it adds five French horns. The saxophonists, all of whom double on other woodwinds, acquit themselves extremely well, and Bud Shank (alto saxophone) is the outstanding soloist. As in Kenton's other attempts to "bridge the gap between jazz and classical music," the emotion, elation and rhythmic strength of jazz are largely sacrificed. This certainly does not seem the best way for a musician to contribute "to the mainstream of American life, thought and culture." Of the compositions, Johnny Williams's "Prelude and Fugue" is texturally an appropriate tribute to Claude Thornhill, while Allyn Ferguson's "Passacaglia and Fugue" adroitly combines eighteenth and twentieth-century idioms in a backdrop for four soloists.
Carmen McRae: *Woman Talk*. Carmen McRae, vocal; Norman Simmons, piano; Joe Puma, guitar; Paul Breslin, bass; Ray Beckenstein, flute; Jose Mangual, bongos; Frank Severino, drums. Mainstream 56065, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Carmen McRae is a singer whose immense potential is seldom realized on record. Her second chorus on the opening "Sometimes I'm Happy" swings indeed, but overall there are too many tricks. On "Don't Explain," which she sings with far more consistency, she evokes rather than reproduces her friend, the late Billie Holiday. But forced theatricality and a harsh vocal quality make "Woman Talk," for example, a track to avoid.
Wes Montgomery: *Goin' Out of My Head*. Montgomery, guitar, with big band arranged and conducted by Oliver Nelson. Verve V6-8642, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	This collaboration between Montgomery and Nelson is exceptionally fruitful. The guitarist is well recorded and heard to splendid advantage on his own blues originals, "Naptown Blues," "Boss City" and "Twisted Blues." Moreover, his surprising improvisation on "Chim Chim Cheree" is a real *tour de force*, one which seems to have inspired his excellent accompanists immediately. Nelson's arrangement on "End of a Love Affair" is unusually beautiful and the lyricism of the whole interpretation makes it a minor work of art. The performance of the title number, oddly enough, is the least attractive in the set.
Sonny Stitt: *Broadway Soul*. Stitt, alto saxophone; Ernie Royal, Thad Jones, trumpets; Phil Woods, alto saxophone; Zoot Sims, Budd Johnson, Jerome Richardson, tenor saxophones; Roger Kellaway or Walter Bishop, Jr., piano; Milt Hinton, bass; Osie Johnson, drums. Colpix 499, $3.79; stereo, $4.79.	Sonny Stitt must be doing something right. Besides this album and the thirty listed in the Schwann catalogue, he can also currently be heard with Zoot Sims in "Inter-action" (Cadet 760) and with organist Don Patterson in "Night Crawler" (Prestige 7436). Here he blows his high-spirited way through eight Broadway tunes, on which an unnamed arranger has worked very constructively. Often credited with having inherited "the keys to the kingdom" from the late Charlie Parker, Stitt is certainly among those who employ his predecessor's idiom with the most fluency.
Clark Terry: *Mumbles*. Terry, flugelhorn, trumpet and vocal; Jerome Richardson, saxophones, flute and piccolo; Frank Anderson, piano and organ; Vinnie Bell, Eric Gale, guitars; George Duvivier or Richard Davis, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Jose Mangual, bongos; Willie Bobo, conga; Phil Kraus, percussion. Mainstream 56066, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	"Mumbles," the hit Terry made with Oscar Peterson, originated as a vocal "put-on" of the old blues singers who couldn't be understood beyond the first few phrases of each chorus. It is repeated here, the same technique being aired in a comic dialogue with electric guitar ("The Mumbler Strikes Again") and over a Caribbean foundation ("Rum and Mumbles"). On his own "Never" and "Granddad's Blues," he further emerges as a blues singer with lyrics. Although the accompaniment is often uncomfortably corny, Terry plays bold, exciting trumpet or flugelhorn on nearly every number.
Bobby Timmons: *Chicken and Dumplin's*. Timmons, piano and vibraphone; Lee Otis Bass, III, bass; Billy Saunders, drums. Prestige 7429, mono and stereo, $4.79.	The Timmons approach is deceptive but rewarding. Avoiding false climaxes and fireworks, he proceeds to build in a leisurely fashion from spare but neat opening choruses, all the while gradually and quietly involving the listener. He makes his debut on vibraphone in a fourteen-minute performance entitled "The Return of Genghis Khan," in which his soft, dreamy style contrasts effectively with his piano, and incidentally provides the bassist with an opportunity to distinguish himself. Another Prestige album, "Workin' Out" (7387), puts Timmons in the company of vibraphonist Johnny Lytle, who plays with crisp professionalism but less individuality.
Junior Wells: *Hoodoo Man Blues*. Wells, harmonica and vocal; Buddy Guy, guitar; Jack Myers, bass; Billy Warren, drums. Delmark 612, mono and stereo, $4.98.	A skillful and arresting harmonica player, Wells at one time took the place of Little Walter in the Muddy Waters band, whose work this quartet's much resembles. Its tempos are marvelous for dancing and the three-piece rhythm section constantly produces a deep and satisfying beat. Guy, who plays rhythm, breaks and obbligati, does a specially fine job on guitar. Wells sings with the confident assurance of such obvious influences as Muddy Waters and B. B. King. The fact that he is only thirty-one augurs well for the future of this kind of blues. —Stanley Dance.

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The Dancing World of Coon-Sanders

By HERB SHULTZ

DURING THE EARLY 1920s a ten-man dance band known as the Coon-Sanders Original Nighthawks developed a musical style which eloquently expressed the spirit of its time. Its music was sparkling, full of momentum yet punctuated with sharp, clever breaks. All of its best-known tunes were irrepressibly gay. To throngs of dancing Americans, Coon-Sanders epitomized the meaning of the word jazz—in an era, before the advent of jazz critics, when the word signified something quite different from what it has come to mean today.

"The word jazz, in its progress toward respectability," wrote F. Scott Fitzgerald a decade later, "has first meant sex, then dancing, then music." In the golden years of Coon-Sanders the word had reached the second stage of Fitzgerald's progression, but had not yet reached the third. Isham Jones, George Olsen, Paul Whiteman (long before such solid jazzmen as Bix and Trumbauer had joined his organization), Ted Lewis, Art Hickman—these and other leading bands of the day were playing a "new" kind of music for dancing. By universal consent the new music gave its name to the period—"The Jazz Age." Aided by a boom in the radio and phonograph industries, it swept into national prominence on a truly epic scale. But except for a few morose social critics (one of whom described jazz as "the grinding noise which accompanies the collapse of a civilization") the music itself had almost no serious listeners.

All of this was soon to change. When Hugues Panassié published "Le Jazz Hot" in Paris in 1934 he commenced by stating: "The public in general treats jazz as mere dance music and never listens to it carefully." Panassié proceeded to treat jazz as a new and definitive art form. As we now know, his book was only the first of hundreds to embrace this point of view, which is generally accepted today. But during the 1920s, the boys of the Coon-Sanders band and their contemporaries would have thought Panassié and his followers were slightly crack-brained.

Back in the time when jazz was "mere dance music," the Original Nighthawks ranked at the summit of their profession. The band's life story, which reflects in a significant way the post-war era in which it flourished, began one wintry afternoon during Christmas week of 1918 with the chance meeting, in Kansas City, of a drummer named Carleton Coon and a piano player named Joe Sanders. The pair struck up an immediate friendship. Before the week was over they had played their first job together. Within two months they had joined forces permanently to form what was to become the most successful hyphenated dance band in the annals of American popular music.

Their stock in trade was natural gaiety. No other band quite achieved the Coon-Sanders combination of bounce and effervescence. It may not have been jazz as we think of jazz today, but it was *fun*. The titles of their best-selling records speak for themselves: "Flamin' Mamie," "Red Hot Momma," "Roodles," "Yes Sir, That's My Baby," "Kansas City Kitty," "Here Comes My Ball and Chain," "I'm Gonna Charleston Back To Charleston"—and a particular favorite of mine which seems to shout the band's basic philosophy in capital letters: "EVERYTHING IS HOTSY TOTSY NOW!"

NOT long ago Victor produced an album (Number 511 in its Vintage Series) which contained sixteen of the original Coon-Sanders sides, including some of those listed above. Sales, unexpectedly enough, have surpassed many other recent Victor reissues which feature eminent heroes of the jazz world, and interest has been strong abroad, as well as in the United States. Because of the surprising success of the Coon-Sanders album, along with that of another LP by an Isham Jones band of the early 1930s, Victor is digging hard into unmined dance material from its files of years ago. Other reissues of this type are on the way.

And there is still further evidence that the Coon-Sanders music has a continuing, solid appeal. A Coon-Sanders Nighthawks Club, with headquarters in Pleasant Garden, North Carolina, was founded several years ago by Clyde Hahn and Harvey Rethberg, two long-time Nighthawks fans who first heard the band on crystal radio sets and wind-up phonographs. Hahn and Rethberg have dedicated the organization to perpetuating "Coon-Sanders' unique contribution to the indelible spirit of that period." With only a modicum of publicity, their club has enrolled many hundreds of members from all parts of the country.

For pure atmospheric evocation, it would be difficult to select a group more representative of the Prohibition Era than Coon-Sanders Nighthawks. The band's intricate arrangements were full of the flavor of the 1920s. There were no long solo passages; the melodic lead shifted continually from one instrument to another. The effect was one of constant restless motion. Prominently featured throughout were the woodblocks, cowbells and cymbal shots of co-leader Coon. Joe Sanders, the other member of the team, was responsible for most of the arranging and played piano in a clean and distinctive rhythmic style. Of the two, Sanders was perhaps better known as a singer; his work had great drive.

On the evening of December 5, 1922, the band made the first of a long series of nightly radio broadcasts over station WDAF Kansas City, from the Plantation Grill of the Hotel Muehlebach. In that era of early crystal sets, when the airwaves were not yet cluttered with hundreds of small local stations, the few pioneering broadcasting units attracted listeners from great distances. The Coon-Sanders broadcasts were completely informal, full of good-natured exchanges between the two leaders and announcer Leo Fitzgerald. The show gladdened the late-evening

(*Continued on page* 78)

Coon-Sanders Orchestra—"Stock in trade was natural gaiety."

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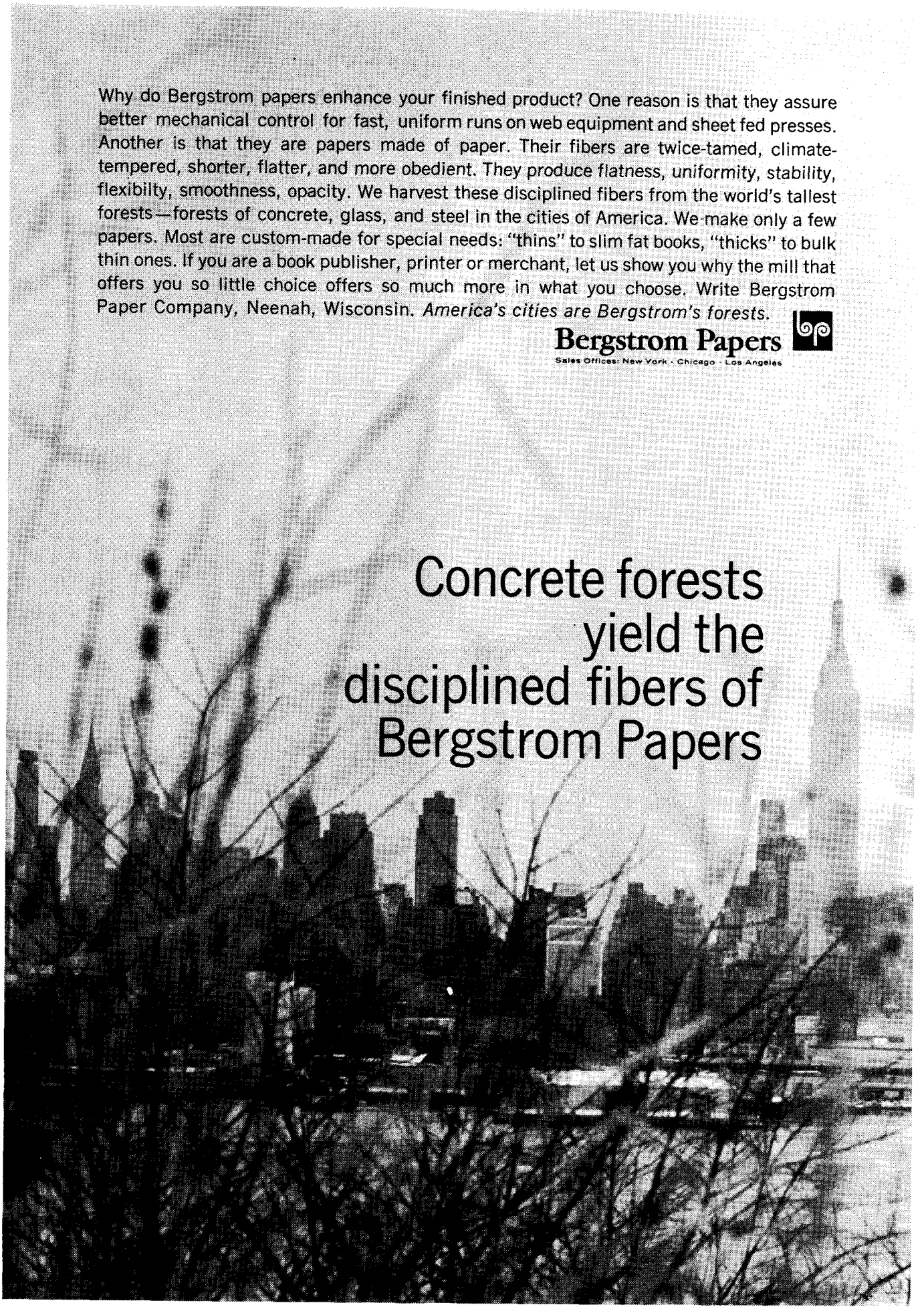

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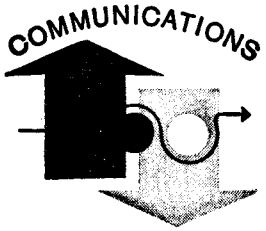

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Like Your Cigarette Should

THE LATEST TURN in the story of *like* as a conjunction comes to us in the new advertising campaign for Winston cigarettes, those villains who above all others have been guilty of trying to eradicate *as, as if,* and *as though* from our language and put *like* in their place—preposition or conjunction be hanged. The offending phrase Winston's copywriters have long been using is, as almost everyone knows, ". . . tastes good *like* a cigarette should." When we were told that this rendering of English grammar was at last going to be changed we breathed a sigh of relief—alas, too soon. It is true that the Winston slogan has been altered this spring, but *like* as a conjunction stays right where it is and the only change is in the phrase "*a* cigarette," which now becomes "*your* cigarette." On less than such monumental matters $50,000 advertising copywriters have been fired or hired.

Bergen Evans, the eminent professor of English at Northwestern, doesn't find *like* as a conjunction unbearable and has long been in the forefront of those who accept its use. He believes, moreover, that there is excellent literary precedent for this. Says Dr. Evans: "At one time *like* could be used to mean *as if*. . . . This is acceptable today when the *if* clause is shortened to a few words that do not include a verb, as in 'He ran like mad' and 'The dress looks like new.' Many people who accept *like* in place of *as* do not accept it in place of *as if*. The construction is generally frowned upon, but it is more acceptable in the Southern states than in other parts of this country. . . . There is no reason why anyone should take the trouble to learn when *like* is a conjunction and when it is a preposition, unless he wants to." It should be said at once that Professor Evans is not alone in his academic defense of *like* as a conjunction.

In colloquial American-English, *like* is indeed often used in clauses of comparison and there is no doubt at all that, owing chiefly to baseball broadcasters and advertising copywriters, the use of *like* as a conjunction has greatly increased in recent years. Its use seems to be permanent, moreover. Standard old-fashioned English, as we were taught it, restricts *like* to its use as a preposition with no verb following ("She looks like a princess") and does not use *like* as a conjunction in our book ("It looks like he will have to drive."). We discovered, however, after consulting a dozen or more modern English grammar and usage books, that *like* as a conjunction, vulgar or not, is apparently here to stay, particularly in the radio-television-advertising world. Whether this is a sort of merchandising impertinence in the tradition of American anti-intellectualism or whether *like* is truly easier to say than *as, as if,* or *as though,* the fact remains that to hear or see *like* as a conjunction is no longer the shattering experience to purists it once was. But, then, we were taught never to split infinitives and the fashion now is to constantly split them.

Our feeling is that talking-English and writing-English are two different forms of language and that certain colloquialisms acceptable in casual, regional conversation are still unacceptable on the formal printed page. Especially in the South and West the phrase, "It looks like we're going to

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have a storm," would not be out of order in a conversation between two farmers over a fence but would still grate on us if we saw it in formal print. There's no question that *like* for *as, as if,* and *as though* is a vulgarism, a usurper, but that's what usage is. By tradition, diction is what is accepted by the purists in the old dictionary sense, while usage is the way words are being used in the marketplace, often vulgarly, but so insistently at times that they replace older words, once themselves in vulgar usage. If you don't believe English to be an ever-changing mosaic just re-read Shakespeare which, though the acme of literary perfection, and issuing from the greatest creative mind literature has ever known, contains hundreds of words that no longer are acceptable diction to those who depend upon written English as their main means of communication. Not many of us use "contumely" any more when the words "insult," "rudeness," and "insolence" will do a better job in print. Nor would we prefer Pepys's "betimes" when "early" will do just as well. The Shakespearean word "provender" isn't used much any more except in its technical meaning of hay or feed grain for cattle.

Just the same, we go along with the recent second edition of *A Dictionary of Modern English Usage* by H. W. Fowler, as revised and edited by Sir Ernest Gowers. Sir Ernest has this to say about the word *like* as used by Mel Allen and Madison Avenue: "In the U.S. the colloquial use of *like* as a conjunction has been carried a step further by treating it as equivalent not only to *as* but also to *as if*, a practice that still grates on English ears." American ears, too, Sir Ernest. And while it can be truly said that "contact" as a verb is probably here to stay because it is handier to use than "to make contact with" ("I'll contact him right away"), Madison Avenue's other intrusion, *like* as a conjunction, still offends us: we don't think we'll ever quite get used to it, even in the most successful cigarette slogan Madison Avenue ever gave birth to.

SINCE *"like* a cigarette should" has paralleled the rise of Winston cigarettes to the very top of industry sales, and "like *your* cigarette should" probably will move their popularity higher still, perhaps it is in order to suggest that the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company and William Esty, the advertising agency, come full cycle and try ". . . as your cigarette should" next season. There are those of us who will love them for it, and who knows, a step back to good diction might win them the host of academic purists they've lost by now, and perform a public service for English grammar at the same time. —R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Bravo Seltzer!

I ENJOYED RETIRED Cleveland *Press* editor Louis Seltzer's observations on the past, present and future of American newspaper journalism ("Why I Went West—And Stayed There"), in the April 9 issue. His advice to today's—and tomorrow's—editors seems to be: Know your public and its needs. Serve its needs and serve your own. Don't worry so much about your competition; instead, *be* the competition. This is good public relations advice to almost any management, editorial or otherwise.

MERRITT HOLMAN,
Public Relations Counsel,
Holman & Company.
Palo Alto, Calif.

Peckham on Canby and Parton

COURTLANDT CANBY'S LETTER about James Parton and *American Heritage* [*SR*, Apr. 9] confers absurd credit on the Society of American Historians for originating the idea on which the magazine is based, and dismisses the American Association for State and Local History as doing little more than contributing the name of the magazine. Such distortion demands correction.

If Mr. Canby will look again at the first issue of *American Heritage* in hard covers, he will find it labeled Vol. VI, No. 1. And he will find the contents remarkably like the contents of *American Heritage* Vol. V, No. 4 which preceded it and all the earlier issues running back to the first, dated September 1949, when it began as the brain child of Earle Newton and S. K. Stevens, officers of the American Association for State and Local History. At the heart of the present magazine's success is their idea that authentic, reliable history could be presented to general readers in attractive format and illustrated in color, which was backed by the faith of the AASLH membership.

With more courage than money the magazine was started by the AASLH, and ran for five years. What prompted its transfer to professional publishers was not its failure but its success. We in the Association could not raise the capital necessary to get it over the hump of enough circulation to pay a professional or fulltime staff, and our editors, all of whom held other jobs in the field of history, could not go on donating their spare time. Parton & Co. bought not a projected idea (which is all that the SAH ever had) but a going concern and still pays royalty to the AASLH.

What the SAH contributed was nothing more than some opinions about using hard covers and a high price, and their principal idea about a magazine of world history was never considered. After all, it is the content of *American Heritage* that accounts for its continuing success, and that came only from AASLH. I objected strongly to listing the Society of American Historians as a sponsor at all. It seemed to me that the Society had done nothing except waste a large sum of money on plans that, as Mr. Canby confesses, they lacked the courage to carry out. It is my recollection that the SAH was finally accorded the position of co-sponsor not for what it had done, but to eliminate the possible competition of what they might do—which to me always appeared nil.

May I add that the AASLH has been delighted with what Parton, Thorndike, and Jensen have accomplished since they took over.

HOWARD H. PECKHAM,
William L. Clements Library,
University of Michigan.
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Boxing the Consumer

ROUL TUNLEY'S ARTICLE, "The Big Package Flap," [*SR*, Apr. 9] quotes Hoyt Chaloud, director of Procter & Gamble's packaging operation, as follows: "Because of the different density of detergents, we couldn't begin to pack all our products in one-pound boxes. If we did, we'd have a different size box for each kind. This would end up costing the housewife more eventually, and grocers would kick because so many different sizes wouldn't stack properly on the shelves."

Apparently considerations which seem so binding upon makers of soap powders aren't causing the manufacturers of wafers and crackers any sleepless nights. This writer has on his pantry shelf at the moment three boxes, no two of which have even one dimension in common. In inches, Keebler's Club Crackers come in a container measuring 5⅛ x 2½ x 8½ and weigh one pound; Nabisco's Shortbread comes to 3¾ x 1⅞ x 8 and tips the scales at ten ounces, while Keebler's Saltines measure 4½ x 4½ x 9 for the one-pound carton.

Had I so desired, I could readily have chosen a number of other packages either tinier or larger. Moreover, the clerk who was busily replenishing the supermarket shelves at the time of my purchases didn't seem the least puzzled or distressed. He expertly stacked more of the smaller sizes, with the result that the available space wasn't wasted or left with gaping voids.

It is difficult not to draw the conclusion that the standardization of box size favored by the detergent makers serves them better than it does either retailers or the public. Would it not be more honest to admit what is so obvious to anyone bothering to give the matter a moment's thought?

THOMAS G. MORGANSEN.
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

IN REFERENCE TO the April 9 article on the problems of weights, perhaps the manufacturers could print the net contents in the

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metric system. This should make computation of actual price much easier.

RAYMOND A. VOET.
Minneapolis, Minn.

AS A PROFESSIONAL advertising copywriter, I rise to the defense of the term "full quart." You ask what could be fuller than a full quart. Well, an Imperial quart for one thing. And for another, many products referred to as "quarts" (as in Canada Dry or White Rock mixers) are actually not quarts, but one pint, 12 fl. oz. bottles. When the Cott Company comes forward with a full 32-oz. quart, the copywriter will naturally play up the fact that it is a *full* quart without, perhaps, descending to "knocking" copy and pointing out specifically that the competition is selling less than a full quart.

I defend the right of Canada Dry and White Rock to market any size that suits them. The capacity is plainly marked, and there is no deception. But where would such a law leave Cott?

THOMAS F. WELCH.
Baltimore, Md.

Ads and Program Quality

I WAS ASTONISHED to read in your April 9 "Advertising Awards" article that you had cited Bell Telephone's public relations advertising program, which stresses the reassurance of being able to summon help speedily by dialing the operator. I feel that their campaign is not less than fraudulent. As a student, I have had occasion to place calls through the operator from a number of cities. I have been appalled at the length of time one frequently must wait to gain the operator's attention. In Boston, the worst offender, I've often waited two or three minutes, once over six minutes.

I plead with you in the future to exercise more care not to be "sold" by the campaigns you are judging.

PHILIP J. SIEMENS.
Ithaca, N.Y.

I LOOK FORWARD with interest to your annual advertising awards knowing as I do how important is the place of advertising in our world today. People are constantly being assailed by, or should I say exposed to, the words of salesmen. Sometimes sweet and low and sometimes harsh and penetrating.

Whether it is the soft sell or the hard sell, our ears are constantly subjected to messages. These messages form our speech patterns much more effectively than do all the teachings of the schools. How can we combat the "like I saids" and the "except you buy our products" when we are constantly being assailed?

To appeal to the public to disregard bad grammar, as you no doubt know, would be silly. We must, therefore, take other steps to force advertisers to stop making their own rules. I, therefore, suggest that when your committee considers the advertising awards you automatically disqualify any advertising agency which constantly and deliberately foists bad grammar on the unprotected public. Of course this does not constitute an economic weapon, but perhaps it may act as a slight deterrent to the constant insidious undermining of our rules of speech and writing.

RUBIN PERLMAN,
Principal,
P.S. 101.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE ADVERTISING AWARDS [*SR*, Apr. 9] present one puzzling, disturbing, and confusing aspect. In the printed media, awards are given for distinguished *advertising*, and the company and agency which combine to sell a product—or to use this sales space for public service messages—in the most praiseworthy manner are recognized. However, when the broadcast medium is considered, awards are not made for *advertising*, but for *program quality*.

One is puzzled because both the title and the purpose of *SR*'s awards would lead one to expect that the techniques of advertising—and the use of paid-for-advertising time for public service messages—be judged. Others are in the game of judging radio and TV programs; evaluating commercials would be a unique contribution.

One is disturbed because the implication is that sponsors of radio and TV programs are responsible for exact program quality and content. We all hope that this is not so, and that producers, directors, and writers in these media have some degree of freedom from the sponsor (just as we hope that news, features, editorials, etc. in the printed press are not controlled by the advertisers). How about those sponsors who, as praiseworthy as the award winners in their intention to offer something worthwhile to the public, happen to back programs which don't quite succeed?

The confusion arises (for any but the most careful reader) from the fact that the tabulation of "*SR*'s Television Citations" fails to explain anything beyond that these awards are "for distinguished achievement in the public interest." Since the context is not clear, the table is easily taken out of context. One may ask, for example: "Have the judges never heard of the NET network?" . . .

Finally, are Barbra Streisand and Captain Kangaroo really serving the "public interest," as this term was defined in the judges' ballots, or did they merely enchant your judges into forgetting their instructions?

WOLFGANG S. HOMBURGER.
Berkeley, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Homburger touches perceptively on an important distinction. "Idea" advertising is most effectively displayed in print media where the advertiser has no relationship with or influence on the editorial content. The advertising is the thing, and a self-contained, highly creative, articulate phenomenon it often is. In television the public interest program itself usually does not appear unless sponsored. It is the public interest in high quality television and radio programing that we recognize in our radio-TV citations. In this sense the judges voted for Captain Kangaroo and the Barbra Streisand programs in the context of the SR citations. Incidentally, they did not vote for several NET programs on the ballot, though well aware of NET.*

"Ladies and gentlemen. We're flying on to Montreal—we've just been banned in Boston."

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THE GREAT COPYING BOOM

By JOHN TEBBEL

IT IS no longer news that a great copying boom has created an industry of fantastic proportions in America, further complicating the revolution in communications technology—which may already be the greatest upheaval in man's effort to talk to himself since the invention of movable type. If the industry itself is not news, however, its implications are. Some of them are only now beginning to be realized, as a wider audience understands more about the bright new uncontrolled world we are creating.

Both commercial and trade magazines were full of stories about copying last year (there are cycles in the magazine business as there are in motion pictures and copying was one of them in 1965). People read some startling statistics about devices they had been taking for granted in their offices: 500,000 copiers in business offices throughout America, producing annually at least 10 billion copies from machines manufactured by forty companies, which were offering models in 190 types. Enough, as one executive remarked, to make him believe the nation might sometime sink slowly out of sight beneath the sheer weight of its own paper.

Most of last year's stories, both trade and commercial, were about one phenomenal company, the Xerox Corporation, which dominates the industry. In 1965 it accounted for nearly $400,000,000 of the copying field's $600,000,000 in sales, and its name already is part of the language. To "Xerox" something is so widely accepted an expression that the company may have the same trouble that Coca-Cola has had in persuading writers and editors to capitalize the trade name "Coke."

The rise of the Xerox Corporation has been one of the most spectacular stories in American business history. Twenty years ago, as the Haloid Corporation, it was selling photographic papers, and its sales totaled only $7,000,000; its profits were $101,000. The company's sales gathered momentum in the late Fifties, then took off like a rocket in 1961. In the past five years, sales have leaped almost unbelievably, from $37,000,000 to $400 million, and earnings from 13 cents a share to about $2.75. No wonder Xerox is one of the hottest stocks on Wall Street, giving a real meaning to that ambiguous word "growth."

Photographic copying is a process nearly as old as photography. As long ago as 1839, the year a Parisian painter of theatrical scenes named Jacques M. Daguerre first disclosed the process that made his name famous in photography, an even more obscure medical student at the University of Liége, in Belgium, was copying pages from books with silver halide-coated paper. The blueprint process came next in 1842, an invention of Sir John Herschel, the British chemist and astronomer.

In this country the first machine capable of copying papers that had not been specially prepared was invented by George C. Beidler in the early 1900s. Beidler, a clerk in an Oklahoma City abstract office, called his machine the Rectigraph. It was his company, founded in 1906 in Oklahoma City as the Rectigraph Company, which moved to Rochester three years later and eventually was sold to the Haloid Company, now Xerox.

THE way for modern photocopying methods was prepared in Europe during the late Forties, through research in Belgium and Germany, and in the United States by Dr. Edwin H. Land, among others, whose work led him to the invention of his Polaroid-Land camera.

In the research ferment of the Thirties and Forties, however, the most important work, as it proved, was being done by a spare-time inventor, laboring long nights and weekends, who had risen from poverty in nineteenth-century success story style. At fourteen, Chester Carlson was supporting his tubercular family in San Bernardino, California, working twelve hours a day on Saturdays. He worked seven days a week to get himself through high school, struggled his way through junior college and Cal Tech, and graduated into the terrible Depression year of 1930 with a degree in physics and debts of $1,400.

Carlson's first job, after he had gotten two replies from eighty-two letters, which he had written asking for work, was in the patent department of a New York electronics firm, where he first conceived the idea of inventing a machine which would copy manuscripts and drawings. He began to invent one in 1935, working alone weekends while he held a job and went to law school at night during the week. His subsequent history of false starts, and efforts to get his invention accepted by a big company (in five years, more than twenty firms turned him down) is not unknown in the annals of invention. Carlson's particular ordeal ended, or began to end, when the Haloid Company took him up.

The first copiers came from this company in 1950, competing with firms like Eastman Kodak and Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing, with their Verifax and Thermo-Fax processes. Xerox was different. It was a dry process not requiring chemicals or special paper; the quality of its product was high. The rest is the story of a sky-rocket rise.

A young company, Xerox has comparatively young men running it today. Its president, Joseph C. Wilson, is fifty-six; its executive vice president for operations, C. Peter McColough, is forty-three; its chairman, Sol M. Linowitz, is fifty-one; and the oldest man in the top echelon, John H. Dessauer, executive vice-president for research, is sixty.

Xerox has young ideas, too, which have projected it into the news. Wilson possesses the normal businessman's desire to make money, but he is also an idealist who wants to do some good with the money. That was why Xerox budgeted $4,000,000 in 1964 to sponsor a television series explaining the work of the United Nations. This announcement precipitated every sponsor's nightmare, a flood of protests from potential customers—60,000 of them. The fact that the protesters were largely right-wing fanatics took the sting out of it. Xerox's public-spirited idealism is expressed in other ways, too, particularly the 1 per cent of its profits before taxes that it gives annually to colleges and universities.

What Xerox has done is remarkable enough, but what it proposes to do, especially in the field of educational ma-

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terials, carries more far-reaching implications. The marriage of electronics and education, one of the longest consummations in history, is still going on, and Xerox is going to help tie the knot even tighter. In business, it plans to turn out copying devices of varying sizes which will blanket the market. In education, it is concerned with the volatile field of information storage and retrieval, where the most extraordinary advances in communications technology are likely to occur.

Having built itself by gambling, although in a carefully planned way, Xerox is betting $86,400,000 on what happens during the next ten years to four companies it has just acquired. One is Electro-Optical Systems, in Pasadena, which will put Xerox in business with the government, turning out advanced research work in spaceships, lasers, satellites and similar devices. Its entree into the information storage and retrieval field is University Microfilms, at Ann Arbor, Michigan, with its immense 144,000-volume store of newspapers, magazines, rare documents and old books.

UM is already in the book trade. Using the Xerox process, it published last year a facsimile edition of Lewis Carroll's handwritten, self-illustrated manuscript of *Alice's Adventures Under Ground*. It plans to use the same process to produce a 100-volume American history compiled from original books and documents, all in facsimile.

Xerox is directly in the educational field with its acquisition of Basic Systems, Inc., of New York, which produces training systems and programmed teaching materials. This organization is developing some truly revolutionary devices for education, to be distributed exclusively by a giant of the book and magazine field, Meredith Publishing Company. Basic Systems also is working for the Job Corps, planning programs to retrain women who are high school dropouts.

In another part of the educational forest, Xerox recently bought American Education Publications, Inc., from Wesleyan University. This long-established company already has a $16,000,000 annual income from its range of school publications, circulating in every state to students from kindergarten through high school. Generations have grown up on its familiar *My Weekly Reader*.

Abroad, Xerox is rapidly carrying out Wilson's prophecy that it will not be long "before the name Xerox is known in every tongue and in every part of the earth." Its British arm, formed jointly with the J. Arthur Rank Organization in 1955, is growing faster than the American company. Last year it recorded nearly $5,000,000 in earnings. There are nearly 40,000 Xerox copiers outside the Western Hemisphere, and the Latin-American market is being opened up rapidly.

But it is the company's impact on education, as part of the breathtaking advance of technology, which promises to have the greatest effect, and which raises vital questions affecting books and authors, as well as education.

One of the most important questions concerns copyright. Xerox has made it possible to produce facsimile copies of books quickly and easily. Its possible future linkage to television for copying pictures off the screen already is being discussed by leaders in electronics—and these pictures may well be the pages of books (or magazines and newspapers) carried from central libraries on microfilm. This, of course, is a primary goal of information storage and retrieval—to make all printed information instantly available in the home, laboratory or office, direct from a central storage place.

As a consequence of these not very remote possibilities, a sharpening fight in Washington over new copyright legislation has taken on an added urgency for publishers and authors. Nor are companies like Xerox unconcerned, since they are also now in the business of selling printed materials. If the publishing industry had not changed radically in the last decade or so, it might be fighting a rear guard action to protect its products. But many of the major houses have gone public; stockholders are involved, and their investments will have to be protected if the companies are to survive and prosper.

In his annual report this year, the astute president of Crowell, Collier and Macmillan, Raymond C. Hagel, summed it up neatly: "Authors and publishers have made it abundantly clear that they do not stand against the newly evolving technology and the rapid access to information which it makes possible. All they seek is remuneration for their contributions, just as the manufacturers of the machinery are remunerated. All that is required is a simple system of licenses or fees for use of copyright materials. . ."

Whether Congress will respond to this plea for simple justice is still in doubt.

There are those who think the whole issue is academic. The high priest of the new technology, Professor Marshall McLuhan, director of the University of Toronto's Center for Culture and Technology, has predicted that books, newspapers and magazines will no longer exist in the future. "Publishing," he says, "will become an active servicing of the human mind. Instead of a book, people will get a research package done to suit their own needs."

What, then, will the copiers copy? The prophets say that publishers will simply pipe material into a central system, which will disgorge it in McLuhan's tidy research packages. *What* material, one may reasonably ask, and who is going to write it and under what conditions?

The primary purpose of the whole system is said to be the processing of "information." Are novels and poetry information? And who is going to decide what goes into the huge microfilm libraries which feed the disgorging computers? Further, what happens to newspaper and magazine advertising? If that is fed into the computer, too, how can an advertiser be sure that anyone is going to dial his message? In spite of their large investment in electronics, advertisers still spend 75 per cent of their dollars on the print media.

In view of these implications, one organ of the computer industry, the *Newsletter* of Composition Information Services, in Los Angeles, believes that there is no real threat to the printed word. "Information must be distinguished from entertainment," it remarked recently. "The demands of scientific research cannot be equated with elementary education textbook requirements; nor can the informational objectives of the daily newspaper be put into the same technical slot as the weekly news magazine." The *Newsletter* thinks that the only valid common denominator of printed communications, in all their splendid variety, "lies in the *methods* of print production, and it is in this regard that we find the real challenge to printing and publishing."

Surveying the past and future of the great copying boom, it appears that the challenge will soon have to be met.

Hidden in Hair

By Jeannette Nichols

SOMETHING
to take it down
and wear it like any Godiva

you my good horse

to part it
and let the breasts point
slightly down

deep brown
and good
to hide in

good to find
this hostel
to flesh

then
to dress it up fresh
as ladies do

and laugh
because nothing of this
is true

my good horse

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ARE PROSPECTS PEOPLE?

By DANIEL L. LIONEL, *Advertising Director, New York Post*

TO TODAY's computer-conditioned sales executive, the question, "Are prospects people?" is a sentimental irrelevancy. To him prospects are teenagers, young marrieds, heavy users, light users, high demographics or low demographics. Any relationship between prospects and people is sheer coincidence.

Directing the sales message to prospects rather than people is the No. 1 challenge currently facing advertising and marketing men. Behind the challenge lie certain major economic and scientific developments. First, there is the surging cost of advertising media—a 21 per cent increase from 1960 to 1965. Second, with the rise in income levels has come a refinement of tastes to which industry is catering with a wide variety of specialty products rather than the mass-produced goods of a few years ago.

Finally has come the computer. Its ability to store, retrieve, integrate, pair, digest and synthesize our likes, dislikes, our conscious and subconscious tastes, needs and desires has given life to a phenomenon that is being called the "information revolution" or the "fact explosion."

Call it what you will, it emerges as the most dynamic ally of those who are forced to get their sales story not to people—but to people who buy.

By 1970, according to Ernest A. Jones, president of MacManus, John & Adams, a major advertising agency, it will take nearly $2 to duplicate the impact of a single advertising dollar today. Advertisers have only three courses of action, he says: "Put up, shut up, or find another way!"

The other way is to concentrate on the heavy users, Herbert Zeltner, senior vice president and director of marketing services of Needham, Harper & Steers, says in his column in *Mediascope*, an advertising trade publication aimed at media buyers. "The great bulk of our potential sales volume," he notes, "is accounted for by a surprisingly narrow segment of our population." For example, he says that if we regard those who consume three or more glasses of beer a day as heavy users, we are talking about eight per cent of all males and sixteen per cent of all beer drinkers. But this eight per cent accounts for considerably more than half of the beer consumed in the United States.

He notes that only 14 per cent of the households in the country serve cooked hot cereals. Members of these households represent 20 per cent of all users in the country but this group accounts for about 60 per cent of the total volume.

"Mr. Milcox, the coffee wagon is here."

Mr. Zeltner mentions the following other examples of a small segment of people representing a large segment of prospects:

Five per cent of households represent 45 per cent of the diet soft-drink volume.

Twenty per cent of households account for 80 per cent of fabric softener usage.

Ten per cent of all homes represent almost 50 per cent of the cold or allergy tablet market.

For advertising products such as these, this media authority questions the blessings of mass media with their multi-millions of "reach." He says, "With target areas of 5 per cent to 10 per cent there may be good reason for giving up the luxury of 70 per cent or 80 per cent reach of the entire market in media planning. . . . Marketing strategy tells us that the heavy users must be covered first." He sees this leading to the possibility of using "considerably heavier schedules in a severely restricted list of carefully chosen media."

From other top media men come similar declarations: Stephen Dietz, executive vice president, Kenyon & Eckhardt notes that:

> People differ according to whether they are heavy or light users of certain types of products. They differ according to whether they are actual prospects, or merely advertising readers. They differ tremendously according to sex, and size and type of household.
>
> Advertising men are facing a tremendous urgency to expand the frontiers of our advertising and marketing knowledge, and to find ways of harnessing this new knowledge more effectively than we've done up to now.
>
> In the media area, we are discarding as rapidly as possible standards based on total homes or total viewers or total readers, and using standards based on prospects—we want to know the cost per thousand prospects, not the cost per thousand homes.

In a message to advertising space and time salesmen, Herbert Maneloveg, vice president and media director of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn alerts them to the necessity of shaping their sales pitch to the new advertising challenge. "Don't tell us about your market," he says, "tell us about your customers and tell us how you as a medium can concentrate effectively on our prospects. Don't tell us how you reach everyone; reaching everyone is reaching for trouble. We can no longer afford to reach everyone. Rather show us how we can do a job as far as the prospect who is about to buy the product."

Reflecting on the changing concept in media, Mr. Maneloveg holds that: "Advertisers and their agencies have been buying one medium over another because of total reach or cost per 1,000,

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ANNOUNCING *SR's* FOURTEENTH ANNUAL

World Travel Photo Contest

TWO GRAND PRIZES

for color winner: **A TRIP TO NEW DELHI**

for black-and-white winner: **A TRIP TO MADRID**

PLUS 18 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 7, 1967, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. One of the prize winners will be reproduced on the cover of the January 7th issue.

The winning pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Ivan Dmitri—Leading color and magazine photographer, Director, *Photography in the Fine Arts.*

Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.

Norman Cousins, Editor, *Saturday Review.*

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist on photography.

Margaret R. Weiss, Photography Editor, *Saturday Review.*

The important thing is to read the complete rules below, and start sending in your entries now.

Deadline for entries is October 1, 1966.

SR's 1965 PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS

Arthur J. Heiser, of Hypoluxo Island, Fla., retired manufacturer and part-time travel lecturer, 1965 winner of the Grand Prize for color. Mr. Heiser won a round-trip to London for his picture of a religious pilgrim in Benares, India.

Gaylord A. Morrison, of Cleveland, Ohio, is a service representative for a manufacturer of textile machinery. He won the 1965 Grand Prize for black-and-white, and a trip to Hawaii, for his study of a market scene in Taxco, Mexico.

Saturday Review

380 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017

Should the Grand Prize winners prefer some other trip than the ones outlined above, the equivalent for one or two persons can be arranged on request.

Contest Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review and the McCall Corp., members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after May 30, 1965, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes.

3. **Black-and-white photographs**

a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8 x 10 unmounted.

b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.

c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

d. No negatives should be submitted.

e. **NO BLACK-AND-WHITE PRINTS WILL BE RETURNED.**

4. **Color photographs**

a. Color pictures may be submitted as either slides *or* prints. Do not send slides and prints of the same picture.

b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.

c. Color prints must be 8 x 8 or 8 x 10, unmounted.

d. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.

e. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.

f. Transparencies and color prints will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage; a minimum of 10 cents.

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two black-and-white pictures, or two color pictures, or one black-and-white and one color picture but in no case submit more than two pictures to this magazine's World Travel Photograph Contest Department. All entries must be postmarked no later than October 1, 1966, to be eligible for judging.

IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN TWO PICTURES CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine without permission of Saturday Review, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 7, 1967. Saturday Review retains first publication rights on winning pictures.

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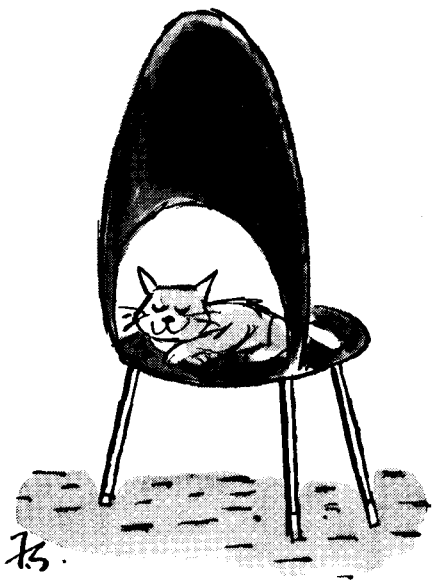
rather than the number of consumers who are interested in buying a product.

"We can't reach everyone, we can't talk to all households, all housewives, all men and women. Rather, we must determine who our best customers are, who a brand's best prospects might be, and then manipulate dollars to obtain adequate frequency with those customers.

"Today's media selection is changing from one of mass reach to which plan will give the least waste, thereby obtaining the best frequency with key prospects."

PRESENTING the other side of the coin, Dr. Leo Bogart, executive vice president of the Bureau of Advertising of the American Newspaper Publishers Association, makes a case for mass media's developing more "heavy users" for a particular brand. "The most efficient advertising campaign," he writes, also in *Mediascope*, "may not be one which reaches the highest percentage of heavy users but rather the highest proportion of people who are susceptible to persuasion to use more of a product or to switch brands."

In any event singling out the "heavy user" or the "most susceptible prospect" is now the major concern of an army of researchers employing highly sophisticated techniques. As a result, every day psychologists, sociologists, economists and statisticians impale the American consumer on the dissecting board. What he ate, drank and where he ate it; what he read, watched, listened to and what he remembered; where he went, what he drove; what he spent and what he saved, what he invested; whether he bought bop or Bach—all is revealed and fed into the omniverous computer. And out of this comes the information that will enable the creative media man to concentrate every advertising dollar available on people who can



be considered worthwhile customers for his product or service.

The research is of the no-kidding variety and it's so expensive that there are at least twenty syndicated research services that measure broadcast and print audiences. Subscribers participate in the product of this research and share the cost. How deeply do these services probe? Here are a few examples:

One researcher who analyzes local TV will report housewives viewing during a given period in three categories: 1) with children less than six years of age. 2) those living in family with three or more persons. 3) those employed over thirty hours per week.

Another researcher specializing in brands provides information on brand purchases and brand acceptance patterns by audiences of all major magazines (over forty), major day and night TV programs, and radio and newspapers. Also provided are demographic (age, sex, income, etc.) profiles of the heavy, medium and light users of 200 product categories and 800 advertised brands.

Collecting this information assumes various shapes and methods. One well-known research organization sets up a panel of "scientifically chosen homes representing the universe." A mechanical device in these homes records minute-by-minute tuning records for each household. This researcher yields information as to age, sex and family role of individuals comprising the TV audience.

Another organization makes 2,000 double telephone interviews. Each respondent is called twice, before and after a particular TV show.

To test the impact of an advertising campaign, one researcher puts trade marks or slogans on decks of cards for identification by those exposed to the message.

When all the research has been churned through the computers, and all the demographics are neatly laid before the eyes of the creative media man, his work is still not finished. There remains an ingredient the computers and the research teams can't supply, namely judgment. Subtle human differences can disrupt the equation.

A recent attempt to match the buying habits of readers of *Harper's* or *Atlantic* with non-readers whose demographic profiles matched perfectly did not prove out. As reported in *Mediascope*, *Harper's-Atlantic* readers were perfectly paired with non-readers as to age, income, education, occupation and sex. The findings indicated that while car ownership was equal, *Harper's-Atlantic* readers owned twice as many imported cars. More than twice as many *Harper's-Atlantic* readers bought books last month, 50 per cent bought records, twice as many took trips abroad and four times as many were active in four or more civic affairs.

The taste or cultural factor accounts for the increasing consideration certain types of advertisers are giving to media which cater to specialized interests. Since 1961, for example, FM radio purchases have moved from an annual rate of 2,000,000 to 7,100,000 and in the same period separately programmed FM stations have moved from 261 to 628. Finding listeners on the high end of the demographic scale, national advertisers have begun to schedule ads in the medium for products and services ranging from airlines to insurance, and quality foods to quality magazines.

The $25 billion dollar Negro market is receiving special consideration from today's target-conscious marketers. But here again the 21,300,000 Negroes cannot be lumped together on the basis of color alone. *Ebony*, one of the leading Negro publications, with 900,000 circulation is currently accounting for a healthy $5,000,000 per year in advertising revenue including seventy out of the hundred largest advertisers.

NEWSPAPERS, magazines, and electronic media have closely followed the critical changes in marketing concepts and are helping advertisers concentrate on prospects. They have shouldered a very substantial portion of the research bill.

While there are still media ads which have as their main point size of audience and cost per thousand, there are many more which link their readership to the advertisers' objectives. *Harper's Bazaar*, for example, recently focused on the liquor industry with a page headed,

GENTLEMEN OF THE LIQUOR INDUSTRY:

> Who gives you the adult-female-alcoholic beverage-serving ladies at a lower cost per thousand than any other 16 leading magazines? *Harper's Bazaar*-100 proof.

There follow six tables in fine type based on a Simmons study running the gamut of intoxicants served from imported beer and ale to brandy and cognac. The study shows that 6 per cent of *Harper's Bazaar's* 1,911,000 adult female readers, or 115,000, serve beer while 33.3 per cent or 636,000 serve Scotch. Thus the beer advertisers must pay $37.83 per black-and-white page to reach 1,000 beer users while the Scotch advertisers can communicate with 1,000 users in the same magazine for a mere $6.84 per page. This is the kind of information that advertisers expect media to provide today.

Redbook keeps it simple by claiming to be the No. 1 book with today's No. 1

(*Continued on page* 75)

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Stick with us and you'll go

To the wild country that was the Missouri Valley in the pioneer days of the 18th century...to the dizzying kaleidoscope that is present-day Southern California...to Lincoln Country for a haunting re-creation of the early life and times of the Great Emancipator... to Philadelphia for a madcap historic tour conducted by Imogene Coca... to rural New York for a poetic look at such vacation-time pleasures and pastimes as sailing, antique buying and mountain climbing.

This Spring, armchair travelers in New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, Philadelphia and St. Louis are sharing an unusual opportunity to go places and see things. As the five CBS Owned television stations broadcast "USA—LAND OF COLOR," a series of hour-long specials, *in color,* produced by the stations in cooperation with President Johnson's effort to encourage travel within the United States.

"USA—LAND OF COLOR" is fresh affirmation of the CBS Owned television stations' willingness—*and ability*—to go all the way in creating wide-range, top-quality local programming of broad appeal. It helps explain, too, why so many viewers—and advertisers—in five major population complexes choose to go the full distance with us.

CBS TELEVISION STATIONS

CBS Owned WCBS-TV New York, KNXT Los Angeles, WBBM-TV Chicago, WCAU-TV Philadelphia and KMOX-TV St. Louis

far!

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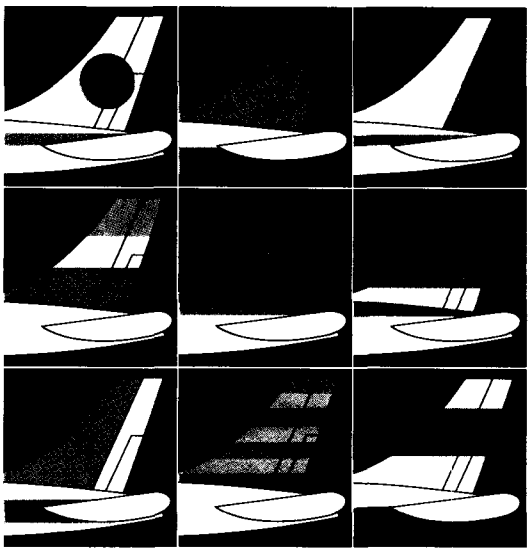
paint is only skin deep



The different paint jobs different airlines use don't make much difference except maybe to help identify one from another. When it comes to airlines, what you don't see makes the difference! It's what you feel that really matters. On Continental's Golden Jets you do feel a difference. You feel the pride of Continental's people — in their jobs, whatever they may be, in themselves, in their airline — and you feel good! Comfortable. Confident. Their pride comes from the fact that Continental, as major airlines go, is not a great big, impersonal one. So Continental's people can and do maintain their individuality, their interest and involvement in how their airline is run. Continental's people are not, in the usual sense, employees of an airline — they are the airline! They're not lost in a big shuffle and neither are you. Come travel with us and feel the difference pride makes. Your travel agent or Continental will arrange it . . . please call. By the way, gold is the color of our jets' tails.

CONTINENTAL The Proud Bird with the Golden Tail

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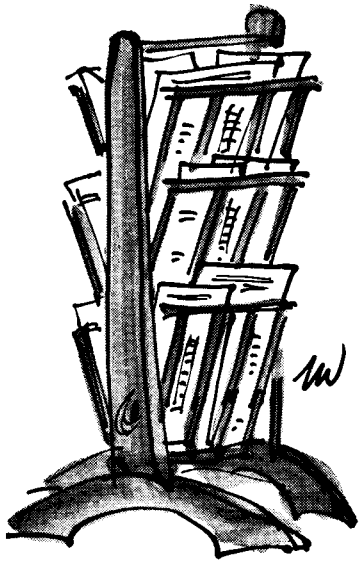
So You Want to Own a Weekly



By WILLIAM KEIFER

"Old Jubal Griswold had covered the town selectmen's meeting the night before, so he didn't get up that morning until almost 10 o'clock, and then not until he heard the last bong from the old Congregational Church bell across the green. Maud fixed him some hot cakes and bacon, and after that Jubal wandered down into town and sat around with the local storekeepers and some of the town politicians. When Jubal had picked up a head-full of notes – enough for a couple of good columns—and a stomach-full of good coffee, he sauntered over to his newspaper office, where Hezekiah Cutler was cleaning up the old flatbed for the press run that evening. It's a great thing to have your own newspaper, Jubal thought, as he did every morning, and then he snapped on his green eyeshade, hiked up the elastics on his sleeves, and began thumping out an editorial on his battered old Underwood No. 5. The editorial, partly philosophical, but laced with humor and hard facts, was destined to send ten crooked town officials to prison, save the local sewage plant from demolition, renew the town poor farm, set tongues wagging from the county to the Capitol, and result in a statewide testimonial dinner for Jubal that would bring tears to the toughest Yankees in the crowd—Jubal among them."

—Excerpt from any newspaper novel.

SIX YEARS AGO when my wife and I decided to start our own weekly (she now claims it was entirely my own idea) I envisioned myself as a sort of Jubal Griswold, spending my life stirring hot, steamy cups of coffee and writing scorching editorials to stir up a seamy town. Well, after six years in the suburbs nursing a weekly, I am now back on a daily where I belong, and I am the one who needs weekly nursing. The weekly newspaper I founded is still there, all in one piece. About myself I am not so sure.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A brief portion of this article was published in The Gannetteer, a publication of the Gannett newspapers.*

For years, in and out of the business, I have read glowing, inspirational, trade and general articles about the weeklies, and many of them were undoubtedly accurate. But my version of publishing your own newspaper does not have Jubal in the central role – because, for one thing, he couldn't stand the pace—and it cannot be readily adapted for a novel, movie or Broadway musical, either.

The weekly business is often so difficult that it defies description. Those in the business usually will not tell you this because they know they won't be believed – especially by those who are thinking of becoming publishers. But the hours needed to publish a small weekly make it almost prohibitive for anyone who is not young, or vigorous, or both.

Judging from the 101 letters I received in response to the 101 ads I ran in the trade magazines over a six-year period, trying to unload my weekly, there are many intelligent and highly literate persons who have worked for years on city newspapers, in large advertising agencies, and as teachers and lawyers, who have entertained a lifelong dream of publishing their own weeklies. If you are one of those, let me discourage you. I want to be particularly discouraging if it is your dream for your final working years, or your retirement job.

The long hours result from two things: first, the weekly publisher-editor's motivation to write, and I assume you have that motivation if you are thinking about going into the business; second, the night and weekend meetings of the town government and community organizations.

In most suburban and rural towns, the most important public work of the towns is at night: the meetings and public hearings held by the town councils (or boards of selectmen); the boards of education, the committees and commissions. In many towns this is the only time they meet, because their members hold fulltime, paid jobs, and their town government work is often voluntary.

The service clubs also meet in the evening, and often they schedule speakers whose words are important and should be reported. Weekends are busy with local sports events (which often demand picture coverage), and charity auctions and church suppers – all good feature and news material for a town newspaper.

The weekly publisher's writing time is pushed into the night hours because during the day he must work with his employees, most of whom prefer daylight. This means tending to hundreds of details, whether you have a secretary or not, and keeping after the advertising salesman or hustling some of the accounts yourself, particularly major ones that demand your personal attention—because no one, you will find, can sell the attributes of your newspaper as well as you can. Another large project is editing the copy that goes into your pages, including that of your correspondents and columnists, who may not be too literate or professional. This editing work can take hours.

Club notices also need rewriting. They are often written in an almost undecipherable scrawl and, when they are translated, they turn out to be largely semi-literate. (Anyone who is optimistic about the progress of American education need only read a few random garden club notices sent to newspapers by supposedly well-educated suburban housewives.)

You must also spend no little time each week answering phone calls, paying the necessary attention to all the townspeople who will beg your interest in what they consider is news—and this sometimes includes listening to those typed as the "town crackpots." (The longer you are in the town, the more reasonable they may sound.)

The only way I could find the time to write (and I was not alone among the publishers in this) was to stay up until the early hours of the morning a time or two before press deadline. Very, very often I wrote all night, and developed and printed my pictures just before I went to the print shop. (Taking the pictures in the first place meant a good many hours a week, including waiting for the subjects, who were often late.)

Often, after I had worked all or most of the night, townspeople who lived near the office turned in late enough to

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see my office light on at 3 or 4 a.m., next day would see me and say, "Hey, Mr. Publisher, you left your light on when you closed up!" Little did they realize I was still in there, playing the role of Jubal Griswold, trying to report the week's town hall chaos as something everyone could understand and discuss.

There are exceptions to what I have said about the hours, I know, but I'll bet your old Underwood No. 5 they are either newspapers that are: 1) owned by publishers with inherited wealth who can afford to hire others to do much of the work; 2) publishing mostly canned news and press releases; or 3) in one of those few areas left where there is as yet no competition, and there is still a reasonable profit for a like amount of work. But if you are an average boob like myself who has had experience in the newspaper field, and therefore you have little money but think of yourself as a good writer with guts and idealism, then you are going to have to put in the grinding hours, not only to turn out a good newspaper, but also to battle the competition.

Much of the competition is often invisible, particularly when you are first casing a town to begin a weekly or to purchase one. The most powerful competition is often not from other newspapers, but from "shoppers," particularly in the suburbs; these are also called "penny savers," "flyers," "clippers" or "throwaways," the latter term only put to use by the competitors of the shopper sheets.

Weekly newspapers often ignore shoppers until it is too late; or they try to turn out a better weekly, which is like a radio station trying to put a TV station out of business by improving its programs (the two are simply different media); or the weekly will publish a shopper of its own, or become a "free weekly" which is something like a shopper, but with news. (The subject of shoppers has been covered quite thoroughly in previous issues of *Saturday Review.*)

Other competition includes: direct-mail flyers which the larger stores send out themselves, and which will cut into their advertising budget for newspapers; shopping centers which publish their own "news"-advertising sheets, particularly during holiday sales when you think you should be getting their ads; daily newspapers which make up special sales-days pages for nearby towns and draw the smaller advertisers into it, often at a special rate, and drug and hardware associations which sell (at cost or below) pre-printed, color flyers to their member stores. These community stores then can imprint them with their own address and mail them to every home in your town.

DAILY newspapers are not the threat to weeklies that most people think, because the competition is not for news but for ads. Nevertheless, some dailies will give you a real run for your money and open a news bureau in your town the minute you hang out your shingle.

To make even a small nick in the thousands of words and musical scores written to idealize the weekly newspaper business, I feel I must touch briefly on two more topics—"What's In It for You, If Anything Much," and "The Role of Weekly Newspapers."

Over the years, I have read many statistics on the average net profit of weekly newspapers in the United States and the average income of publishers, and these two statistics are often confused. They are confused, I assume, because the average net of the weekly is often what the publisher takes home in salary after all the bills are paid. Some say this amounts to something more than 10 per cent of the gross.

But some weeklies gross $20,000 for their first several years in the suburbs; if you get only 10 per cent of that you had better not go home. If you reach $50,000 gross, what have you?

While I am admittedly showing the worst side, nevertheless I don't have to skip any of the weeklies I know well in the Midwest and East to illustrate that the income can be low. One recently grossed $47,000 a year, and the publisher had to skip his own paycheck for several weeks; his regular check was $125 a week for about eighty hours of work.

A leading weekly in New England with a great many ads has shown no profit for years, and depends on loans from "an angel"—and angels are hard to find. Another suburban weekly that has struggled for years is at the point where, if the publisher and his wife do all the work, and set their own type, and work days, nights and weekends, they can each earn about $5,000. And, incidentally, they have difficulty getting out to cover the news.

A large weekly grossing $200,000 recently went into receivership in central Connecticut. Another publisher I know, a good businessman, told me recently that his profit is small but that the market price of his business has increased tremendously—that is, if he decides to sell his newspaper, and then can find a buyer.

The role of the weekly newspapers? That's the subject of another article, of course, but I would like to say this: the role of the weeklies is changing, and should change, especially in those areas where the only way towns can maintain their separate identities is by voluntarily cooperating in regional solutions to their common problems. Many weeklies, I am afraid, promote provincialism in an area which happens to coincide with their pattern of circulation; they stand in the way of the kind of regional progress that will help solve enormous problems in integration, housing, schools, transportation, and water and air pollution, to name a few.

If you decide, in spite of my warnings, to become a weekly publisher, I hope that at least you will not selfishly restrict your newspaper-town to "local identity" at the expense of any needed inter-town cooperation in the region.

If you do impede your town's progress in this manner, you may find that eventually the federal authority will be asked to step in to do the needed work, and your town may then lose some of its power, much of what you think is "local identity"—and perhaps a good bit of its reason for being.

"Well, they've all gone home—now what?"

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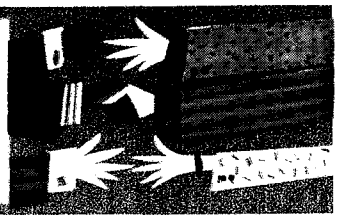
Public Relations



Aiding Developing Nations

CORPORATIONS with a sense of responsibility to the public have long had programs which filled a community or national need. But only recently, as American business has become more deeply involved in fields abroad, have companies extended their obligations to include foreign lands. This trend is bound to accelerate as management becomes more aware of the importance to this country of the developing nations.

It is not easy to work out a creative program which is both of value to the developing country and related to the corporation's interest. It demands skill, a knowledge of the host nation's basic needs, and an appreciation of the fact that unrealistic programs can boomerang. One of the companies that operates such a program successfully is Smith Kline & French Laboratories. As often happens, the program grew out of a series of events that made it clear to the management of the Philadelphia pharmaceutical firm that it could perform a service both at home and abroad.

It all began with an hour-long documentary, *Monganga*, sponsored by SK&F on NBC-TV in 1957. The program told the story of Dr. John E. Ross, an American physician working for the Christian Missionary Society in Lotumbe, the Congo. A student who was completing his third year at the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine saw the program and was inspired to go to Africa for the summer to work with Dr. Ross and Dr. Albert Schweitzer in Lambarene. Under the sponsorship of his university he applied for financial help to SK&F, which gave him a travel grant of $1,300. When he returned he spoke to his medical school in assembly and to a number of mission groups. Other students applied to the company for similar aid.

Such was the beginning of the Smith Kline & French Foreign Fellowships, which are open to junior and senior students in U.S. medical schools for study and work in the medically underdeveloped areas of foreign countries. Under the program, which has been in full operation since 1960, qualified medical students are chosen by a committee of medical educators picked by the Association of American Medical Colleges, which administers the program. An unmarried student is given $1,600, a married one $2,500 for himself and his wife —if she can make a contribution as a registered nurse, medical or dental technician or some other kind of public health worker. This sum is for travel, accident insurance, passports and visas. The students "live in" at the institutions which they serve.

For ten or twelve weeks during the academic vacation the Fellows work in relatively primitive settings, where the medical and social problems are quite different from those to which they have been accustomed. The Fellow thus benefits from unusual clinical and social experiences while serving both as a representative of U.S. medical education, and of the United States itself.

When the Fellow returns home he must, within sixty days, turn in to the Association of American Medical Colleges a report suitable for publication.

In the first year of the program twenty-nine students were sent abroad at a cost of $55,000 to SK&F. This year thirty-five were chosen and the pharmaceutical firm will pay $70,764 for their expenses. In all, for the seven years of the program, the company has paid $439,548 for 215 students. In terms of the tremendous need it is a drop in the bucket. In terms of service to people it touches, it is enormous.

So far, Fellows have gone to forty-eight countries in Africa, Asia, Latin America and Oceania. The 1966 Fellows will serve in such places as Kenya, Burundi, the Philippines, Peru, Thailand, Tanzania, Nepal, and Malaysia. Five of the Fellows are women: they include a junior from the University of Minnesota who will go to Assam, India; a junior from Tufts University who will go to Nigeria; and a junior from Howard University who will go to Uganda. There are also four husband-and-wife teams: one from the University of Florida will go to the Philippines, one from Louisiana State University to Ethiopia, one from Ohio State University to Nigeria, and one from Northwestern University to Swaziland.

Most of the students, after finishing their medical studies, go into private practice in this country. However, seven Fellows have gone into the Peace Corps, two into public health service, and four to mission hospitals in Africa.

Smith Kline & French does not interfere in the running of the program. Says Walter A. Munns, president: "In today's community of nations no country can exist in isolation. The technologically advanced nations have a responsibility to give counsel and aid to those seeking higher living standards and freedom from disease. Vision and leadership on the part of government, educational institutions, and business are urgently needed if the world community is to eliminate the natural hazards standing in the way of international independence, growth, prosperity, and peace."

Not every company interested in the developing nations can have the same type of program—although the need is great—and the burden should not be left to the World Health Organization, governmental bodies, educational institutions, church groups and individuals. Smith Kline & French has shown that there is room for private industry. And as more and more corporations get more deeply involved in business affairs abroad, there is bound to be an increase in programs that will help developing nations while they serve the interest of the stockholders by contributing to stability abroad. —L. L. L. GOLDEN.

Ancestors

By Paul Petrie

AS in some antique waiting-room they sit
in the vestibule of hell, awaiting cure—
one leg swelled like a watermelon, hands
that shake like exposed lies, bandaged heads
striving to keep mind in. I recognize
their hopes, though they hide in the back issues
of *Life* (having been here before), and feel
their strict appeals upon me like a crown.

With bedside words I will not send these home.
Patient, they have all time, and as I ease
the damp gauze up and probe the yellow sores
and swellings (my wounds and swellings too) I see
already in those animal-sick eyes
the pleadings I will send against my sons.

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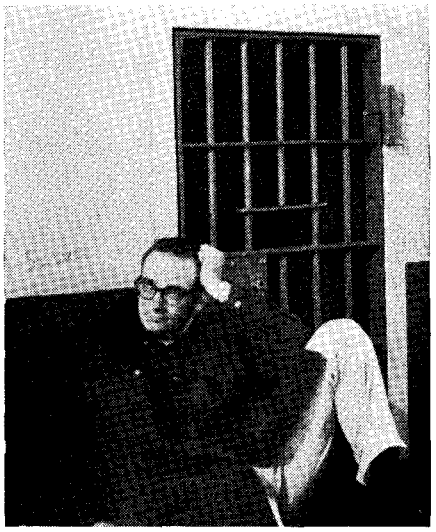
Two for the Title



Newspaper Photographer of the Year **Bill Strode (self-photo) behind bars after brush with sheriff over taking pictures of strip-mine operation.**

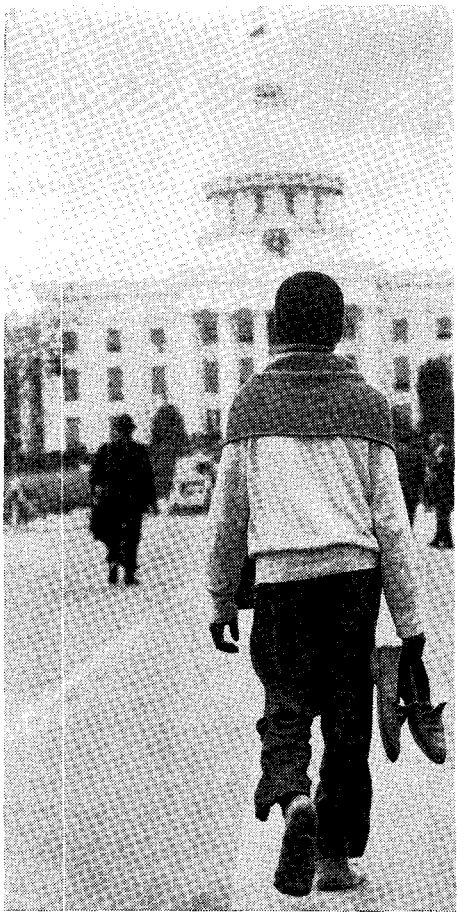
By MARGARET R. WEISS

COME MAY, and come what may, the University of Missouri School of Journalism announces an annual roster of winners that invariably merits respectful attention from the photojournalistic community.

This year—the twenty-third in the Pictures of the Year Competition which the university sponsors jointly with the National Press Photographers Association and World Book Encyclopedia Science Service—is no exception. Along with the top prize-winners selected from 8,000 entries in two dozen categories are the names of two camera reporters whose respective magazine and newspaper picture portfolios earned them the most coveted title of all—Photographer of the Year. That professional distinction now belongs to *Life* lensman John Dominis and to Bill Strode, staff photographer of the *Courier-Journal* and Louisville *Times.*

What separates the pros from the prosaic, and the two winning portfolios from the other title-contenders? According to the judges, the final determinant is how consistently the photographer displays "news sense, picture composition, technical skill, and the ability to handle any kind of an assignment."

These are attributes that Bill Strode has been bringing to his photo-reporting ever since 1959, when his camera and a freshly minted B.S. degree landed him a post on the *Courier-Journal.* Whether the subject is the frug, fall foliage or a Freedom March—and all three might be part of the day's coverage—Strode does not credit the effectiveness of his pictures to any exceptional versatility but rather to a well-trained eye. "Usually somewhere there is that little extra emotion which—if seen and caught—lifts a picture out of the ordinary."



First Negro reaches Montgomery capitol on Freedom March.

For him, a picture is only as "good"

In the Rain, 5 a.m. **(from a photo essay on a recruit).**

The Novice **(from a picture story on the first year of convent life).**

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as its ability to communicate an emotional message visually. How well does it convey, for example, the salty humor of the old doctor, the loneliness of a raw recruit, the despair of the evicted, the delight of a child? "It is not enough to get clear, sharp, nice-looking images on the film. The image has to say something. . . . Feelings must show through on the film."

Regardless of subject, his approach to even a routine assignment is: "I want to make live again a moment that may never again be the same . . . to allow nothing to be changed because I am present with a camera. I keep trying to look beyond the obvious—for a look, an expression, a mood."

This manner of seeing is a matter of practice, Strode believes, and his own visual finger-exercises are done while driving to work, walking down the street, or relaxing at home. "I look for many things—the changing light, design in everyday situations, beauty in the commonplace. And most of all, I try to 'see' people."

DESPITE the disparate editorial demands and deadlines of their respective media, this year's pair of titlists express kindred photographic credos. For John Dominis, "to look at" does not belong in any self-respecting photojournalist's vocabulary. "He must interpret the story, not merely report it in documentary fashion. . . . He must not look *at* people and events; he must look *into* them—the way Dorothea Lange looked *into* the dust bowl or Edward Weston looked *into* nature."

To do this, Dominis maintains, requires that the feel, the smell, the touch of the subject become part of the photographer's seeing—and in turn part of the reader's experience. "When a photograph is good, you can see into it and feel it emotionally."

As one of his "good" pictures, he cites a view of a wave breaking on shore. "I spent one week out of a three-week assignment to find the right beach with backlight and a hill behind, so that the background would go dark and the sea would jump out. Then I exposed five rolls of Ektachrome on the same picture from the same spot with the same lens—only the lighting and the sea varied." He got the picture he wanted, and readers saw it spread across two pages of his magazine.

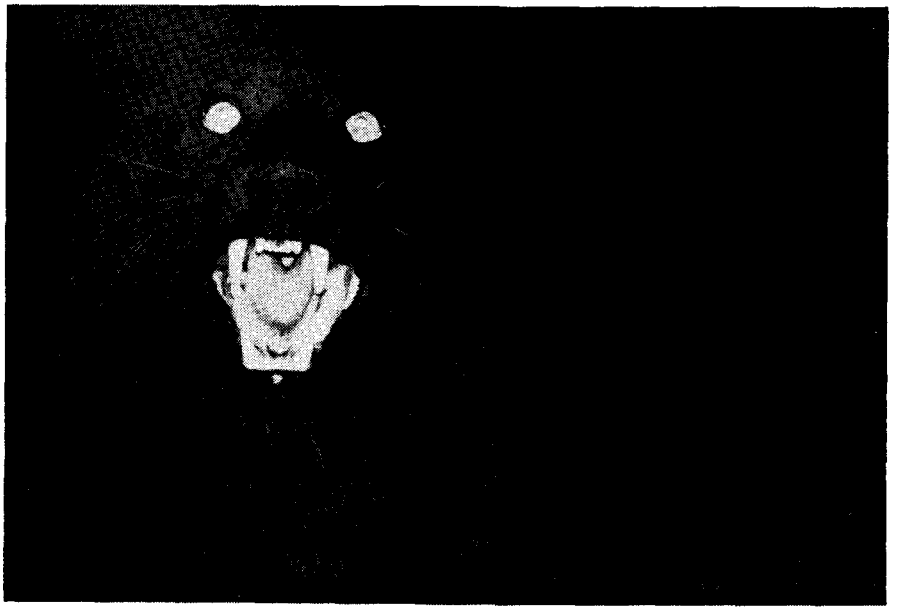
Dominis, a native Californian, joined *Life* in San Francisco in 1950, with a cinematography major, a stint in the Air Force, and a period of free-lance photography behind him. Via the bureau-circuit—Atlanta, Tokyo, Dallas, Chicago, Singapore, Hong Kong, Washington—he came to New York about two years ago. Though he is "based" in mid-Manhattan, his prize portfolio represented locales ranging from Palm Springs to the Serengeti Plains of Tanzania. Not surprising, either, for a man who says "I specialize in everything—food, war, nature, people"—was the diversity of Dominis's camera subjects: among them, *fettuccine* and barbecued bluefish, Frank Sinatra's private world and Mickey Mantle's public fadeout, highlights from the Big Cat assignment which has kept him on safari in Africa for the past six months.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *A traveling exhibit of selected works from the Strode and Dominis portfolios and from other Pictures of the Year Competition winners will be on view through May and June in the National Geographic Society building, Washington, D.C.*)

Magazine Photographer of the Year **John Dominis on camera safari in Africa to "shoot" big cats.**

Leopard with its Kill **(from a *Life* story to be published in 1967).**

Black Leopard **(another from the same story).**



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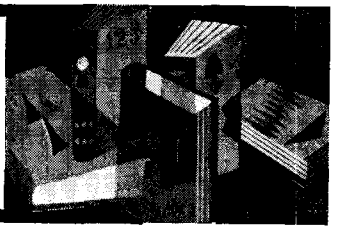
Books in Communications



The Communications Revolution

THE MECHANICS of printing and publishing are, by nature, relatively unspectacular. Traditionally, they also advance slowly. Indeed, until recently there was some justification for saying that the last fundamental change in printing technology had occurred in 1885, when Ottmar Mergenthaler invented the linotype. But introduction of phototypesetting, teletypesetting, computerization, facsimile transmission, and other advances have altered that, and today printing and publishing are irrevocably launched on a revolution destined to change both the industry and society itself.

Some of the dimensions of this change and a hint of their implications are discussed in the book *Automation and Electronics in Publishing* (Spartan Books, $8.75), third volume in the American University's Technology of Management Series. Based on a symposium sponsored by the university last year, the book is directed mainly at printing industry management and technicians, and therefore may burden laymen with more specialized data than they really want to know. But the serious student of communications will find much in the book that is fascinating and instructive.

One segment, for example, describes a tape-punching and data transmission hookup that enables the Wall Street *Journal* to set type in six cities simultaneously—at a rate of one page every six minutes. It also tells how the *Journal's* Los Angeles edition is produced from facsimiles of page proofs transmitted from San Francisco 350 miles away—a forerunner of a process by which newspapers one day may be transmitted into home facsimile recorders.

Significant breakthroughs in information retrieval also are described. The book tells, for instance, how *Index Medicus*, the National Library of Medicine's monthly listing of some 14,000 new articles in the medical field, is produced with the aid of a computer that also can retrieve on demand information from any of 300,000 articles presently on tape. One writer also mentions a system being developed whereby a computer, in processing a manuscript for typesetting, can "memorize" its content under various subtopics for later retrieval. As the book makes clear, such changes will not be introduced quickly and painlessly—some seem intimidating to labor and management alike. But the changes are inevitable, and they must be adjusted to and, ultimately, welcomed for their benefits to all mankind.

Two American Originals: In 1955, when Colonel Robert R. McCormick's obituary was published in black-bordered columns of his Chicago *Tribune*, there were those who believed that he hadn't died—but had ascended. Others suggested that, as columnist Art Buchwald recently wrote of FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, perhaps the man never really had existed except in journalistic imagination. Such were the strong emotions evoked by the late right-wing editor and publisher.

In a new biography, *McCormick of Chicago* (Prentice-Hall, $7.95), Frank C. Waldrop, onetime editor of the former Washington *Herald*, has tried to capture the qualities that evoked these responses. In part he has succeeded. On the whole, however, the book is disappointingly dull and superficial. Part of this may be due to inadequate research—lively anecdotes, penetrating observations by the Colonel's colleagues, and vintage passages from McCormick's celebrated *Tribune* vendettas are sparse. If this blandness is out of deference to *Tribune* officials and members of the McCormick family, whose assistance Waldrop gratefully acknowledges, this is unfortunate. McCormick is fully deserving of the type of colorful and critical examination given his contemporary, William Randolph Hearst, in W. A. Swanberg's excellent *Citizen Hearst*.

Another "American original" in the Joseph Medill dynasty to which McCormick belonged has fared somewhat better, however. She is Eleanor "Cissy" Patterson, late editor of the Washington *Herald* and the subject of two new books: *Cissy Patterson*, by Alice Albright Hoge (Random House, $4.95); and *Cissy*, by Paul F. Healy (Doubleday, $5.95). Mrs. Hoge is a grand-niece of her subject; Healy, a Washington columnist for the New York *Daily News*, a sister paper of both the Chicago *Tribune* and the *Herald*. Both biographies are readable portrayals of the always flamboyant, frequently venomous, and sometimes frivolous Cissy, but Mrs. Hoge's is the more pungent, concise, and candid about the political motives that underlay many journalistic enthusiasms of the Medill clan.

Wrong Turn: Since the late Alicia Patterson—still another member of Medill dynasty—founded *Newsday*, the New York suburban daily has made few mistakes in its spectacular history. In 1964, however, it made a monumental wrong guess: Publisher Harry Guggenheim guaranteed author John O'Hara some $50,000 to write fifty-three syndicated columns, which proved to be both a commercial and critical disaster. Now the columns have been published under the title *My Turn* (Random House, $4.95). If you pay the $4.95 and are disappointed, remember, at least one person has reason to feel worse—Harry Guggenheim. —ALFRED BALK.

"If we can't solve the problem, at least we can subsidize it."

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Are Prospects People?

Continued from page 66

market, women eighteen to thirty-four. *The New Yorker* settles for describing its readers as "Aware and Responsive—All kidding aside."

The Chicago *Sun-Times* says, "We deliver 10 per cent more households with kids" and the Toledo *Blade* has studies to prove that a thousand people in Toledo "can be worth more to an alert marketer than a like number in many another market, in terms of consumer spendable income." The New York *Post* "Singles Out the Urban Spenders."

The New York Subways go the demographic route, too. Their ad reminds media men that 4,500,000 adults use the subway forty times per month. But they don't settle for numbers alone. They point out that half the riders come from households with $7,000 or more in annual income and 45 per cent of all adults living in New York's $10,000-plus income households, ride the subways every month.

While the very nature of the trade publication field connotes specialization, the pinpointing of customers here is now reaching hairline differentiation. For example, the trade magazines in the auto industry now include such exotics as *Western Car Wash Review* (Circulation, 1,037), *Auto Cooling Journal* (Circulation 5,193), *The Battery Man* (Circulation 7,554), and *Auto Trim News* (Circulation 6,886).

The so-called major mass media—newspapers, magazines and electronics—have learned much from their research and are now offering advertisers not only more of the information they need, but, in many cases, providing various degrees of flexibility to enable the advertiser to pinpoint his message to the segment of their audience most likely to prove responsive.

Large newspapers have for many years provided regional editions at proportional rates for local advertisers whose store locations prevent them from benefiting from the total circulation. With a substantial portion of its Sunday circulation outside the city limits, the *New York Times* accepts splits enabling a store to run one piece of copy aimed at building floor traffic and a second designed for mail order. Thus in the March 27 *Times*, Abraham & Straus, the large Brooklyn-based department store, featured $25 "Fire Cracker Crepes" in the city edition but headed its replate page, "A & S is as near as your nearest mailbox" and offered $7 to $15 dollar dresses to the readers beyond physical reach of the store.

Aware that newspapers provide the all-important selectivity by appealing to special interests, advertisers frequently designate special pages—womens, sports, amusements, etc. for their messages.

Mass circulation magazines whose winter editions, for example, hit the freezing north and the tropical south on the same dates are coming up with satisfactory answers for advertisers who wish to sell snow tires to one group of readers and regular tires to the other or some one thing to either. Magazines offering alternate copy, split runs and regional editions have grown from less than a dozen in 1955 to 183 in 1965. One large consumer magazine now offers twenty-six regional markets, an every-other-copy split for both newsstands and subscription copies and a test-market split for subscription copies in any city or county.

Two years ago, *Time* startled the publishing world by offering advertisers, in addition to its regional splits, three separate "breakout" editions aimed at college students, educators and doctors. Advertisers who concentrate their prospects in these groups can now buy pages in these issues alone.

Recently General Electric ran a corporate ad in *Time* but featured an engineering recruiting appeal in the college edition. Another manufacturer featured TV nationally but used a record player ad in the college edition. The college student edition now has a circulation of 447,802, the educators' has 153,108 and the doctors' has 90,103.

TV advertisers establish their own selectivity to an important extent by programing—although researchers and station representatives are providing vital information on audience variation at different times of the day. In TV, as in other media, a major TV sales representative finds that "purchases are no longer made strictly on the basis of total audience or ratings but rather on the consideration of audience characteristics and demographics related to the time availabilities for sale."

A television research organization called TvQ, made a recent tabulation of program favorites by adults with grade school educations and those with college educations. It reveals how program content singles out special audience characteristics. They found that where *Bonanza* ranked first with total adults and grade school educated, the college people ranked it seventh. Where Walt Disney ranked first with the college educated, it ranked seventh with grade school and second with total adults. *The Bell Telephone Hour* was not chosen among the first ten except by the college educated, where it ranked third.

And so, when the computer's whirring wheels stop and point to the prospect wherever he is, that's the direction today's marketers are heading—and they're not going to let just plain people get in their way.

FOR NEWSPAPER EDITORS ONLY

Two Special Features from Saturday Review

The cultural boom and the educational explosion have created thousands of new readers throughout America for authoritative, incisive, comprehensive news and reviews of all that's new in

Books & Music

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Both exclusive services, written and edited under the supervision of SR Music Editor, Irving Kolodin and distinguished book critic, John Barkham, are fully illustrated.

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SATURDAY REVIEW NEWSPAPER SYNDICATE

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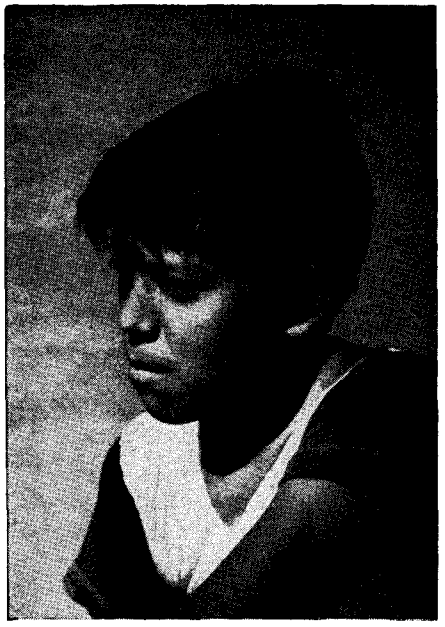

The chances for Tommy Red Eagle are pretty slim. Unless you help.

Tommy Red Eagle isn't sick. Or crippled. Or starving. Tommy Red Eagle is an American Indian. That's why his chances for growing up into a self-reliant, productive, fulfilled adult are slim.

He's healthy now. But the mortality rate among 5 to 14 year-old Indians is eight times greater than that of the general population.

He still goes to school. But the dropout rate for Indian youngsters is a tragic 45%.

He'll probably survive into adulthood. But uneducated, he will be unemployable. Unemployable, he will remain trapped in poverty and dependence. Tommy Red Eagle will survive. But you can't call it living.

Through SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION you or your group can help a child like Tommy to really live. As his sponsor, you'll receive his photograph and story. You can correspond with him if you like.

Your sponsorship contribution will provide him with the chance he needs. School supplies. Decent clothes. A cash allowance.

Your support will give him confidence. A sense of security. A friend to depend on.

The price of a child's future is $12.50 a month. We think it's a bargain.

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
Norwalk, Conn. 06852 SR-5-14-6

I'd like to sponsor an American Indian child. Enclosed is my first payment of:
☐ $12.50 monthly ☐ $ 75 semi-annually
☐ $37.50 quarterly ☐ $150 annually

I can't undertake a sponsorship but I'd like to help. Enclosed is $_____.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____State_____Zip #_____

Contributions are U.S. income tax deductible.
National Sponsors—Faith Baldwin, Mrs. James Bryant Conant, Joan Crawford, Hon. James A. Farley, Jerry Lewis, Frank Sinatra, Mrs. Earl Warren. (partial list)

Editorial

Continued from page 24

if the government assumed all responsibility for such endeavors, or the broad benefits a corporation receives from its community—these are among the justifications which have been cited in judicial decisions in order to uphold public-spirited business activities.

Today, there is reason to believe that the courts, if necessary, would uphold corporation expenditures for the public good without a showing of even indirect economic benefit to the corporation. Justice Jacobs of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, in the 1953 case of *A. P. Smith Mfg. Co. vs. Barlow*, came very close to doing just that in upholding what he termed a desire by corporations "to insure and strengthen the society which gives them existence." "Modern conditions," he declared, "require that corporations acknowledge and discharge social as well as private responsibilities as members of the communities within which they operate."

THE trend of the law, as is usually the case, reflects the trend of history. The decline of kings and clergy as wealthy patrons of charity and the arts, and the reduced proportion of great personal fortunes as the result of estate and income taxes, have combined to increase the role and responsibility of the corporation. Two world wars, a depression, a civil rights revolution, the effects of industrialization and automation, and a host of other changes have impressed upon corporations their obligations of citizenship. Business enterprises, like all other citizens, now recognize more clearly than ever that they can survive and succeed only in an atmosphere of liberty, progress, and prosperity.

It is still possible and even popular to quote Sir Edward Coke's declaration of 1612 that corporations "have no soul." But certainly today they can have hearts. They can have consciences and social responsibility. They can understand values as well as prices; and they can make sacrifices as well as profits.

This is not merely a change of public relations image. Nor is it merely a response to the growth and maturity of the stockholder public. It is an evolution in the role of the corporation as an institution—a recognition of its social and other unwritten obligations as a central bulwark of our society. The corporation's concerns, its responsibilities, and its influence are broader than ever before. Business is a citizen in the deepest sense, an integral part of a larger community, and must meet its obligations to that community and to its fellow citizens. Forty years ago Calvin Coolidge could make his famous remark that "the business of America is business." Today the business of business is America.

Financial contributions to good causes, the promotion of art and culture, cooperation with the voluntary White House guidelines on wages, prices and overseas investments, are all important but not enough. I would hope to see more corporations involving themselves—actively, not simply verbally—in the search for solutions to some of the tough problems of our time: the reduction of hard-core unemployment among teenage drop-outs and unskilled Negroes, for example, or untangling the strangled state of transportation, or smoothing the way for the good and ill effects of automation and cybernetics.

These efforts should not be confined to domestic issues. The current famine in India requires more than U.S. Government funds and food surpluses. It requires extraordinary amounts of talent and imagination in transportation, distribution and other fields well known to business. The current war in Vietnam requires more than troops and weapons. It requires new social, economic and educational programs to make pacification work—programs which by comparison must dwarf industry's efforts to war on poverty here at home. The new and proclaimed policy of ending China's isolation without ending its containment requires more than diplomatic pronouncements. It will in time require, among other things, the kind of export-import market surveys and trade initiatives in non-strategic goods that American businessmen must undertake.

None of this is easy. The exercise of corporate leadership in the public policy arena is certain to bring clashes with customers, employees, stockholders, other corporations and the federal government itself. I have sat on both sides of the table in situations pitting business against the government, and seen how all too often those conflicts arose because one side never stopped to think of the other's interest. We need more bridges of communication and understanding between government and business—and they should not all be built by the government.

No doubt, in this age of specialization, many business leaders will plead that they have no interest in problems outside their business. That the country cannot afford. We are all citizens first and businessmen or lawyers or doctors or whatever second. The corporation's influence upon our nation, its power for good and for progress, imposes upon it obligations of citizenship and leadership which it has no choice but to accept—in support of the goals of the Great Society (whether or not its politics are endorsed by the corporation's owners and managers) and in support of the good society as well.

—THEODORE C. SORENSEN.

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Letters to the Editor

Continued from page 25

work schedules the program which will draw the maximum share of audience in a given time slot—improvement in the accuracy of the audience estimates is *not* likely to affect the decisions appreciably.

The true weakness of the present rating systems is that they do not reflect intensities of preference. The loss felt by 10 million viewers of a cancelled show must be weighed against the satisfaction received by 11 million viewers from its replacement. Then, the minority of 10 million may prevail.

DAVID L. SANDERS.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Uncultured Critics

KENT LANE's letter in this department on April 2 deploring the incompetence of the New York drama critics does "the right thing for the wrong reason." As one who has been following the New York theater reviews closely for a period considerably longer than the year Mr. Lane has devoted to this discouraging pursuit, I can assure him that the low quality—nay, the often downright dithering idiocy—of the reviews which appear in the New York newspapers is due entirely to the fact that virtually all of the drama critics know nothing about literary criticism, dramatic literature, or theatrical production because they were trained as newspaper reporters and not as drama critics. What is needed is the addition of more critics whose (necessarily) subjective reviewing is backed up by culture, education, and talent.

GEORGE E. WELLWARTH,
Department of English,
Pennsylvania State University.
University Park, Pa.

Welcome to Sorensen

I WOULD LIKE to express my own enthusiasm for Theodore Sorensen's debut as an editor-at-large for *Saturday Review*.

I feel that in his editorial "The Rate of Dissent" [*SR*, Apr. 2] he presented one of the most thoughtful, intelligible pleas for perspective to the contemporary American I have seen.

GEORGE MERCIER, JR.
Denver, Colo.

Students and the Draft

N.C.'s EDITORIAL "Russian Roulette in the Classroom" [*SR*, Apr. 23] essentially ignores the true issue involved in this situation, which is the existence of the 2-S classification or the student deferment. There are many students, in particular those who find themselves in disagreement with the theory that the war in Vietnam is a just and necessary war, who feel they can no longer support the 2-S classification and will not accept it themselves. (I have not yet heard the students who support the war voice a similar concern for a more equitable draft system.)

(MRS.) EMILY I. PEDROSO.
Ithaca, N.Y.

"Before we pour it on, sneak down and take a quick consensus."

Broadway Postscript

Continued from page 51

lected facts with analytic or poetic commentary of his own, to send his audience home determined to do something about the contemporary world? Perhaps. Because as it stands *The Investigation*, even as beautifully performed by this accomplished ensemble, is mostly a source book of history, to be stored in our mind like old clippings for possible future reference.

A second production by the Royal Dramatic Theater, *Puntilla*, further reveals the range and skill of this company. As staged by Alf Sjöberg, this merriest of all Bertolt Brecht works is treated with expressionistic touches, some of which are very entertaining.

Anders Ek makes hilarious the ridiculously effete suitor. Sigge Fürst is an expansive Puntilla at his best in the wildly comic moments. But the production is given its only true significance by Thommy Berggren, who plays the chauffeur, Matti. Mr. Berggren is one of the most intensely emotional young actors to appear since Marlon Brando.

A talk with actor Erland Josephson, who in June will take over administration of the Royal Dramatic Theater from Bergman, illuminates the work here. "Right now," he says, "Swedish acting is undergoing a transition. We are moving from an approach where the actor depends upon empathy with his audience to something freer and less psychological."

In this change he is most happy that Bergman will still be directing a couple of plays a year at this theater, because in his opinion, Bergman—who, surprisingly enough, avoids symbolism in his stage direction—is a better director for the theater than for the movies. Mr. Josephson, who is an accomplished actor himself, feels that the strength of this company lies in the depth of its seventy skilled actors, and knows that in order to keep so many fine artists he must find interesting work for all of them. Thus he will seek to do a wider variety of plays and more works by new Swedish playwrights.

"However," he concludes, "there is one problem that we must deal with. There is not enough opportunity for our younger actors to work in large roles. I would like to see the government allot us money to support a program in which our younger people could perform in a studio for short runs."

Josephson's concern and far-sightedness reaffirm the impression that Sweden, with subsidized theaters in seven cities, will continue to maintain the high quality of acting that makes possible the widest range of theatrical enterprise.

—HENRY HEWES.

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Coon-Sanders

Continued from page 57

lives of amateur radio buffs from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic and quickly gave the band a national following. As listeners wrote in and the success of the program became evident, a Nighthawks Club was organized. When the band left Kansas City for Chicago in 1924 the Club had mailed out more than 37,000 membership cards.

In Chicago the band moved successively from the Lincoln Tavern Roadhouse to the Congress Hotel, and finally to the Blackhawk Restaurant, where in 1926 it launched a long and profitable stay. During this period the boys broadcast regularly over station WGN and recorded most of their top hits for Victor. The Blackhawk was a medium-priced night spot, where emphasis was on dancing, and a young man could take his girl for dinner and a full evening of fox-trotting at a total cost of $5 or less. It featured many top bands over the years but none that matched the Coon-Sanders attendance records.

Basically a product of the Midwest, the band did not often venture to the eastern seaboard despite its widening popularity there. It was, however, probably the first "name" orchestra to go on the road for one-night stands. Under an arrangement with the Auburn Motor Company the band traveled in a fleet of vari-colored Auburn roadsters. Each car had the name of the band lettered across the back. Between contracts at the Blackhawk the boys pioneered a wide circuit of lakefront pavilions, small-town armories and roadhouses.

During the winter of 1931-32 the band made one of its rare visits to New York City, playing at the Hotel New Yorker and broadcasting a weekly radio show for Lucky Strike. Shortly after returning to Chicago in the spring of 1932, Coon died suddenly following an operation on an abscessed jaw; the history of the band came to a sad end shortly thereafter. In later years Joe Sanders headed an orchestra with some success, but times had changed and the spirit of the old team was missing.

It is particularly fitting, in retrospect, that the life span of the Original Nighthawks (1919-1932) so closely paralleled the period of the Roaring Twenties. For, with this in mind, we are quickly led to place the Coon-Sanders band in its proper perspective—to forget the critics and enjoy the freshness and sparkle of the music on its own terms. We recognize instantly that no other music is more evocative of the era of flappers, hip flasks, and fast fox trots to which the word jazz has permanently loaned its name.

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YOUR GLOBAL ADVENTURE. Largest journal of actual positions for teachers, administrators, students, librarians, scientists, etc. NOT just a list—includes specific U.S. and foreign positions open now. Includes summer jobs. Approved since 1952. RUSH $1.00 for current issue. Yearly membership $7.00. Manual, "Teaching Opportunities in Hawaii," $1.00 or FREE, with yearly. Advancement Institute, 171 North 9th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11211.

COME TO ANTHROPOSOPHICAL SCHOOL on Zodiac, Reincarnation, Karma and Arts. 16 lectures, 24 classes, $45.00. August 19th-27th. See Rudolf Steiner, Encyclopedia Britannica, 1962. Riesen, 419 Vliet, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53212.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS import. Coolsma, Purcell, $5, $8.95 up! Student Special. Corelli, $3.95; Recorder Music Methods. Guitar Music. Free Catalogue, 5-6-B, HARGAIL, 157 West 57th Street, NYC 10019.

COVERED WAGON MOVERS. Competent, experienced, insured. For estimate call Jerry McGruddy, ALgonquin 5-1788 NYC.

ASPEN WRITERS' WORKSHOP, Colorado, June-September. In residence: Donald Barthelme, fiction; Robert Creeley, poetry; staff of seven. Fiction, poetry, playwriting. Brochure: AWW, 855 West End, NYC 10025.

FLEAMASTER flea comb catches dog and cat fleas instantly, harmlessly. Two dollars. Breeders Equipment Company, Flourtown, Pennsylvania.

MARK HOPKINS COLLEGE, Brattleboro, Vermont, interested in eager, creative, emotionally mature students for entrance to unique new school. Innate intelligence, yearning for learning, not Board scores, basis for consideration.

SERVE HUMANITY and your curiosity in U.S.-Soviet Exchanges. Your State Department wants continuing contact with Russians to ease tensions. Find out how Citizen Exchange Corps, a private group, brings Americans of every age to Russia for three weeks to meet ordinary Russian people. To learn how you participate, write Citizen Exchange Corps, Dept. SR, 550 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10036.

MERITORIOUS RESTORATION. Antique, Modern China, Ivory, etc. Sano Studio, 767 Lexington Avenue, NYC 10021.

ORIGINAL MASTER CONCERT Classic Guitars from leading Spanish makers—Solar, Conde, Aguado, Martinez de Milan, etc., etc. from $80 to $1,200. Also fine lutes and violins shipped on 5 days approval. Finest repairing, restoring by mail. LOCKER'S-IMPORTERS, 21 South 18th Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. 215-LO 7-2972.

MAKE $12 PROFIT each dozen sewing aprons. Details free. Redikuts, Loganville 44, Wisconsin.

ARTS-HUMANITIES "Grants Indicators #1"—Planned categories and dollar amounts. How to apply to U.S. Arts Foundation. $2. "Grants," 115 5th Street, S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003.

OPERATE LUCRATIVE Information Service (Research). It's terrific! Free literature. Career Aids, 119 11th Avenue, San Francisco, California 94118.

PERSONALS

MAMSELLE IN MANHATTAN. Unique consulting service for young women moving to NYC. Assists in finding apartments, employment. Write for free brochure. Box S-83.

FRESH FLOWER PERFUMES, hand blended, of exquisite fidelity to living flowers. Circular. May Cove, Mathews, Virginia 23109.

ADULT DEGREE PROGRAM for men and women over 25 seeking liberal arts education. B.A. degree may be earned through series of six month study cycles combining two week seminars on campus twice yearly with independent study at home. Openings in new cycles starting in July 1966 and January 1967. Write Box S, Adult Degree Program, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont 05667.

RESEARCH, writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Alex White, Allenhurst, N.J. 07711.

OLD RADIO BUFFS—"Radio's Golden Age," a permanent 350 page library-bound reference book containing over 1,000 program listings, script excerpts, cast lists, memorabilia. Over 100 rare photographs. Pre-publication price, $7.95. After June 1st, $9.95. Available by mail order. Easton Valley Press, Dept. S, Box 113, Ansonia Station, New York 10023.

SINGLE MALE TEACHER seeks inexpensive housing within fifteen miles of Norwalk, Connecticut. SR Box S-844.

OLD PRINTS, MAPS, ETC., 16th-19th centuries. Latest catalogues 25¢. Straight, 349-SR East 10th, NYC 10009.

IMPORTANT AUCTION—Liquidation of Edwin F. Eldredge whaling and marine museum of Chatham, Massachusetts, May 20th and 21st, 1966. Paintings, prints, rare books, scrimshaw, harpoons and other gear, ship models, hundreds of other whaling and nautical items, most extremely rare. Write Richard Bourne, auctioneer, for free brochure or send $1.00 for illustrated catalogue. Box 141, Hyannisport, Massachusetts. Phone: 617-775-0797.

DOVE SWEATSHIRTS, white/blue, S-M-L, $4.00. Johnson, 528 Lakeview, Bayport, N.Y.

WOULD APPRECIATE RECEIVING memorabilia, information for book on 1915 Ford Peace Expedition. Box S-827.

WHAT'S BUGGING TEACHERS? Read Bitter Harvest: The Odyssey of a Teacher (Obolensky, publisher).

FREE-LANCE proofreading/copy-editing assignments sought by full-time editorial assistant. NYC. SR Box S-804.

SENIOR OR GRADUATE college student. Live aboard 42 ft. family cruiser as crew. June 15th through September 15th. Location Shelter Island, N.Y. Write Dr. D. L. Jaffe, 43-20 34th Street, Long Island City, N.Y.

WHITE-FOOT SOX, with tops in Navy, Charcoal, Brown or Black. They're cool, man, and light on your feet. 3 pair for $5.00. Zenith Medical Products, P.O. Box 85, Forest Park, Illinois 60130.

EXPERIENCED SECRETARY, Girl Friday, seeks part-time or periodic employment. Bilingual French-English. Resident Boston. Would travel New York, Paris, London (possibly elsewhere). Box S-384.

COLLEGE JUNIOR, FEMALE, desires interesting summer position. Box R-985.

ASSISTANT DEAN men's university seeks student personnel position. Box S-849.

SAN FRANCISCO State College junior seeks summer governess/child-care position. Creative arts major; likes travel. Exchange references. Box S-833.

TEACHER OF HISTORY with European experience desires summer employment teaching. Box S-821.

YOUNG CHILD WANTED who needs me. Enthusiastic, young, experienced first grade teacher desires summer tutoring, remedial reading, enrichment, San Francisco area—live in. Box S-835.

WANTED: summer employment—college girl. Excellent with children. Box S-819.

YOUNG WOMAN, M.A., teaching experience, seeks challenging position NYC area. Permanent. Music background, supervisory ability, good typing. Box S-856.

PERSONALS

HAVE BOUNDLESS ENERGY even after 15 years of Senior High School History teaching. Searching for a new and challenging field using brain or brawn. Box S-831.

TRAVELING assistant to business or theatrical woman available. Well educated, organized, amicable. 34. Box S-847.

EXCEPTIONALLY ARTISTIC young woman (Bard College graduate, Bank Street College student) seeks job June/August, NYC or N.J., among active adults. Box S-810.

IDEAL BACKGROUND: top executive secretary, personal aide. Male, Ph.D.; highly successful in education, writing fields. Imaginative. Common sense. Will travel. Consider part time. Box S-842.

GIRL, 23, college and fine arts education, desires travel in Europe with adventuresome family as governess and/or secretary. Athletic, love children, drive. Box S-830.

MALE STUDENT, 23, desires any summer employment. Will send resume and references. Box S-837.

ABLE GIRL seeks European job or errand mid-July-September. Columbia senior with French. Box S-824.

SPANISH TEACHER, Mexico July, August, oversee children, adults. Box S-807.

LAW STUDENT, MALE, 24, University of Michigan. Seeks challenging summer position. Box S-815.

MUSICIAN, RECORDING ENGINEER, photographer, much experience USA, abroad, seeks audiovisual position near cultural center. Box S-812.

INGENIOUS SOUTHWESTERNER survived the Down Staircase; seeks stimulating summer employment. Female, 22, B.E.A. P.O. Box 1452, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87103.

COLLEGE ENGLISH INSTRUCTOR, Woodrow Wilson, M.A., experienced, desires teaching, other. D.C. area. Box S-817.

PIANIST, reminiscent Eddy Duchin style, seeks contact recording company. Box S-400.

MALE TEACHER, 31, M.A., desires interesting summer work. Box S-866.

ANTHROPOLOGIST: several years experience, research overseas and U.S., university teaching, civil rights movement. Interested in 5-10 years full time work dealing directly with social problems. Box S-861.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

WANTED: Summer employment. All around experienced group counselor for challenging work with emotionally disturbed children in residential day camping program. Must have own living accommodations. June 27th to August 26th. Write or call: Mr. William Rosenblatt, ACSW, Group Work Supervisor, Children's Village, 1680 Albany Avenue, Hartford, Connecticut. Telephone 236-4511, Ext 238.

SINECURE OPEN to manage small Florida island estate. Older couple wants to delegate domestic details and servant supervision to stable, intelligent person. Light duties, separate cottage, quiet life would be suitable for writer or pleasantly self-sufficient person. Box S-346.

CAMP COUNSELORS: Long established boys' camp in southern Maine invites inquiries from upper college level, graduate students and teachers interested in counseloring this summer. Positions specifically open are for water safety instructors, water skiing, archery, nature study, woodworking crafts, radio and electronics. Tripping opening for one highly experienced who is available for a number of years. Write Camp Takajo, 63 Arleigh Road, Great Neck, L.I., New York.

SUMMER JOBS in the Rockies! Over 2,000 resorts, dude ranches, camps, construction companies, national parks, etc. shown in Rocky Mountain Summer Employment Guide. Also: how to get free transportation and information on summer stewardess positions (U.S. and overseas). Hurry, most hiring done in April and May. Only $3.00. University Publications, Dept. A23, Box 6013, Denver, Colorado 80206. Money-back guarantee!

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EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

WRITER WANTED. Major management magazine in dire need of creative writer to back up promotion director and produce sales presentations, collateral materials and publicity on occasion. Interested and qualified? Write Box S-223.

CREATIVE TEACHERS AND COUNSELORS who enjoy children. Elementary coed, 5 day boarding school, rural Virginia, near Washington. Informal country living. Fall '66. Box S-808.

ASSOCIATE DEAN OF INSTRUCTION with rank of associate or full professor depending on qualifications. Doctorate; intimate knowledge of development of college curricula and academic policies in higher education; ability to work with faculty and advise students in academic matters. Write Dean James Forcina, Trenton State College, Trenton, N.J. 08625 or telephone 609-882-1855.

PROFESSOR NEEDS SECRETARY-AIDE. Comfort, security, privileges for gentlewoman. Box S-352.

TEACHER—Recent, single graduate (male or female) with teaching experience or strong desire to teach. Some travel, relocation to Princeton, New Jersey. Teach special skills in private secondary schools. Intensive training and good salary. Employment begins August 8th. Write fully. Box S-862.

ASSISTANT TO MARKETING PSYCHOLOGIST: Gal Friday. Perceptive. Capable being trained to train others specialized technique. Attractive, A-1 appearance. Must be excellent typist. Some travel. Late 20s, 30s, early 40s. Salary open. NYC. Box S-871.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

GUILFORD, VERMONT—Secluded camp in lovely wooded area overlooking Green River. Large fireplace, bathroom, half-story sleeping deck. $9,500. Telephone 802-254-5145.

BERKSHIRES. Lovely 1810 country home. Magnificent views—acreage. 14 rooms, 4 baths, 3 fireplaces. $39,500. Box S-289.

LOGS OF CONTENTMENT—Old two story cabin, modern conveniences, near Smokies. Organic garden. Write Haynes, Huckleberry, R 2, Hendersonville, N.C.

STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT—1 year old Colonial with babbling brook, High Ridge area. 5 double bedrooms, walk-in closets, 2½ baths, 24' square paneled playroom, living room with fireplace, country kitchen with breakfast nook, formal dining room, terrace, full basement and attached 2 car garage. $57,500. 203-322-8469.

NORTHERN VERMONT. 5 year old Dutch Colonial. 4 fireplaces. Central heat. 140 acres. Lovely view. Shore frontage. $36,500. Box S-806.

BERKSHIRES—Recently redecorated, 3 bedroom house. Living room with fireplace; 1½ bathrooms, kitchen, screened porch, garage, oil heat, town water. Approximately 1 acre overlooking farmlands. $14,000. Box 282, Sheffield, Massachusetts.

UNUSUAL PRIVATE RESIDENCE of nationally known Interior Designer in scenic Bath, Ohio. Overlooks Yellow Creek Lake and 9 acres of pasture. Only minutes from Akron-Cleveland, Ohio Turnpike, and Interstate Routes 271, 77, 90 and 21. Good schools and shopping center. Write or call Robert Hunker, Peninsula, Ohio.

HUDSON RIVER PANORAMA. Germantown, N.Y. Exquisite 11 room Colonial. 12 acres. Rare opportunity in excellent growth area. $45,000. 202-332-2622. Box S-832.

BARBADOS, W.I. Converted mill house of character. Photographs, plans. SR Box S-836.

CENTURY-OLD FARMHOUSE, 2 hours from Boston. Needs work. Secluded; lake, mountain view. 115 acres. $8,900. Lawrence Drown, Sanford, Maine.

RYE, N.H. Ocean view 18th century Colonial estate. 10 fireplaces. 3 landscaped acres. Fruit trees. New heating system. Needs minor interior modernizing. Reasonable. Full details, phone 617-262-2644. Write Box S-852.

EASTERN SHORE, VIRGINIA. On Occohannock Creek, in sight of Chesapeake Bay. One story, 3 bedroom home, completely remodeled. Good fishing and hunting. Taxes $46.50. Asking $20,000. G. Shepperd, RFD 1, Exmore, Virginia. Phone 703-442-6429.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

MAUI, HAWAII. Amid coconut palms, a 1 bedroom Tahitian style cottage $250 monthly; 2 bedroom lodge, $350; full kitchens, completely modern. 3 bedroom modern home, dishwasher, washer-drier, perfect for 2-3 vacationing couples, $500. All elegantly furnished, on excellent swimming beaches, near shopping and airport. Victor Martin, 1301 Harper, Detroit, Michigan 48211.

HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA. Luxuriously furnished, 3 and 4 bedroom houses on private estate near Homestead Hotel. Call or write for brochure. Clarkson and Wallace, Inc., Warm Springs, Virginia. Telephone Hot Springs 839-2632.

VERMONT—mountainside chalet. 3 bedrooms, all appliances, fireplace. Summer, fall $250 month, $800 four months. Box S-326.

TWO HOURS NYC. Weekend vacation cabin in 220 wooded Connecticut acres. Living room, fireplace, 3 bedrooms, electric kitchen. Simply furnished. One of several secluded cabins on spring-fed, bass-stocked lake. Each cabin has dock, aluminum rowboat. For people who enjoy privacy plus the satisfactions of simple country living. Yearly rent $1,000. 914-WHite Plains 6-9382.

GOLFERS! Stratton Mountain, Vermont. Modern chalet—sleeps 6. Furnished with taste. $200 per month. Box S-850.

MONTEGO BAY—commanding view of sea—magnificent. 3 bedrooms, 3 baths. Pool. Car available. Help included. References. Box S-863.

For Summer Rental

VERMONT—Restored Colonial, all conveniences, linens. 3 bedrooms. Beautiful countryside. Sports, restaurants nearby. $500 July-August; $275 month. Box S-375.

ASPEN—Summer chalet for 4-6 with car, $25 day; top music festival, glorious mountains. Write Everett Millard, 4030 Irving Park, Chicago, Illinois 60641.

PUTNEY, VERMONT—July first to November first. Peaceful, hilltop modern house, 2 bedrooms. $800. J. Case, Putney, Vermont.

CAPE COD COTTAGES—Seasonal to bimonthly. $390-$1,000 monthly. Covering several seashore villages and towns. For detailed descriptions, write or call Nauset Summer Rental Center, Dept. D, Orleans Center, Massachusetts. Phone 617-255-0552.

SOUTHERN VERMONT award winning ski lodge, mountain stream under entrance, waterfall, swimming pond. 5 bedrooms, 3 baths. Low off-season rental. Box S-234.

CARMEL, N.Y. 58 miles NYC. Small 2 bedroom cottage. Ideal for couple. Screened porch. Swimming. May-October, $650. Will sell. Box S-347.

STOWE—Chalets viewing Mt. Mansfield—long or short term. Swimming and tennis. Area 18 hole golf and summer theater. Logwood, Stowe, Vermont 05672.

FOR SUMMER: English teacher's Oakland home. 6 spacious rooms, terrace. Minutes to Berkeley, San Francisco. Box S-865.

BARNEVELD, N.Y. Cape Cod 5 bedroom, 2 bath, house. 150 acres on West Canada River. Guest cabin with fireplace. 12 miles north of Thruway, Utica exit. 4½ hours NYC. Horse country. Trout fishing. S. E. Gilbert, Hillcrest Road, Elmira, N.Y. 607-732-1138.

SECLUDED WOODLANDS, outstanding views. Restored 2 bedroom summer house. 10 minutes to Breadloaf. Utilities, yard maintenance furnished. Mid-June—mid-October, $850. Box 54, Ripton, Vermont.

VERMONT LOG CABIN near Manchester. Sleeps 10. Modern, all facilities, on mountainside, $2,000. Write Colormation, 188 West 4th Street, New York, New York 10014.

"HILL-TOP" HOUSE, CHALET, 150 acres, pond. Chester Inn, Chester, Vermont 05143.

BROWNSVILLE, VERMONT. Foot beautiful Ascutney. Vacation lodge, 5 rooms, shower, 2 toilets. Completely furnished. Mid-June through Labor Day, $500. P.O. Box 4, Rowayton, Connecticut 06853.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

FURNISHED FARMHOUSE, high elevation, views, privacy, 15 miles Hanover, N.H. 6 bedrooms, 2 baths, fireplace. $1,000. Mrs. A. M. Stoddard, Box 66, Windsor, Vermont.

ON LOVELY ISLAND 120 miles from New York City. 2 acres, oceanfront 3/4 bedroom house, July 20th to August 3rd, August 15th to September 15th. Box S-840.

VERMONT RENOVATED FARMHOUSE near Appalachian Gap. Swimming on premises, golf nearby. $125 first week, $100 succeeding. Stark Mountain Farms, Starksboro, Vermont 05487.

CHESTER, VERMONT—Charming modernized country schoolhouse. 3 bedrooms. Two weeks minimum—July, August. SR Box S-398.

HOUSE WANTED

For Summer Rental

MEXICO—Psychologist, wife, 2 boys desire house or 2 rooms in your home. Attractive area. August. Box S-843.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent—Unfurnished

CHICAGO—Garden area near Lake. ½ block bus, 15 minutes downtown. Spacious, inviting 3½ rooms front/back. 11'6" ceilings, fireplace, large dressing room, 8 big windows, unusual storage, baseboard/individual thermostat. $195. 312-549-5506.

For Summer Rental

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, near Harvard Square. 2 room apartment overlooking river. Write Mrs. Buell, 988 Memorial Drive.

JUNE 20th-AUGUST 20th. 19th floor furnished, 2 bedroom, den, piano, balcony, pool. Walk UCLA, Beverly Hills. $600 month. R. Goldman, 10501 Wilshire, Los Angeles 90024.

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for swimming, tennis, lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Some summer sublets. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA. Attractive 4 rooms—1 bedroom. Garage. Adults. $135 monthly. M. Singleton, 2718 College Avenue, Berkeley, California 94705.

NYC near Union Square. Luxury 2½. June-September. $250. GR 5-5534 or OR 4-4865 or Box S-834.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

BERKSHIRE AREA. 3 to 10 acre homesites. 30-mile views, seclusion. Within half hour Tanglewood, lakes, theaters. Brochure. Overlook, Hillsdale, N.Y. 12529.

MAINE—Wooded acreage—$10, $15, $25 an acre and up. Old farms, shore property, retirement homes, cottages, cabins, business opportunities. Franklin Realty Co. (Mr. Barrows), Farmington, Maine. Telephone 207-778-2852.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD. Breathtaking views of ponds and ocean from secluded 2-6 acre settings. Beautiful beach nearby. $8,000-$25,000. NORTH SHORE ESTATE, Box 25, West Tisbury, Massachusetts.

VERMONT LAND LOVERS: Tree farming is out, speculation in. If you want part of what remains, write Box S-399.

MOUNTAIN RETREAT near Greenfield, Massachusetts. 10 acres with pond, barn and house. $15,000. Box S-823.

(Continued on page 82)

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(Continued from page 81)

CAMPS

GROVE FARM WORKSHOP in the Humanities. Boys, girls; 14 through 18. Study creative thinking through literature, history, music, drama; work projects, carpentry, forestry, gardening. June 26th-August 7th. B. S. deFrees, Director, North Rumford, Maine 04278.

ADIRONDACK WOODCRAFT CAMPS. Boys 7-18. Six age groups. Private lakes near Old Forge. Pack horse; Canadian canoe trips. Riding, riflery, fishing, tutoring. Nurses. 41st year. William Abbott, Box 2385, Fayetteville, New York.

TALENT DEVELOPMENT OUR SPECIALTY: Music, Dance, Drama, Creative Writing, Fine Arts (coed 6-16). Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 23, New Jersey.

HIGH ADVENTURE in Montana Rockies for boys 13-17. Follow Lewis & Clark trails through buffalo country under expert leadership. Trout fishing, mountaineering. Visit Glacier Park, Blackfoot Indians, western rodeos. Paul Edwards, 333 East 43rd Street, New York 10017. 212-683-6027.

MAINE SAILING SCHOOL—summer camp, coed, ages 11-17, on Penobscot Bay. Roy and Emily Hilburn, Box 174, Lakeport, California 95453.

CAMP BIOTA—Fun. Knowledge. Adventure. Natural Science. Academically talented boys, 9-14. Six weeks. Swimming, canoeing, riding, creative crafts, wilderness survival. Write Dr. and Mrs. Forrest S Evans, Joelton, Tennessee. Call NAshville 766-2494.

HAS YOUR TEENAGE SON OUTGROWN "CAMP"? Vagabond Ranch, Granby, Colorado, ranch-travel-work program, provides constructive adventuresome experiences. 20th summer. Charles D. Pavek, Washington, Connecticut.

CANOE, HIKE, FLY remote Adirondack regions, boys 11-15, inexpensive. Timberlock Voyageurs, Indian Lake, Sabael, N.Y.

EUROPEAN CAMP—Switzerland. Coed. 6-16. French language instruction. Sports. Excursions. Josephine McCarthy, 4705 Henry Hudson Parkway, NYC 10471.

RETIREMENT LIVING

"HAVE YOU SEEN MEADOW LAKES?" If you are planning retirement, plan to visit this retirement community of garden-level apartments situated on 103 scenic acres near Princeton, N.J. A monthly service charge provides menu-selected meals, maintenance, maid service, medical, surgical and nursing care. The Presbyterian Nursing Care Center at Meadow Lakes is now accepting patients for short term or permanent residence. For Retirement Community or Nursing Center brochures write: Presbyterian Homes of N.J., Meadow Lakes, P.O. Box 70, Hightstown, N.J. 08520.

VACATIONS

TROLLHAUGEN FARM—Family Vacations—rooms, meals. Housekeeping apartment. Folder. Newfane, Vermont. 802-365-7635.

CANADA VACATION? Wooded island in beautiful lake, eastern Ontario. Housekeeping cottages, $35-$45 weekly. Electricity. Quiet, refined. Box R-924.

VACATION at The Cliff house & Motels. Quiet, informal. No hay fever. Dining Room. Cocktails. Heated pool. Golf. Ocean fishing. May 27th to October 9th. Ogunquit 5, Maine.

TIP TOP INN, Cuttingsville, Vermont. Old fashioned country inn. Mountaintop location. June 15th-October 15th. Folder.

WALKER'S WRINKLE—Brooklin, Maine 04616. Unusual cuisine, comfortable accommodations, roam 73 acres.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Small. Secluded. Informal. Brochure.

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

IN THE HEART of historic and scenic Vermont. An exceptionally fine country inn overlooking village green of picturesque Brandon. Near library. Well-appointed, immaculate. Elevator, sprinkler, golf, heated pool, shuffleboard, garden, stream. Fine food, wines, liquors. Scenic mountain, lake drives, trails. Antiques, country auctions, cookouts. Memorable. Folder. Brandon Inn, Brandon 3, Vermont.

MONADNOCK REGION. Beauty, charm, relaxation, towering pines, swimming pool, shuffleboard, your own lodge, delicious meals. Open May to mid-October. Write Palmer Lodge, Keene 4, N.H.

VACATIONS

THERE'S A PLACE you'll like—white sand beaches—uncrowded Island—nice. Box M-18, Chamber of Commerce, Longboat Key, Florida.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

THE YODLER—Golf, music, theater, pool, rooms, chalets. Stowe, Vermont.

RELAX. Enjoy your vacation—quiet, unspoiled land and waters of Maryland's eastern shore. Colonial charm, finest food. The Pasadena, Royal Oak, Maryland 21662.

HERITAGE HILL, Holland—Colonial Country Inn. Hills, lakes; snug beds; food aplenty. Brochure. Telephone: 413-245-7728. Write: Sturbridge, Massachusetts 01566.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $60 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

HIGHEST EASTERN RANCH adjoining magnificent Great Smokies National Park. Unlimited riding, pack trips, other activities. Fine cuisine, informal atmosphere. Reservations requested. Cataloochee Ranch, Waynesville, North Carolina.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL-MOTEL. Informal seaside relaxation. Bountiful meals. Near beach, art colony, golf. Moderate rates. Color folder. Ogunquit 2, Maine.

LIKE SWIMMING, GOLF, SPORTS, Excellent Meals? You'll thoroughly enjoy vacationing at this delightful country Inn on 250 acre estate. Children's supervised summer program. Informal entertainment. $13.50-$25.50 day includes meals. Family rates. AAA. Color folder. Open all year. Telephone 413-498-5341. Edwin Finch, Manager, The Northfield Inn, East Northfield 46, Massachusetts.

RELAX-BY-THE-SEA at superb Maine resort less than two hours drive from Boston. Excellent cuisine, championship putting green, swimming pool. The Lookout Hotel, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

BEAUTIFUL VERMONT—Attractive four-season vacation homesites on small highland lake. Can build to suit buyer. Jack Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

SHAWMUT INN. AAA. Oceanfront resort. Charming, restful, informal. 60 rooms. 18 cottages. Chalet Motor Lodge. Heated pool. Fine food. Cocktails. Open May 20th. Kennebunkport 19, Maine.

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

EAGLE MOUNTAIN HOUSE, Jackson 16, New Hampshire. Overlooks Wildcat Valley. Square mile estate with golf, swimming pool. All summer sports, social program. Excellent meals. June 24th-October 13th. Color folder.

RESORT LUXURY in the North Woods. Swimming pool, golf, archery. Excellent food, cocktails. Private airstrip adjoins. Two miles north of Jackman. Sky Lodge and Motel, Moose River, Maine.

GREEN SHADOWS INN. Old Lyme, Connecticut. Good country living. One housekeeping cottage.

CANOE TRIPS OUTFITTED—everything furnished, $6.50 daily. Beautiful wilderness country. Free information: Border Lakes, Drawer 569, Ely, Minnesota.

FAMILY VACATIONS! ALOHA MANOR. Vermont lake. Children under 12- or 24-hour care. Excellent counselors. Planned activities. For adults: canoe trips, sailing, water skiing, cookouts, tennis, fabulous meals. Cabins or housekeeping. Nearby: golf, antique auctions, summer stock. Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th, NYC 10010.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Special summer rates. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

TEN MILES AT SEA: a small, tranquil inn on a serene outer island. The Island Inn, Monhegan Island, Maine. Box S.

QUIMBY'S CLUB AND INN—Opening mid-June—"Unspoiled Wilderness" — Uncrowded lake area — Vermont's Northeast Kingdom. Main lodge, recreation buildings for dining, sociability, entertainment. Rates include rooms or cottages, memorable meals, pleasing service, boats, every water sport, real fishing, tennis courts, children's counselors. Saddle horses extra. Golf nearby. Write for color folder, Averill 4, Vermont.

MAINE'S LAKES AND MOUNTAINS. Your private lakeside cottage with fireplace, in a beautiful American Plan resort. Color brochure and rates: The Barker, Rangeley Lakes, Maine.

VACATIONS

ALASKAN ADVENTURE: Virgin wilderness. Fishermen's and nature enthusiasts' retreat. Thayer Lake Lodge, Alaska Coastal Airlines, Juneau, Alaska.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1675

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Products of human workmanship, esp. simple ones of primitive art.	36 131 206 6 112 148 60 196 189
B. Government by ecclesiastics.	94 191 65 203 128 18 126 168 46 184
C. A cotton fabric, much used for window shades, etc.	186 123 13 81 54 7 88
D. Juncture of circumstances favorable to some end.	47 1 76 163 167 85 107 30 99 63 64
E. Understatement, to avoid censure, or to increase effect.	171 197 93 19 111 59 8
F. Appointment to meet.	162 49 92 117 105
G. People oversensitive to slight breaches of decorum.	121 16 207 90 61 22
H. Drink, esp. malt liquor of amateur manufacture (comp.)	159 87 75 26 164 122 103 39
I. Music dir. to slacken tempo.	187 199 2 33 125 62 21 12 72 130 142
J. One creature Kipling had "never seen", in some of the verse in *Just So Stories*.	66 137 25 155 175 29 183 77 118
K. Act of withdrawal, formal retirement or separation from a large body.	68 80 141 89 170 195 119 44 135
L. Spelled with a capital letter, the secret treaty of Charles I, 1647, with Scottish Presbyterians.	180 143 51 188 136 165 120 38 104 166
M. Cause to approach, adhere, or combine.	132 153 23 58 27 4 37
N. Gossipy (colloq.)	28 174 133 17 177

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Popular pre-prandial drink (2 wds.)	31 41 82 178 50 67 149 113 198 205
P. One thing the *little tiny boy* in the *Twelfth Night* song did after he *came to man's estate*.	11 134 144 190 208
Q. Darken; render obscure.	151 91 201 98 55 35 160 20 52
R. Certain clamor, without which one cannot play either tennis or badminton.	129 110 73 5 145 14
S. Another popular pre-prandial drink.	42 181 157 97 84 150 114 34
T. Brief periods of being not up to one's usual efficiency (2 wds.)	138 127 43 161 101 179 147
U. Retaining wall, or facing of stone to sustain an embankment.	10 70 100 209 158 140 194 152 79
V. Utter or do a second time, or many times.	24 193 78 146 172 204 96
W. Astronomer's word describing Mercury, Venus, or the Moon as seen from the Earth between their half and full aspects.	106 9 69 176 202 3 115
X. Sepulture.	56 169 108 15 45 86 95 192 156
Y. One point at which a traveler on Earth has gone as far as he can go without reversing his direction (2 wds.)	57 40 182 116 154 124 74 102 32
Z. One other point at which a traveler has gone as far on Earth as he can without reversing his direction (2 wds.)	109 139 48 173 53 185 83 200 71

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

■	1 D	2 I	3 W	4 M	5 R	■	6 A	7 C	■	8 E	9 W	10 U	■	11 P	12 I	13 C	14 R
15 X	16 G	■	17 N	18 B	19 E	20 Q	21 I	22 G	■	23 M	24 V	25 J	26 H	■	27 M	28 N	■
29 J	30 D	31 O	32 Y	33 I	34 S	35 Q	36 A	37 M	38 L	■	39 H	40 Y	41 O	42 S	■	43 T	44 K
45 X	■	46 B	47 D	48 Z	49 F	50 O	51 L	52 Q	■	53 Z	54 C	55 Q	■	56 X	57 Y	■	58 M
59 E	60 A	61 G	62 I	63 D	■	64 D	65 B	66 J	67 O	68 K	■	69 W	70 U	71 Z	72 I	■	73 R
74 Y	75 H	76 D	77 J	78 V	79 U	80 K	81 C	82 O	■	83 Z	84 S	85 D	86 X	87 H	88 C	89 K	90 G
■	91 Q	92 F	■	93 E	94 B	95 X	■	96 V	97 S	98 Q	99 D	100 U	101 T	102 Y	103 H	104 L	105 F
■	106 W	107 D	108 X	109 Z	■	110 R	111 E	■	112 A	113 O	114 S	115 W	116 Y	■	117 F	118 J	■
119 K	120 L	121 G	122 H	123 C	124 Y	125 I	126 B	■	127 T	128 B	129 R	■	130 I	131 A	132 M	133 N	134 P
135 K	136 L	–	137 J	138 T	139 Z	140 U	■	141 K	142 I	143 L	144 P	145 R	146 V	147 T	148 A	149 O	150 S
151 Q	152 U	■	153 M	154 Y	155 J	156 X	■	157 S	158 U	■	159 H	160 Q	161 T	■	162 F	163 D	■
164 H	165 L	■	166 L	167 D	168 B	169 X	170 K	171 E	172 V	173 Z	174 N	175 J	■	176 W	177 N	■	178 O
179 T	■	180 L	181 S	182 Y	183 J	184 B	■	185 Z	186 C	187 I	188 L	189 A	190 P	■	191 B	192 X	193 V
194 U	195 K	196 A	197 E	198 O	199 I	200 Z	■	201 Q	202 W	203 B	204 V	205 O	206 A	207 G	208 R	209 U	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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Down by the wharves, in places like Lunenburg, Liverpool and Ship Harbour, you'll meet the hardy men who know the lore of the sea. You'll hear many a tale of the days when Nova Scotia's "wooden ships and iron men" sailed the seven seas, and the schooner *Bluenose* won international fame.

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